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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	1
<p>The Duke of York's private marriage to Miss Hyde—The lady's reputation assailed by the Duke's friends—Public declaration of the marriage—Intrigue of the Duke of York with Lady Southesk—Lord Southesk's mode of revenging himself—The Duke's amours with Lady Robarts, Miss Brooks, afterwards Lady Denham, and the Countess of Chesterfield — A guitar concert — Lady Chesterfield's green stockings—Miss Stewart exhibits her handsome legs—James Hamilton in a fit of jealousy instigates Lord Chesterfield to carry the Countess into the country.</p>	
CHAPTER IX.	39
<p>Jealous husbands and novel safeguards of chastity—Satires upon Lord Chesterfield's proceeding—The Chevalier's verses on the occasion—Lely's portraits—Renewal of the intrigue between the Duke of York and Lady Denham —Suspicious death of the latter—James Hamilton allured to Bretby, and his adventure there—The Chevalier tricks the Duke de Brissac out of an assignation with Marion de l'Orme—Passion of Richard Talbot for Miss Hamilton —Gramont's devices for refreshing his debtors' memories</p>	
CHAPTER X.	73
<p>The Queen's maids of honour—Petits-soupers in Miss Warmester's apartments—Lord Taafe's intrigue with Miss Warmester and its consequences—Killegrew's cousin comes to the rescue—Charles II.'s passing caprice for Miss Wells—The Duchess of York's maids of honour—Miss Blague and the Marquis de Brisacier—Miss Price compromised by the opening of Dongan's casket—Miss</p>	

Hobart's Lesbian tendencies—Miss Bagot captivates Lord Falmouth—Miss Jennings scorns the Duke of York—Miss Hobart's passion for Miss Temple—She makes the latter the recipient of her confidences—The story of Roxalana—Miss Hobart's plot against Lord Rochester.

CHAPTER XI. 108

Lord Rochester's amour with little Miss Sarah—His scheme to defeat Miss Hobart's designs—Killebrew's artful insinuations to Miss Temple—The Temple and Hobart scandal and rupture—Richard Talbot's passion for the fair Jennings—Mediation of the Chevalier de Gramont between Charles II. and Lady Castlemaine—Infatuation of Miss Jennings for Henry Jermyn—Lord Rochester as a German quack—Miss Price and Miss Jennings start off to visit him disguised as orange-girls—Their adventure with Brounker, pimp-in-chief to the Duke of York.

CHAPTER XII. 144

Mrs. Wetenhall's passive style of beauty—She visits London, and is entertained by Gramont—Her intrigue with George Hamilton—The Court at Tunbridge Wells—Prince Rupert fascinated by Miss Hughes, the actress—Lady Muskerry's ludicrous disaster at the Queen's dance—Passion of the Duke of York for lank Arabella Churchill and of the Duchess for handsome Henry Sidney—Tall Talbot and little Jermyn contend for Miss Jennings's favour—An accident reveals Miss Churchill's secret beauties, and what resulted from it—The Chevalier de Gramont is recalled to France.

CHAPTER XIII. 176

Arrival of the Chevalier at Abbeville during some wedding festivities—He discovers the magnificent coat supposed to have been lost in a quicksand—Impudent explanation of the Chevalier's valet—The Chevalier ordered to return to England by Louis XIV.—Tricks played by him on Saucourt at Vaugirard, and on Made-moiselle de L'Hôpital and the President de Maisons at

Issy—Advent of the Duke of Monmouth at the English Court—Efforts of the Duchess of Cleveland to ensnare him—Miss Stewart's influence upon Charles II.—Attempted assassination of the younger Killgrew for blabbing of his intrigue with Lady Shrewsbury—The Duke of Buckingham kills Lord Shrewsbury in a duel—The Queen ordered to Bath by her physicians:

CHAPTER XIV. 201

Departure of the Chevalier with the Court for Bath—His success at play—His advice to George Hamilton—Story of Hamilton's passion for Miss Stewart—To amuse her he makes a lantern of his mouth—He presents her with a horse, which taking fright, displays the lady's hidden charms—Infatuation of the Duchess of Cleveland for young Churchill—The King's distraction at Miss Stewart's coldness—Intervention of the Duchess of Cleveland, and discovery of the Duke of Richmond in Miss Stewart's bed-chamber—Miss Stewart appeals to the Queen, who brings about a reconciliation—Jermyn's dismissal by the fair Jennings—General marrying off of the principal personages of the Memoirs.

EPILOGUE I. 234

The Duchess of Richmond disfigured by small-pox—Her frolic in company with the Queen at Audley End—Her death and will.—The invincible Jermyn, his wife and his peerage—Miss Mallet, the melancholy heiress, and her admirers—She is carried off by Lord Rochester, and marries him—Rochester's last years—Sir Charles Lyttelton's career; his numerous family by the sprightly Temple—Early death of the languishing Boynton—George Hamilton is killed in Flanders—Marriage of his widow, the lovely Jennings, with Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel—The Duke's viceroyalty in Ireland, and death from poison—The Duchess as a milliner at the New Exchange—Her miserable death in Dublin—Return of the Count de Gramont to France—French opinions on the Countess—Gramont's visits to England in 1671 and

1676—His praises sung by Saint-Evremond—He poses as a connoisseur of wines—His last visit to London—His ugly daughters, the Countess of Stafford and the Abbess of Poussay—The Count's old age, illnesses and death—Saint-Simon's disparaging sketch of his character.

EPILOGUE II. 256

The Duke of Buckingham and the Countess of Shrewsbury tire of each other—The Countess's second marriage and death—The brilliant Buckingham's miserable end—The Duke of York in quest of a second wife—The discarded Duchess of Cleveland marries Beau Fielding—Her death—Louise de Keroualle captivates Charles II.—Mock marriage between the King and his new mistress—The Breton beauty is created Duchess of Portsmouth—Rivalry between her and Nell Gwyn—Advent of the Duchess Mazarin—Her matrimonial grievances and strange escapades—Her personal charms and composite vices—The King's coldness towards the Duchess of Portsmouth—His secret intercourse with the Duchess Mazarin—Accidental reunion of the royal mistresses—Nell Gwyn's fine underclothing—The two French duchesses reconciled at a supper-party—Mrs. Middleton proffers her daughter to the King—The Duchess of Portsmouth's pension and presents—Charles II.'s bribes from France—Flutter in the seraglio at the pretended Popish plot—The Duchess Mazarin denounced by Titus Oates—Her gay life and amorous intrigues—Fatal duel between two of her lovers—The King becomes jealous of the Grand Prior—Louise de Keroualle's magnificent surroundings—The end at hand—Illness and death of Charles II.—Return of the Duchess of Portsmouth to France, and retirement of the Duchess Mazarin to Chelsea.

APPENDIX 279

INDEX 297

LIST OF PLATES TO VOL. II.

A SUPPER IN MISS WARMESTER'S APARTMENTS

	By H. Gray	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
JAMES, DUKE OF YORK		<i>To face page iv</i>	
DUCHESS OF YORK	By Sir Peter Lely	"	8
COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK	" "	"	10
MISS STEWART'S HANDSOME LEGS,	By J. Chauvet	"	27
LADY DENHAM	By Sir Peter Lely	"	47
THE DUKE DE BRISSAC HOLDING GRAMONT'S			
HORSE	By — Choquet	"	60
GRAMONT AT MARION DE L'ORME'S,	By J. Chauvet	"	62
RICHARD TALBOT		"	70
MISS KIRK (Miss Warmester)	By Sir Peter Lely	"	76
MISS PRICE	" "	"	86
MISS BAGOT	" "	"	90
MISS TEMPLE	" "	"	98
EARL OF ROCHESTER	" "	"	110
THOMAS KILLEGREW	" "	"	114
MISS TEMPLE REJECTING MISS			
HOBART'S CARESSES	By H. Gray	"	118
MISS JENNINGS	By Sir Peter Lely	"	124
MISS PRICE AND MISS JENNINGS IN DISGUISE			
ENCOUNTERING KILLEGREW	By J. Chauvet	"	138
GEORGE HAMILTON		"	148
NELL GWYN	By Sir Peter Lely	"	154
MISS CHURCHILL'S ACCIDENT	By J. Chauvet	"	172
DUKE OF MONMOUTH		"	190
MISS STEWART'S HORSE TAKING FRIGHT			
	By H. Gray	"	210
THE KING SURPRISING MISS STEWART AND THE			
DUKE OF RICHMOND	By — Choquet	"	222
DUKE OF RICHMOND		"	226
DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH	By Sir Peter Lely	"	260
DUCHESS MAZARIN	" "	"	266

ADDENDA.

Page 43, note 2. The statement quoted from Oldys's notice in the *Biographia Britannica* with reference to Etherege's death at Ratisbon is contradicted by an entry in Luttrell's *Diary* (vi. 254), referred to by Mr. A. W. Verity, in his introduction to Etherege's Works. Under date, Feb. 1691, Luttrell states, that "Sir George Etherege died lately at Paris."

2. The letter to Lord Cornwallis quoted by Hamilton could only have been written during one of Gramont's occasional visits to England after he had quitted the Court and gone to reside with his wife in France, as it was not until Dec. 27, 1673, that Lord Cornwallis married Sir Stephen Fox's daughter.

75, note 3. There is evidently some error here, as it is certain that Sir Gabriel Silvius married Miss Anne Howard in 1677, when he was no longer young; whereas Mademoiselle de la Garde, whom according to Hamilton Sir Gabriel Silvius had previously wedded, is stated not to have died until 1730. Evelyn records in his *Diary* (Nov. 11, 1677):—"I was all this week composing matters between old Mrs. Howard and Sir Gabriel Silvius upon his long and earnest addresses to Mrs. Anne, her second daughter, maid of honour to the queen. My friend Mrs. Godolphin [formerly Miss Margaret Blague and also one of Catherine's maids of honour, see vol. i. p. 160, note 3], who exceedingly loved the young lady, was most industrious in it out of pity to the languishing knight, so as though there were great differences in their years it was at last effected." Sir Gabriel had been chamberlain to the Prince of Orange, and his marriage with Miss Howard took place on Nov. 13, 1677. He went as envoy to Brunswick in 1680, and as envoy extraordinary to Denmark in 1685. Miss Anne Howard was daughter of William Howard, son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire, and it was to her that Evelyn dedicated his life of her friend Mrs. Godolphin.

„ 82, note 5. A Mr. Progers was concerned with five other Englishmen in the murder at Madrid in 1650, of the envoy from the English Parliament to the Spanish Court. He was at that time connected with Sir Edward Hyde's embassy to Spain from the royalist party.



MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE GRAMONT.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke of York's private marriage to Miss Hyde—The lady's reputation assailed by the Duke's friends—Public declaration of the marriage—Intrigue of the Duke of York with Lady Southesk—Lord Southesk's mode of revenging himself—The Duke's amours with Lady Roberts, Miss Brooks, afterwards Lady Denham, and the Countess of Chesterfield—A guitar concert—Lady Chesterfield's green stockings—Miss Stewart exhibits her handsome legs—James Hamilton in a fit of jealousy instigates Lord Chesterfield to carry the Countess into the country.



THE Duke of York's marriage with the chancellor's daughter was deficient in none of those circumstances which render contracts of this nature valid in the eye of heaven: mutual inclination, a formal ceremony, witnesses, and every essential point of matrimony, had had a share in it.

Though the bride was no perfect beauty, yet, as there were none at the Court of Holland who eclipsed her, the duke, during the first endearments of matrimony, was so far from repenting, that he seemed only to wish for the king's restoration, that he might have an opportunity of declaring his marriage in a brilliant fashion. But when he found himself enjoying a rank which placed him so near the throne, when the possession of Miss Hyde afforded him no new charms, when England, so abounding in beauties, displayed the rarest she possessed at the Court of the king his brother, and when he considered that he was the only prince, who, from such superior elevation, had descended so low, he began to reflect upon it. On the one hand, his marriage appeared to him particularly ill-assorted in every respect. He recollected that Jermyn had not engaged him in an intimacy with Miss Hyde, until he had convinced him, by various petty circumstances, of the facility of succeeding. He looked upon his marriage as an infringement of the respect and obedience that he owed to the king. The indignation which the Court, and even the whole kingdom, would evince at it, presented itself to his imagination, together with the impossibility of obtaining the king's consent in the matter, which for a thousand reasons he was apparently obliged to refuse. On the other hand, the tears and despair of poor Miss Hyde presented themselves; and still more than that, he felt remorse in his conscience, the scrupulous delicacy of which began from that time to plague him.¹

¹ Miss Killegrew, one of the Princess of Orange's maids of honour, having died of the small pox at Spa, Clarendon succeeded in securing the vacant

In the midst of this agitated perplexity he opened his heart to Lord Falmouth, and consulted him as to what course he should pursue. He could not have applied to a better man for his own interests, or to a worse one for Miss Hyde's. Falmouth at first maintained not only that he was not married, but that it was impossible he could ever have thought of such a thing; that any marriage of his was null and void if made without the king's consent, even if the match were a suitable one; but that it was a mere jest even to think of the daughter of an insignificant lawyer, who, although the favour of his sovereign had lately made him a peer of the realm, and chancellor, was without noble blood and without capacity; that as

post for his daughter Anne, and, as already mentioned, it was while the latter was attached to the princess's person that the Duke of York saw her and fell in love with her. The result was that she became *enclave*, and the duke sought his brother's permission to make Miss Hyde his wife. Clarendon says that the duke, having told the king she was with child by him, begged of him on his knees to be allowed to marry her, threatening that if the king refused, to go into exile, and there remain for the rest of his life. In this dilemma Charles sent for the chancellor's bosom friends, the Marquis of Ormond and the Earl of Southampton, who afterwards informed Clarendon that the king had commanded them to apprise him of the circumstances, and to consult with him as to the course he should pursue.

Clarendon pretends that when he himself heard of the state of things he flew into a great rage, and told the two noblemen that he should turn his daughter out of the house as a strumpet. On his being apprized that it was thought the duke was actually married to her, he said, "he would rather his daughter should be the duke's whore than his wife. If there were any reason to suspect the latter, then he hoped the king would commit him to the Tower, to be cast into a dungeon under a strict guard, and that an act of parliament would be immediately passed for cutting off his daughter's head, to which he would not only give his consent, but would very willingly be the first man to propose it."

After this interview, the chancellor says he ordered his daughter to keep her room, and that, in spite of the king's intervention on her behalf, he removed none of the restraints he had imposed upon her. Afterwards, however, he discovered that even at this time the duke found means to visit his daughter, and stay whole nights with her, through the complicity of persons who excused themselves on the ground that they knew the pair were married.—*Continuation of Life*, p. 323, *et seq.*

for his scruples, he had only to give ear to some gentlemen, who would thoroughly inform him of Miss Hyde's conduct, before he became acquainted with her; and provided he did not tell them that he was already married, he would soon have sufficient grounds to come to a determination.

The Duke of York consented to this, and Lord Falmouth having assembled his council and his witnesses, conducted them to his royal highness's cabinet, after having instructed them how to act. These gentlemen were the Earl of Arran, Jermyn, Talbot, and Killegrew, all men of honour, but who infinitely preferred that of the Duke of York to that of Miss Hyde, and who, besides, had revolted, like the whole Court, against the insolent authority of the prime minister.

The duke told them, after a sort of preamble, that although they could not be ignorant of his affection for Miss Hyde, yet they might be unacquainted with the engagements that his tenderness for her had induced him to contract; that he thought himself obliged to keep all the promises he had made her; but as the innocence of persons of her age was generally exposed to Court scandal, and as certain reports, whether false or true, had been spread abroad on the subject of her conduct, he conjured them as his friends, and charged them upon their duty, to tell him sincerely everything they knew upon the subject, since he was resolved to make their evidence the rule of his conduct towards her. They all appeared rather reserved at first, and pretended that they did not dare to give their opinions upon so serious and delicate an affair; but the Duke of York



James, Duke of York.

having renewed his entreaties, each began to relate in detail what he knew, and perhaps more than he knew, of poor Miss Hyde ; nor did they omit any circumstance necessary to strengthen the evidence. For instance, the Earl of Arran, who spoke first, deposed that one day in the gallery at Honslaerdyk, where the Countess of Ossory, his sister-in-law, and Jermyn, were playing at nine-pins, Miss Hyde had pretended to be indisposed, and had retired to a chamber at the end of the gallery ; that he, the deponent, had followed her, and having cut her stay-lace, to give a greater probability to the pretence of the vapours, he had done his best to assist, or rather to divert her.

Talbot said that she had made an appointment with him in the chancellor's cabinet, whilst he was at the council ; and, that not paying so much attention to what was upon the table, as to what they were engaged in, they had spilt a bottleful of ink upon a despatch of four pages, and that the king's monkey was blamed for this accident, and had been for a long time in disgrace.

Jermyn mentioned many places where he had received long and favourable audiences : however, all these charges only dealt with some delicate familiarities, or at most, with what are generally denominated the minor pleasures of an intrigue ; but Killebrew,² who wished to surpass these

² Thomas Killebrew was the son of Sir Robert Killebrew, and was born in Feb. 1611. He was appointed page of honour to King Charles I., and married Miss Cecelia Crofts, one of the maids of honour to Queen Henrietta. In 1651 he was sent to Venice, as resident at that state, but was at last compelled to leave the republic for his vicious behaviour. At the Restoration he was appointed groom of the bed-chamber, and subsequently master of the revels, and became so great a favourite with the king, that he

trivial depositions, plainly declared that he had been honoured with her favours. He was of a sprightly and witty humour, and knew how to make a story entertaining, by introducing graceful figures of speech. He affirmed that he had found the propitious moment in a certain closet built, over the water, for a purpose very different from that of giving ease to the pains of love: that three or four swans had been witnesses to his happiness, and might perhaps have been witnesses to the happiness of many others in this same closet, as the

was admitted into his company on terms of the most unrestrained familiarity, when audience was refused to the first ministers.

Pepys describes Killebrew as a merry droll, a gentleman of great esteem with the king, and mentions (Feb. 13, 1667-8), that "Mr. Brisland tells me that Tom Killebrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of the King's Fool or Jester, and may revile or jeer anybody, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place." He also says, "Mr. Pierce did tell me as a great truth, as being told by Mr. Cowly (Abraham Cowley, the poet), who was by and heard it, that Tom Killebrew publicly told the king that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.'"—*Diary* (Dec. 9, 1666).

On another occasion, Killebrew entered the king's apartment, equipped as if he were going a journey. "What, Killebrew," cried Charles, "where are you going in such a violent hurry?" "To hell!" said Killebrew, "to fetch up Oliver Cromwell, to look after the affairs of England, for his successor never will."

It is said that the council having one day assembled, the king, as usual, failed to make his appearance, and the Duke of Lauderdale hastened to remonstrate with him, but with no effect. On quitting the presence-chamber he met Killebrew, who, on learning his errand, offered to bet him £100 that the king would attend the council in half an hour, and the duke, feeling certain of winning the money, instantly accepted the bet. Killebrew thereupon entered the king's apartment, and related to him the whole circumstance. "I know," he said, "that your majesty hates Lauderdale; and, if you go only this once to the council, his covetous disposition is such that, rather than pay the £100, he will hang himself, and never plague you again." Charles could not refrain from laughing:—"Well, Killebrew," he exclaimed, "I *positively* will go!" He kept his word, and the wager

lady frequently repaired to it and found it much to her liking.

The Duke of York regarded this last accusation as preposterous, being convinced that he himself had sufficient proofs of the contrary. He therefore thanked these favoured witnesses for their frankness, ordered them to be silent in future upon what they had been telling him, and passed into the king's apartments.

As soon as he had entered the cabinet, Lord Falmouth, who had followed him, related what had passed to the Earl of Ossory, whom he met in the presence-chamber. They strongly suspected what was the subject of the conversation of the two brothers, as this lasted some time; and the Duke of York appeared to be in such agitation when he came out, that they no longer doubted the result had been unfavourable to poor Miss Hyde. Lord Falmouth began to compassionate her disgrace, and slightly regretted that he had been concerned in it, when the Duke of York told him and the Earl of Ossory to meet him in an hour's time at the chancellor's.

They were rather surprised that he should himself have the cruelty to announce such crushing news. At the appointed hour they found his royal highness in Miss Hyde's chamber: her eyes seemed moist with tears, which she was endeavouring to restrain. The chancellor, leaning against the wall, appeared to them to be puffed up with something, which they had no doubt was rage and despair. The Duke of York then said to them, with that serene and pleasant countenance with which men generally announce good news: "As

you are the two men of the Court whom I most esteem, I am desirous you should first have the honour of paying your compliments to the Duchess of York : there she is."

Surprise was of no use, and astonishment was unseasonable on such an occasion. They were, however, so full of astonishment, that in order to conceal it, they promptly fell upon their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave to them with as much grandeur and majesty as if she had done nothing else all her life.³

The next day the news was made public, and the whole Court hastened to pay her respect, from a sense of duty, which in the end became most sincere.

The coxcombs, who had spoken against her, in view of a very different result to that which they now beheld,

³ We suspect that there is no further foundation for the above very circumstantial narrative beyond the incident mentioned by Clarendon in the continuation of his life, and referred to both by Pepys and Andrew Marvel. According to Clarendon, Sir Charles Berkeley, captain of the Duke of York's guard—"a young man of dissolute life, and prone to all wickedness in the judgment of all sober men"—with the object of dissuading the duke from performing the promise he had made to marry Miss Hyde, informed him that "he was bound in conscience to prevent him from taking to wife a woman wholly unworthy of him, asserting that he had himself lain with her, and that for the duke's sake he would be content to marry her, though he well knew the familiarity the duke had with her." Some time afterwards the young captain of the guard confessed that the damaging statement which he had made, to Miss Hyde's disadvantage, was altogether false, expressed himself confident of the lady's virtue, and brought the duke to pardon a fault committed out of pure devotion towards her. The duke not only forgave Miss Hyde's traducer, but embraced him and promised him he should not suffer in the least degree in his affection, and what is more, he kept his word.—*Continuation of Life*, p. 326.

Pepys's note (Dec. 10, 1660), on the above incident is as follows :—"It is expected that the duke will marry the lord chancellor's daughter at last, which is likely to be the ruin of my Lord Berkeley," he having sworn "that he and others had intrigued with her often, which all believe to be a lie." Andrew Marvel, in the lines already quoted (see note, vol. i. p., 136), speaks of the Duchess of York as "Falmouth's pregnant wench." Sir Charles Berkeley, it will be remembered, had been created Earl of Falmouth.



the Duchess of York

Duchess of York.

were not a little embarrassed. Women are seldom disposed to forgive certain injuries; and, if they promise themselves the pleasure of revenge, they strike hard; however, these coxcombs only experienced the fear of revenge.

Having been informed of all that had been said in the cabinet concerning her, the duchess of York, instead of evincing the least resentment, made a show of distinguishing by all manner of kindnesses and good offices, those who had attacked her in so sensible a part; nor did she ever mention the matter to them, but to praise their zeal, and to tell them, that nothing was a greater proof of the attachment of a man of honour, than his being more solicitous for the interests of his friend, or master, than for his own reputation: a remarkable example of prudence and moderation, not only for the fair sex, but for those men who pride themselves most upon their philosophy.

The Duke of York, having quieted his conscience by the declaration of his marriage,¹ thought that this

¹ Pepys has the following allusions in his *Diary*, under date Oct. 7, 1660, to the Duke of York's marriage:—"To my lord's [Sandwich], and dined with him; he all dinner time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my lord chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet." Again (Oct. 24, 1660): "Mr. Moore tells me among other things that the Duke of York is now sorry for his amour with my lord chancellor's daughter, who is now brought to bed of a boy." (Oct. 26, 1660): "Great talk as if the Duke of York do now own the marriage between him and the chancellor's daughter." (Feb. 23, 1660-1): "Mr. Hartlett told me how my lord chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and Duchess, and her woman, my Lord Ossory, and a doctor, to make oath before most of the judges of the kingdom, concerning all the circumstances of the marriage. And in fine, it is confessed that they were not fully married till about a month or two before she was brought to bed; but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate."

generous effort entitled him to give way a little to his inconstancy; he therefore availed himself of what was in reach of his hands. This was Lady Carnegy,⁵ who had already been in several other hands. She was still tolerably handsome, and being naturally compassionate, she did not let her new lover languish very long. Everything coincided with their wishes for some time: Lord Carnegy, her husband, was in Scotland; but his father dying suddenly, he as suddenly returned with the title of Southesk, which his wife detested; but which she accepted more patiently than she received the news of his return. Some intimation had been given him of the honour that had been done him in his absence, but he did not shew his jealousy at first. However, as he was desirous of enlightenment respecting the truth of the report, he kept watch upon his wife's actions. The Duke of York and her ladyship had, for some time, been upon such terms of intimacy, that they no longer stood at trifles; however, as the husband's return obliged them to maintain some decorum, the duke never went to her house but in due form, that is to say, always accom-

According to *Kennel's Register* (p. 246), the marriage took place at Worcester House, Sept. 3, 1660, in the night, between eleven and two. Dr. Joseph Crowther, the duke's chaplain, officiated, and Lord Ossory gave away the bride.

⁵ Anne, daughter of William, Duke of Hamilton, killed at the battle of Worcester, and wife of Robert Carnegy, Earl of Southesk. When little more than a girl she had been the friend and confidant of Lady Castlemaine, and is said to have had her own intrigue with Lord Chesterfield at the time when he was Lady Castlemaine's lover. (See correspondence of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield.) Pepys speaks of seeing Lady Southesk, among other fine ladies, at the Duke of York's playhouse; and he notes that she was "most devilishly painted." Her youngest and favourite son William, a young man of great personal attractions and accomplishments, was killed at Paris in 1681, in a duel with the son of the Duchess of Lauderdale, the ground of quarrel being the favours of some profligate French actress. Lady Southesk died shortly after this event.



Rev. Dr. Lett. p. 100

Countess of Southesk.

panied by some one, so that it might seem he was merely paying a visit.*

About this time Talbot returned from Portugal: this connection had been formed during his absence, and without knowing who Lady Southesk was, he learnt that his master was in love with her.

A few days after hearing this, he was carried to her house by the duke just to keep up appearances, and after he had been introduced, and some compliments had passed between him and her ladyship, he thought it his duty to give his royal highness an opportunity to pay *his* compliments, and accordingly retired into the ante-chamber. This ante-chamber looked into the street, and Talbot placed himself at the window to view the passers-by.

He was the most willing fellow in the world on such occasions; but he was so subject to forgetfulness and absence of mind, that when proceeding to Lisbon he had forgotten and left behind him in London, a complimentary letter which the duke had given him for the Infanta of Portugal, never recollecting it till he was going to his audience.

He was standing sentry, as we have said, very attentive to his instructions, when he saw a coach stop at the door, without being in the least concerned at it, and still less, at a man whom he saw get out of it, and whom he soon heard coming up stairs.

The devil, who ought not to be so tricky upon such occasions, brought him Lord Southesk *in propria persona*. His royal highness's equipage had been sent away, as my lady had assured him that her husband was gone to see the

dog-fighting and bear and bull baiting, an entertainment in which he took great delight,⁶ and whence, as a rule, he only returned very late. Thus Southesk, not seeing any coach at the door, little imagined that he had such good company in his house; still if he was surprised to find Talbot carelessly lolling in his wife's ante-chamber, his surprise was soon over. Talbot, who had not seen him since they were in Flanders together, and who never imagined that he had changed his name, held out his hand exclaiming :—

“Welcome, Carnegy, welcome, my fat swine; where the devil have you been, that I have never set eyes on you since we were at Brussels? What business

⁶ Lord Southesk is described as a man of fine natural parts, and graceful manners, improved by travelling. He had held a commission in Louis XIV.'s Scots guards during his exile under the Commonwealth. The butcherly sport, as Evelyn terms it, of bull and bear baiting, was, it should be remembered, at the time Hamilton is speaking of, the chief popular amusement in this country.

Evelyn, under date June 16, 1670, notes in his *Diary* :—“I went with some friends to the Bear Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather, barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff. One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady's lap as she sat in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed, and so all ended with the ape on horseback; and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime.”

Pepys, too, tells us about his going with his wife and their servant, Mercer, to the Bear Garden, where he “saw some good sport of the bulls tossing of the dogs; one into the very boxes. ut it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors with us in the same box (and one very fine went into the pit and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off.”

The so-called sport of the Bear Garden was not, however, confined to the baiting of bulls and bears. Pepys also speaks of being in the common pit, and there “with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker was so cut in both his wrists that he would not fight any longer, and then they broke off; his enemy was a butcher. The sport was very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there.”—*Diary* (Sept. 9, 1667).

has brought you here? Have you also a longing for Lady Southesk? If that be the case, my poor friend, you may go away again; for I may inform you, the Duke of York is in love with her, and I tell you in confidence, that, at this very moment, he is in there with her saying a couple of words to her."

Southesk, confounded as one may suppose, had no time to answer these fine questions. Talbot, in the capacity of a friend, put him outside; and, as his humble servant, advised him to seek a mistress elsewhere. Southesk, not knowing what else to do for the time being, returned to his coach; and Talbot, delighted with the adventure, impatiently longed for the duke to come out, that he might acquaint him with it; but he was very much surprised to find that the story afforded no pleasure to those whom it concerned, and he was especially displeased to discover that Carnegie had changed his name, as if only to draw him into such a confidence.

This incident broke off a commerce which the Duke of York did not much regret; and it was indeed fortunate for him that he became indifferent; for the traitor Southesk set to work preparing a revenge,⁷ whereby,

⁷ Bishop Burnet says, "A story was set about, and generally believed, that the Earl of Southesk, that had married a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, suspecting some familiarities between the duke and his wife, had taken a sure method to procure a disease to himself, which he communicated to his wife, and was, by that means, sent round till it came to the duchess. Lord Southesk was, for some years, not ill pleased to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar strain of revenge, with which he seemed much delighted. But I know he has, to some of his friends, denied the whole of the story very solemnly."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i., p. 395.

It is quite certain that the story was very generally believed at the time. Pepys notes (April 2, 1668), that his colleague Creed tells him "how Lady Carnegie's lord finding her and the Duke of York, at the king's first coming in, too kind, did get it out of her that he did dishonour him, and

without using either steel or poison, he would have obtained satisfaction of those who had injured him, had their connection continued any longer.

He sought in the most infamous places, the most infamous disease that is to be found there, and he met with it, but he only half completed his revenge; for after he had had recourse to every remedy to rid himself of the disease, his lady returned him his present, she no longer having any connection with the person for whom it had been so industriously prepared.

Lady Robarts shone forth at that time; her beauty struck one at first, and yet, despite the brilliancy of a glowing complexion, with all the bloom of youth, and everything that renders a woman attractive, she did not inspire one with desire.⁵ The Duke of York, however, would probably have been successful, if almost insurmountable difficulties had not frustrated his good intentions: Lord Robarts, the beauty's husband, was a very troublesome and peevish old bully, so much in love with her as to drive her to distraction, and, as an additional annoyance, a perpetual attendant on her person.

did take the most pernicious and full piece of revenge that ever I heard of; and he, at this day, owns it with great glory, and looks upon the Duke of York and the world in great content at the ampleness of his revenge."

Marvel also writes:—

"But now York's genitals grew over hot
With Denham and Carneig's infected plot."

State Poems, vol. i.

Lord Southesk died in 1688.

* Lord Orford says, this lady was Sarah, daughter of John Bodville, and wife of Robert Robarts, eldest son of John, Earl of Radnor. This, however, may be doubted. There was no Earl of Radnor until the year 1679, which was after the date of most, if not all the transactions related in this work; consequently, there is no other person who could be called Lord Robarts, but John, the second lord, who was created Earl of Radnor. In this case the lady would be Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, and the second wife of the above-mentioned John, Lord Robarts.

She perceived the attention which his royal highness paid to her, and allowed it to be seen that she was inclined to be grateful: this redoubled his eagerness, and every outward mark of tenderness he could possibly shew her at a distance; but as the watchful husband redoubled his zeal and assiduity, in proportion as the approaches were effected, recourse was had to every thing that could render him tractable. An effort was made to excite his avarice and his ambition. Some persons who possessed his confidence, told him, that it was his own fault, if Lady Robarts, who was so worthy of being at Court, was not received into some considerable post, either about the queen or the duchess. He was sounded with an offer of the lord-lieutenancy of the county where his estate was situated; it was proposed to him that he should undertake the management of the Duke of York's property in Ireland, of which he should have the entire disposal, provided he set out immediately to take possession of his post, where he need only remain as long as he thought proper.

He perfectly well understood the meaning of these proposals, and fully realised the advantages he might reap from them. But in vain did ambition and avarice strive to tempt him, he would not listen to them, and never would the cursed old fellow consent to be made a cuckold. It is not always an aversion to, or a dread of this distinction, which preserves us from it: of this the rascal was well aware; and accordingly, under the pretence of a pilgrimage to Saint Winifred the virgin and martyr, who was said to endow women with fecundity, he did not rest until he had placed the highest mountains in

Wales between his wife and the person who had designed to perform this miracle in London, after his departure.⁹

The duke was for some time entirely taken up with the pleasures of the chase, and only now and then engaged in those of love; but this taste having passed away, like his remembrance of Lady Robarts, his eyes and wishes were turned towards Miss Brook; and it was in the height of this pursuit, that Lady Chesterfield threw herself into his arms, as we shall see by resuming the sequel of her adventures.

The Earl of Bristol, ever restless and ambitious, had put every art in practice to acquire the king's favour. As this is the same Digby whom Bussy mentions in his *Annals*¹⁰ it will be sufficient to say, that he was not at all changed. He knew that love and pleasure had

⁹ Lord Clarendon describes Lord Robarts as being "naturally proud and imperious, which humour was increased by an ill education; for, excepting some years spent in the inns of court, he might very justly be said to have been born and bred in Cornwall. When lord deputy in Ireland, he received the information of the chief persons there so negligently, and gave his answers so scornfully, that they besought the king that they might not be obliged to attend him any more: but he was not a man that disgraced and thrown off without much inconvenience and hazard parts, which, in council and parliament, were very troublesome to all men alive, who had so few friends, he had the most solid." *Continuation of Life*, p. 102.

Pepys speaks of Lord Robarts as "indeed a very sober man, who did mightily wonder at the reason of the growth of bankers."

¹⁰ In the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, which Hamilton alludes to as Bussy's *Annals*, Digby is described as proud, brave, and full of ambition, and as having been one of the numerous lovers of the beautiful Duchess de Châtillon, who tried to ensnare Charles II. during his exile. Perceiving that the king was more or less under the influence of Lord Crofts—afterwards groom of the stole and gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York—she promised Crofts that she would grant him her favours if he assisted her in becoming a queen. Charles, however, heard of several of the duchess's intrigues, notably with the Abbé Fouquet, brother of the financier, and although impressed by her beauty refused to make her his wife.

Roger de Rabutin, Count de Bussy, author of the *Histoire Amoureuse*

possession of a master, whom he himself swayed in defiance of the chancellor ;¹¹ thus he gave entertain-

des Gaules, was the son of Léonor de Rabutin, Baron d'Épiry, and the cousin of Madame de Sévigné, several of whose letters are addressed to him. He was born at Épiry in 1618. Entering the army at the age of forty-six, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, and ten years later became a member of the French Academy. He was the lover of the Marchioness de Monglat, and composed for her entertainment his amusing so-called history, which is simply a collection of scandalous anecdotes and ribald verses, for writing which he was sent to the Bastille in 1665.

Voltaire asserts, in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, that Bussy's work was but a pretext for his imprisonment ; the true reason being a song ascribed to him, and in which the king and his mistress, Marie Mancini, one of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, were spoken of with much freedom. Louis XIV. especially resented some lines, calling attention to the large size of his mistress's mouth :—

“ See Deodatus with his billing dear
Whose amorous mouth breathes love from ear to ear.”

Although Bussy was eventually released from the Bastille, he remained in disgrace all the rest of his life, as the edict exiling him to his estates in Burgundy continued in force for seventeen years. It was during this period that he beautified the Château of Bussy-Rabutin, and commissioned Mignard, Lebrun, Coyvel and others, to paint the gallery of portraits for which this residence is so celebrated. By a strange whim, he had one apartment decorated with four allegorical paintings, which freely depict the infidelity of his mistress, Madame de Monglat, who upon his imprisonment had immediately taken to herself another lover. Bussy died in April, 1693.

¹¹ Lord Clarendon himself in a measure confirms the above, as he says Digby “left no way unattempted to render himself gracious to the king, by saying and doing all that might be acceptable unto him, and contriving such meetings and jollities as he was pleased with.”—*Continuation of Life*, p. 208.

Peppys mentions on July 10, 1663, “that the Earl of Bristol had impeached Clarendon of high treason, on the grounds that he had been bribed to make the peace with Holland upon most disadvantageous terms, that Dunkirk had been sold by his advice to the great damage of England, that he had promoted the king's marriage to the prejudice of the Crown, knowing the queen to be incapable of bearing children, that the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of York was accomplished by indiscreet courses in order that he might thereby raise her family, and finally that he had endeavoured to bring in popery.”—*Diary*. The House of Lords rejected the articles of impeachment, and later on Clarendon retaliated by causing a warrant to be issued to commit Lord Bristol to the Tower ; the latter, however, absconded, and so avoided arrest. A few years later, after Clarendon's fall, and when an intrigue was on foot for divorcing Charles from his wife, the Earl of Bristol went *in disguise* to Parma, to find a new wife for the king among the grand duke's daughters.

Lord Orford points out that the Earl of Bristol's life was one contra-

ment upon entertainment at his house ; and luxury and elegance reigned at these nocturnal feasts, which are invariably linked to other enjoyments. The two Miss Brooks, his relations, were always of the parties : they were both formed to excite and partake of love. They were just what the king wanted, and Bristol soon saw matters so progressing as to give him a good opinion of his projects. However, Lady Castlemaine, who had lately gained entire possession of the king's heart, was not, at that time, inclined to share it with another, as she afterwards did, very indiscreetly, in her contempt for Miss Stewart. As soon as she received an intimation of these goings-on, under pretence of attending the parties, she troubled them ; so that the Earl of Bristol was obliged to lay aside his designs, and Miss Brooks to discontinue her advances. The king did not dare to think any more of her ; but his brother was pleased to look after what he neglected ; and Miss Brooks accepted the offer of his heart, pending the time when it should please heaven to dispose of her otherwise, which happened soon afterwards in the following manner.

Sir John Denham, loaded with wealth as well as years, had passed his youth amid those pleasures which at that age one indulges in without restraint. He was one of the brightest geniuses England ever produced for witty

diction. "He wrote against popery, and embraced it ; he was a zealous opposer of the Court, and a sacrifice to it ; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends ; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act, though a Roman Catholic, and addicted himself to astrology on the birthday of true philosophy."—*Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. ii. p. 25.

works; a satirist and banterer in his poems, he spared neither frigid writers, nor jealous husbands, nor even their wives. All abounded with wit, and entertaining stories, but his most delicate and spirited raillery turned generally upon matrimonial adventures; and, as if he wished to confirm, by his own example, the truth of what he had written in his youth, he married, at the age of seventy-nine, this Miss Brooks of whom we are speaking, and who was only eighteen.¹²

¹² He was the son of Sir John Denham, a baron of the Exchequer, who had been one of the Lords Justices in Ireland. Aubrey relates several anecdotes of the poet. He says that "when he was at Trinity College, Oxford, he would game extremely; when he had played away all his money, he would play away his father's caps wrought with gold. From Trinity College he went to Lincoln's Inn, where he was as good a student as any in the house. Was not supposed to be a wit. One time, when he was a student of Lincoln's Inn, having been merry at the tavern with his comrades, late at night, a frolic came into his head, to get a plasterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, which made a strange confusion the next day, and it was in term time. But it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys. At last, 1640, his play of *The Sophy* came out, which did take extremely. Mr. Edmund Waller said then of him, that he broke out like the Irish Rebellion—threescore thousand strong, when nobody suspected it. In the time of the civil wars, George Withers, the poet, begged Sir John Denham's estate of the Parliament, in whose cause Withers was a captain of horse. It happened that G. W. was taken prisoner, and was in danger of his life, having written severely against the king, &c. Sir John Denham went to the king, and desired his majesty not to hang him, for that whilst G. W. lived, he should not be the worst poet in England. Sir John was much rooked by gamblers, and fell acquainted with that unsanctified crew to his ruin. His father had some suspicion of it, and chid him severely; whereupon he wrote a little essay 'Against Gaming,' to shew the vanities and inconveniences of it, which he presented to his father, to let him know his detestation of it; but shortly after his father's death (who left £2,000 or £1,500 in ready money, two houses well furnished, and much plate), the money was played away first, and next the plate was sold. I remember, about 1646, he lost £200 one night at 'New cut.' Miss Brooke was his second wife, a very beautiful young lady, Sir John being ancient and limping."

Peter Cunningham mentions that "Denham's marriage to Margaret Brooks is recorded in the register of Westminster Abbey, under the date of May 25, 1665." The lady was a niece of the Earl of Bristol, and only eighteen years of age, yet in spite of her youth, she had been, it was rumoured, one of the mistresses of the Duke of York.

The Duke of York had rather neglected her for some time before ; but the circumstance of so unsuitable a match revived his eagerness ; and she, on her part, suffered him to entertain hopes of an approaching bliss, which a thousand considerations had opposed before her marriage. She wished to belong to the Court ; and in return for the promise she exacted of being made lady-in-waiting to the duchess, she was upon the point of making him another promise, or of immediately requiting his, when, in the midst of these negotiations, Lady Chesterfield was tempted by her evil genius to rob Lady Denham of her lover, in order to disturb everybody.

However, as Lady Chesterfield could only see the Duke of York at public assemblies, she was under the necessity of making the most extravagant advances, in order to seduce him ; and as he was the most unguarded ogler of his time, the whole Court was informed of the intrigue when it had scarcely begun.

Those who appeared the most attentive to their conduct, were not the least interested in it ; Hamilton and Lord Chesterfield watched them closely ; but Lady Denham, vexed that Lady Chesterfield should have interfered with her bargaining, took the liberty of railing against her rival with the greatest bitterness. Hamilton had hitherto flattered himself, that vanity alone had engaged Lady Chesterfield in this adventure ; but he was soon undeceived. With whatever indifference she may have commenced this intrigue, she was not indifferent at its close. We often proceed farther than we at first intended, when we indulge in trifling liberties, which we think of no consequence. Although the heart may have

no part in the affair at the outset, it seldom fails to be engaged in the end.

The Court, as we have mentioned before, was ever the scene of gallantry and amusements invested with all the politeness and magnificence which the inclinations of a prince who was naturally gallant and tender-hearted, could suggest : the beauties were desirous of charming, and the one endeavour of the men was to please. All studied to shew themselves off to the best advantage : some distinguished themselves by dancing, others by magnificence ; some by their wit, many by their amours, and but few by their constancy. There was a certain Italian at Court, famous for playing the guitar.¹³ He had a genius for music, and he was the only man who could make anything of the guitar : his style of play, however, was so full of grace and tenderness, that he would have rendered the most discordant instruments harmonious. The truth is, nothing was so difficult as to play as he did. The king's partiality for his compositions had brought the instrument so much into vogue, that everyone played upon it, well or ill ; and you were as sure to see a guitar on a lady's toilette, as rouge or patches. The Duke of York played upon this instrument tolerably well, and the Earl of Arran like Francesco himself.

This Francesco had composed a saraband, which either charmed or tormented every one ; for the whole guitarery at Court were trying to learn it, and God

¹³ His name was Francesco Corbetta. There is an engraved portrait of him by Gasca, with a high-flown inscription describing him as that "most famous master of the guitar, who like Orpheus expresses everything in his music."

knows what a universal strumming there was. The Duke of York, pretending not to be perfect in it, desired Lord Arran to play it to him. Lady Chesterfield had the best guitar in England, and the Earl of Arran, who was desirous of playing his best, conducted his royal highness to his sister's apartments. She was lodged at Court, at her father's, the Duke of Ormond's, and this wonderful guitar was lodged there too. Whether this visit had been preconcerted or not, I do not pretend to say ; but it is certain that they found both the lady and the guitar at home ; they also found there Lord Chesterfield, who was so much alarmed by this unexpected visit, that it was a considerable time before he thought of rising from his seat, to receive them with due respect.

Jealousy, like a malignant vapour, now rose to his brain ; a thousand suspicions, blacker than ink, took possession of his imagination, and were continually increasing ; for whilst the brother played upon the guitar, the sister ogled the duke, as if there had been no enemy to observe them. This saraband was repeated more than twenty times, the duke declaring that it was played to perfection. Lady Chesterfield marvelled at the composition ; but her husband, who clearly perceived that he was the person played upon, thought it a most detestable piece. However, although he was in rage and agony at being obliged to restrain himself, while others restrained themselves so little, he was determined to remain and see what this visit would lead to. But it was not in his power to do so. He had the honour to be chamberlain to the queen, and a messenger came from her majesty to fetch him. His first thought

was to pretend sickness ; the second to suspect that the queen, who sent for him at such an unseasonable time, was in the plot ; but at last, after indulging in all the extravagant ideas of a suspicious man, and experiencing all the irresolution of a jealous husband, inclined to stubbornness in moments of peril, he was obliged to go.

He was in the prettiest temper imaginable when he arrived at the queen's. Alarms are to the jealous what disasters are to the unfortunate : they seldom come alone, and never cease to persecute one. Lord Chesterfield was informed that he had been sent for to attend an audience given by the queen to seven or eight Muscovite ambassadors.¹⁴ He had scarce begun to curse the

¹⁴ Pepys has the following respecting the Muscovite embassy, under date Nov. 27, 1662 : "At my waking I found the tops of the houses covered with snow, which is a rare sight, which I have not seen these three years. To the office, where we sat till noon ; when we all went to the next house upon Tower Hill to see the coming by of the Russian ambassador, for whose reception all the city trained bands do attend in the streets, and the king's life-guards and most of the wealthy citizens in their black velvet coats and gold chains (which remain of their gallantry at the king's coming in), but they stayed so long that we went down again to dinner. And after I had dined I walked to the Conduit in the Quarrefour (Fr. *carrefour*), at the end of Gracious Street and Cornhill, and there (the spouts thereof running very near me upon all the people that were under it), I saw them pretty well go by. I could not see the ambassador in his coach, but his attendants in their habits and fur caps, very handsome comely men, and most of them with hawks upon their fists to present to the king. But Lord ! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange."

On Dec. 29 Pepys writes of the audience to which Hamilton refers : "Thence to Whitehall and got up to the top gallery in the Banqueting House to see the audience of the Russian ambassadors. After they had come in I went down and got through the crowd almost as high as the king and the ambassadors, where I saw all the presents, being rich furs, hawks, carpets, cloths of tissue and sea-horse teeth. The king took two or three hawks upon his fist, having a glove on, wrought with gold, given him for that purpose. The son of one of the ambassadors was in the richest suit for pearl and tissue that ever I did see or shall, I believe. After they and all the company had kissed the king's hand, then the three ambassadors and the son and no more did kiss the queen's. One thing more I did observe, that the chief ambassador did carry up his master's

Muscovites, when his brother-in-law (the Earl of Arran) appeared, and drew upon himself all the imprecations that were being bestowed upon the embassy. Chesterfield no longer doubted his being in the plot with the two persons he had left together; and in his heart he sincerely wished him such recompense as his good offices deserved. It was with great difficulty that he restrained himself from immediately acquainting him with his opinion of such conduct. He considered that what he had already seen was a sufficient proof of his wife's infidelity; but before the end of the very same day, certain circumstances persuaded him, that advantage had been taken of his absence, and of the honourable officiousness of his brother-in-law.

He passed that night, however, without making any stir; but the next morning, being reduced to the necessity of either bursting or giving vent to his sorrows and conjectures, he did nothing but ponder and walk about until Park-time. He went to Court, sought for some one to confide in, and imagined that people guessed the subject of his uneasiness. Thereupon he avoided everybody; but at length meeting with Hamilton, he thought he was the man he required; and inviting him to come for a drive in Hyde Park, he took him in his coach, and they reached the Ring, without a word having passed between them.

Hamilton, who saw him looking quite sallow, and particularly thoughtful, imagined that he had but just discovered what all the world had perceived long before;

letters in state before him on high; and as soon as he had delivered them he did fall down to the ground and lay there a great while."—*Diary*

when Chesterfield, after an insignificant and meaningless preamble, inquired how he was succeeding with Lady Castlemaine. Hamilton saw very well that he meant nothing by this question, still he did not fail to thank him; and as he was thinking of an answer—

“Your cousin,” said Chesterfield, “is extremely coquettish and I have some reason to suppose she is not altogether well conducted.” Hamilton thought the last charge a little too severe; and as he was endeavouring to refute it: “Good God,” said his lordship, “you see, as well as the whole Court, what airs she gives herself. Husbands are always the last people who are spoken to about a matter that concerns them the most; but they are not always the last to perceive it themselves. Although you have made me your confidant in other matters, I am not at all surprised that you have concealed this one from me; but as I flatter myself with having some share in your esteem, I should be sorry if you thought me such a fool as not to see what is going on, though I may be complaisant enough not to express my sentiments. However, affairs are now carried on with such barefaced boldness, that I shall be forced to take some course or other. God forbid that I should act the ridiculous part of a jealous husband: the character is odious; but on the other hand I do not intend, through an excess of patience, to be made the jest of the whole town. Judge, from what I am going to tell you, whether I ought to assume an air of unconcern, or take measures for the preservation of my honour. His royal highness honoured me yesterday by paying a visit to my wife.”

Hamilton started at this beginning.

"Yes," continued the other, "he gave himself that trouble, and Lord Arran took upon himself that of bringing him to our place. Do you not admire a man of his birth acting such a part? What advancement can he expect from the person who employs him in such base services? But we have long known him to be one of the silliest creatures in England, with his guitar, and his other tomfoolery."

Chesterfield, after this short sketch of his brother-in-law's merit, began to relate what observations he had made during the visit, and asked Hamilton what he thought of his cousin Arran, who had so obligingly left the pair together. "This may appear surprising to you," continued he, "but hear me out, and judge whether I have reason to think that the close of this pretty visit passed in perfect innocence. Lady Chesterfield is amiable, it must be acknowledged; but she is far from being such a miracle of beauty as she herself supposes: you know she has ugly feet; but perhaps you are not aware that she has still worse legs."

"Pardon me," said Hamilton, within himself; and the other continuing his description, exclaimed:

"Her legs are short and thick; and, to remedy these defects as much as possible, she seldom wears any other than green stockings."¹⁵

¹⁵ Courtin, the French ambassador, who often appended to his grave diplomatic missives lively gossip respecting the ladies of the English Court, wrote thus to Louvois:—"There is nothing neater than the feet and ankles of the English ladies in their well-fitting shoes and silk stockings. They wear their skirts short and I often see legs so well turned that a sculptor would like to mould them. *Green silk stockings* are molish. The garter, of which glimpses are often afforded, is below the knee, and in



Hamilton could not for his life imagine the drift of all this discourse, and Chesterfield, guessing his thoughts, continued :

"Have a little patience. I happened yesterday to be at Miss Stewart's, after the audience of those damned Muscovites: the king had arrived there just before me; and as if the duke had sworn to pursue me wherever I went that day, he came in just after me. The conversation turned upon the extraordinary appearance of the ambassadors. I know not where that fool Crofts had heard that all these Muscovites had handsome wives, and that all their wives had handsome legs. Upon this the king maintained, that no woman ever had such handsome legs as Miss Stewart; and she, to prove the truth of his majesty's assertion, immediately shewed her leg above the knee.¹⁶ Some were ready to prostrate themselves, in order to adore its beauty, for indeed no leg can be handsomer; the duke alone began to criticize it. He contended that it was too slender, and declared that there was nothing like a thicker and shorter leg, concluding by saying, that no leg was worth anything without green stockings. This, in my opinion, was a sufficient demonstration that he had just seen a pair of

black velvet with diamond buckles. Those who have no silk stockings to wear, show a white skin as smooth as satin. Englishwomen prefer being stockingless to wearing clumsy and disfiguring hosiery."

¹⁶ This circumstance, we fancy, must have given rise to the story contained in a French diplomatic dispatch, or else Miss Stewart must have been addicted to exhibiting beauties, usually kept more or less concealed, with remarkable readiness (see *post*, p. 209). The dispatch referred to runs as follows: "Miss Stewart had a leg so admirably shaped that an ambassador on arriving in England and calling on her, begged her as a favour to let him see almost up to the knee, so as to be able to write to the king, his master, to confirm what the latter had heard about her calf and ankle."—*MS. Affaires Étrangères: Angleterre*, t. 137, fol. 400.

legs in green stockings, and had them fresh in his remembrance."

Hamilton was at a loss what countenance to keep during this narrative, which raised nearly the same conjectures in himself. He shrugged his shoulders, and faintly said that appearances were often deceitful; that Lady Chesterfield had the foible of all beauties, who imagine that their merit is in proportion to the number of their admirers; and that, whatever airs she might imprudently have given herself, in order not to discourage his royal highness, there was no ground to suppose that she would consent to shew him any greater favours in view of attaching him to her. However, it was in vain that Hamilton endeavoured to impart to his friend consolation which he did not feel himself. Chesterfield plainly perceived that he did not believe what he was saying; however, he felt grateful to him for the interest he seemed to take in his concerns.

Hamilton was in haste to get home to vent his spleen and resentment in a letter to his cousin: the style of this billet was very different from that in which he had formerly been accustomed to write to her: reproaches, bitter expostulations, tenderness, menaces and all the effusions of a lover, who thinks he has reason to complain, composed this epistle; which, for fear of accidents, he went to deliver himself.

Never before had she appeared so lovely, and never had her eyes spoken so kindly to him as they spoke at this moment. His heart softened; but he did not wish to lose all the fine things he had said in his letter. In receiving it she squeezed his hand: which action com-

pletely disarmed him, and he would have given anything to have had his letter again. It appeared to him at this instant, that everything he reproached her with was untrue. Her husband seemed to him to be a visionary and an impostor, and quite the reverse of what he had supposed him to be a few minutes before. However, this remorse came a little too late. He had delivered his billet; and Lady Chesterfield having received it had shewn such impatience and eagerness to read it, that everything seemed to justify her, and to confound him. She managed in some way or other to get rid of some troublesome visitors so as to slip into her closet; and he thought himself so culpable, that he lacked the courage to await her return. He withdrew with the rest of the company; and did not dare to appear before her on the morrow, to have an answer to his letter. However, he found her at Court; and this was the first time, since the commencement of their amour, that he did not seek her. He stood at a distance, without daring to look at her, and his embarrassment was such as to excite laughter or pity, when Lady Chesterfield approaching, thus accosted him:

"Is it not the fact," said she, "that you are in as foolish a situation as any man of sense can be? You wish you had not written to me: you are desirous of an answer, yet you hope for none: you equally wish for one and dread it: I have, however, written to you."

She had not time to say more; but the few words she had spoken were accompanied by such an air, and such a look, as to make him believe that it was Venus with all her Graces who had addressed him. He was near

her when she sat down to cards, and was puzzling himself as to how he should get the answer she had written him, when she desired him to lay her gloves and fan somewhere. He took them, and with them the billet in question, and as he had perceived nothing severe or inimical in her speech, he hastened to open her letter and read as follows :

"Your fits of anger are so ridiculous, that it is doing you a favour to attribute them to an excess of tenderness, which turns your head. A man must have a great inclination to be jealous, to be so of the person you mention. Good God ! what a lover to have caused uneasiness to a clever man, and what a clever man to have got the better of me ! Are not you ashamed to give any credit to the visions of a jealous fellow, who brought nothing else with him from Italy ? Is it possible, that the story of the green stockings, upon which he has founded his suspicions, should have imposed upon you, accompanied as it was by such pitiful circumstances ? Since he has made you his confident, why did he not boast of breaking my poor guitar to pieces ? This exploit, perhaps, might have convinced you more than all the rest. Acquire possession of yourself again, and if you really love me, thank fortune that a groundless jealousy diverts to another quarter the attention which he might pay to my attachment for the most amiable and the most dangerous man of the Court."

Hamilton was ready to weep for joy at these marks of affection of which he thought himself so unworthy. He was not satisfied with kissing every part of this billet in his rapture, he also kissed her gloves and her fan several

times. Play being over, Lady Chesterfield received them from his hands, and read in his eyes the joy with which her billet had filled his heart. Nor was he satisfied with expressing his raptures by his looks: he hastened home, and wrote to her at least four times as much. How different was this letter from the other! though perhaps it was not so well written; for one does not show so much wit in suing for pardon as in venting reproaches, and it seldom happens that a soft, languishing style produces as much effect as that of invective.

Be that as it may, his peace was made; their relations became closer after this quarrel, and Lady Chesterfield, to make him as easy as he had previously been distrustful, expressed on every occasion a feigned contempt for his rival, and a sincere aversion for her husband.

His confidence in her became so great, that he consented she should shew the duke some marks of attention in public, by way of concealing their own secret connection. Thus nothing disturbed his peace of mind, save his impatience to find a favourable opportunity for the completion of his desires. He thought it was in her power to command it; but she excused herself on account of several difficulties which she enumerated to him, and which she was desirous he should remove by his industry and attentions.

This silenced his complaints; but whilst he was endeavouring to surmount these obstacles, still wondering how it was that two persons who were so well disposed to each other, and who had agreed to make each other happy, could not put their designs in execution, Fate brought about an unexpected adventure, which left

him no room to doubt, either of the happiness of his rival or the perfidy of his mistress.

Misfortunes often fall light when most feared ; and frequently prove heaviest when merited, and when least suspected. Hamilton was in the middle of the most tender and passionate letter he had ever written to Lady Chesterfield, when her husband came to announce to him the particulars of this last discovery. The earl entered the room so suddenly, that Hamilton had only just time to conceal his amorous epistle among his other papers, and his heart and mind were still so full of what he had been writing to Lady Chesterfield, that her husband's charges against her were at first scarce attended to ; besides, in Hamilton's opinion, the husband had come at the most unfortunate moment in every respect.

He was, however, obliged to listen to him, and becoming attentive, he speedily entertained very different sentiments ; opening his eyes, aghast, while the earl related to him some circumstances of such extravagant indiscretion, as seemed to him quite incredible, despite the particulars that were given.

"You have reason to be surprised," said Chesterfield, concluding his story ; "but if you doubt the truth of what I tell you, it will be easy for you to find witnesses who will corroborate me ; for the scene of their tender familiarities was no less public than the room where the queen plays at cards, which, at the time I speak of, was, God knows, pretty well crowded. Lady Denham was the first who discovered what they thought would pass unperceived in the crowd ; and you may very well judge how secret she would keep such a circumstance. The

truth is, she addressed herself to me, first of all, as I entered the room, telling me I ought to warn my wife that other people might take notice of what I might see myself, if I only pleased to approach.

“Your cousin was at play, as I before told you, and the duke was sitting next to her. I do not know what had become of his hand; but I am sure that no one could see his arm below the elbow. I was standing behind them, in the place that Lady Denham had just quitted. The duke turning round, perceived me, and was so much disturbed at my presence, that he almost undressed her ladyship in pulling away his hand. I don’t know whether they perceived that they were discovered; but of this I am convinced, that Lady Denham will take care that everybody shall know it. I must confess to you, that I am in indescribable embarrassment. I should not hesitate, one moment, what course to take, if it were allowable for me to shew my resentment against the person who has wronged me. As for her, I could revenge myself on her well enough, if, unworthy as she is of any consideration, I had not still some regard for an illustrious family, which would be thrown into despair were I to resent such an injury as it deserves. In this particular you are yourself interested; you are my friend, and I make you my confidant in the most delicate affair that can be. Let us consult together as to what should be done in so disagreeable a situation.”

Hamilton, more astonished, more confounded even than the husband, was far from being in a fit state to advise him on the present occasion; he paid attention to nothing but his own jealousy, and breathed naught but

revenge. However, these emotions abating somewhat, in hopes that there might be calumny, or at least exaggeration, in the charges against Lady Chesterfield, he requested her husband to suspend his resolution, until he, Hamilton, was more fully informed of the facts ; assuring him, however, that if he found the circumstances such as he had related, he should regard and consult no other interest than his.

Upon this they parted ; and Hamilton found, on the first inquiry, that almost everybody was informed of the adventure, to which everyone added something in relating it. Vexation and resentment inflamed his heart, and by degrees his passion died away.

He might easily have seen the lady, and have made her such reproaches as a man is generally eager to make on such occasions ; but he was too much enraged to engage in a course which might have led to an explanation : he considered himself as the only person really injured in this affair ; for he valued the injuries of a husband as nothing in comparison with those of a lover.

He hastened to Lord Chesterfield, in the transport of his blind rage, and told him that he had heard enough to induce him to give such advice, as in the same situation he would himself follow ; that there was no time for hesitation if he wished to save a woman who was so foolishly infatuated, and who, perhaps, had not yet lost all her innocence, though she had totally lost her reason ; that he ought to carry her into the country, and with the greatest possible expedition, so as not to allow her the least time to recover from her surprise.

Lord Chesterfield shewed no reluctance in following

this advice, which he had already considered as the only counsel a friend could give him ; but his lady, who did not yet suspect that he had made this last discovery respecting her conduct, thought he was joking with her when he told her to prepare to start for the country in a couple of days. She was the more induced to think so, as it was then the middle of an extremely severe winter ; however, she soon perceived that he was in earnest. She realised by her husband's air and manners that he considered he had sufficient reason to treat her in this imperious style ; and finding all her relations serious and cold to the complaints she made to them, she had no hope left her in this universal abandonment, save in the tenderness of Hamilton. She made sure that she would be enlightened by him as to the cause of her misfortunes, of which she was still ignorant, and that his love would invent some means or other of preventing a journey, which, she flattered herself, would overwhelm him even more than it overwhelmed herself ; but she was expecting pity from a crocodile.

At last, when she saw that the eve of her departure was come ; that every preparation was made for a long journey ; that she was receiving farewell visits in form, and that she still heard nothing from Hamilton, both her hopes and her patience forsook her. In this wretched situation a few tears might have afforded her some relief, but she chose rather to deny herself such comfort, than to give her husband so much satisfaction. Hamilton's conduct appeared to her unaccountable ; and, as he still kept away from her, she found means to convey to him the following billet.

' Can you be one of those, who, without vouchsafing to tell me for what crime I am being treated like a slave, suffer me to be carried away? What is the meaning of your silence and indolence, at a juncture when your affection should be displayed with most intensity? The moment of my departure is now near at hand, and I am ashamed to think that you are the cause of my looking upon it with horror, as I have reason to believe that you are less concerned at it than any one else. At least, let me know whither I shall be dragged; what will be done with me in the wilderness; and on what account you, like all the rest of the world, appear changed in your behaviour towards one, whom all the world could not compel to change with regard to yourself, if your weakness or your ingratitude did not render you unworthy of her tenderness."

This note only hardened Hamilton's heart, and made him still prouder of his vengeance; he swallowed full draughts of pleasure, in beholding her reduced to despair, being persuaded that her grief and regret for her departure were on account of another. He felt uncommon satisfaction in having had a share in thus afflicting her, and was particularly pleased with the scheme he had contrived to separate her from a rival, who had been upon the very point, perhaps, of attaining to happiness. Being thus fortified against his natural tenderness, with all the pitilessness of jealous resentment, he saw her depart with an indifference which he did not even endeavour to conceal from her. This unexpected treatment, joined to so many other misfortunes—all

combining, as it were, to crush her at one blow—did in reality almost reduce her to despair.¹⁷

The Court was full of the noise of this adventure; nobody was ignorant of the occasion of this sudden departure, but very few approved of Lord Chesterfield's conduct. In England people looked with astonishment upon a man who could be so uncivil as to be jealous of his wife; and in the city of London it was a prodigy,

¹⁷ Under date Nov. 3, 1662, Pepys says: "He (*i.e.*, Pierce, the Duke of York's surgeon) tells me how the Duke of York is smitten in love with my Lady Chesterfield; and so much that the Duchess of York hath complained to the king and her father about it, and my Lady Chesterfield is gone into the country for it."—*Diary*.

"This," remarks Cunningham in his *Story of Nell Gwyn*, "was, perhaps, only a temporary banishment, for if Hamilton's narrative is correct, and there is no reason to doubt its accuracy in this matter, Lady Chesterfield was certainly in town when the Muscovite ambassador had his audience of the Queen, nearly two months after the period assigned by Pepys."

On Jan. 19, 1662-3, Pepys has this further note: "This day by Dr. Clarke I was told the occasion of my Lord Chesterfield's going and taking his lady (my Lord Ormonde's daughter) from Court. It seems he not only hath been long jealous of the Duke of York, but did find them two talking together, though there were others in the room, and the lady by all opinions a most good virtuous woman. He, the next day (of which the duke was warned by somebody that saw the passion my Lord Chesterfield was in the night before), went and told the duke how much he did apprehend himself wronged, in his picking out his lady of the whole Court to be the subject of his dishonour; which the duke did answer with great calmness, not seeming to understand the reason of complaint, and that was all that passed; but my lord did presently pack his lady into the country, in Derbyshire, near the Peak; which is become a proverb at Court, to send a man's wife to the Peak when she vexes him." This reference by Pepys to the circumstance of sending a wife to the Peak having become a proverb at Court proves that Lady Chesterfield must have left London sometime previously.

Cunningham says that "the books of the Lord Steward's office shew that Lord Chesterfield set out for the country on May 12, 1663; and from his Short Notes, referred to in the Memoir before his *Correspondence*, it appears that he remained at Bretby in Derbyshire with his wife throughout the summer of that year." The entry at the Lord Steward's office above referred to only proves that Lord Chesterfield left London for the country at the date in question. It is quite certain that he took his wife away at an earlier period, as both Hamilton and Pepys agree in stating that the circumstance transpired in the winter season.

till that time unknown, to see a husband have recourse to violent measures to prevent what jealousy both fears and deserves. People endeavoured, however, to excuse poor Lord Chesterfield, as far as they could do so, without incurring public odium, by laying all the blame on his bad education. All the mothers vowed to God, that none of their sons should ever set foot in Italy, lest they should bring back with them that infamous custom of laying restraint upon their wives.

As this story for a long time constituted the topic of conversation at Court, the Chevalier de Gramont, who was not thoroughly acquainted with all the particulars, inveighed more bitterly than all the citizens of London put together against this tyranny ; and it was upon this occasion that he produced some new words to that fatal saraband which had unfortunately played so great a part in the adventure. The Chevalier passed for the author of these words ; but if Saint-Evremond had any share in the composition, it was certainly not the best of his performances, as the reader will see in the following chapter.





CHAPTER IX.

Jealous husbands and novel safeguards of chastity—Satires upon Lord Chesterfield's proceeding—The Chevalier's verses on the occasion—Lely's portraits—Renewal of the intrigue between the Duke of York and Lady Denham—Suspicious death of the latter—James Hamilton allured to Bretby and his adventure there—The Chevalier tricks the Duke de Brissac out of an assignation with Marion de l'Orme—Passion of Richard Talbot for Miss Hamilton—Gramont's devices for refreshing his debtors' memories.



VERY man who believes that his honour depends upon that of his wife is a fool, who torments himself, and drives her to despair ; but he who, being naturally jealous, has the additional misfortune of loving his wife, and expects that she should only live for him, is a perfect madman, whom the torments of hell have assailed even in this world, and whom nobody pities. All reasoning on these unfortunate circumstances attending wedlock tends to this conclusion : that precaution is vain and useless before the evil, and revenge odious afterwards.

The Spaniards, who tyrannize over their wives, more by custom than from jealousy, content themselves with

satisfying their delicate notions of honour by duennas, grates, and bolts. The Italians, who are wary in their suspicions, and vindictive in their resentments, pursue a different line of conduct; some satisfy themselves with keeping their wives under locks which they think secure, others by various precautions¹ surpass whatever the

¹ Hamilton here refers to the so-called "belts of chastity," which are supposed to have been an Italian invention. Rabelais, in his *Pantagruel* (book iii. ch. xxxvi.), makes Panurge say: "May that Nick in the dark cellar, who hath no white in his eye, carry me quite away with him if I don't clap a Bergamasco lock upon my wife, whensoever I go abroad from my seraglio." Curiously enough, however, none of the early Italian writers mention these appliances. The Abbé Misson, who travelled in Italy in the latter part of the 17th century, states that he saw in the ducal palace at Venice a variety of these belts, which Francis II. of Carrara, the last independent ruler of Padua, had employed for his mistresses. When President de Brosses visited Venice, less than a century later, only one of these belts remained, and it was then stated that Francis of Carrara had used it for his wife. A curious example of these appliances was discovered in Italy by the late M. Prosper Mérimée, and presented by him to the Cluny Museum in Paris, where it is now exhibited. It is composed of two plates of wrought iron, engraved, damascened, and inlaid with gold. These are joined together at the lower part by a hinge, and connected above by an iron belt formed of several pieces. Holes are pierced round the edges of the belt and of the plates, to enable a lining of some soft material to be attached. In the lower portion of the front plate there is an aperture of elongated form, while in the back plate the opening is trefoil shaped. Both plates are adorned with masks and arabesques, and on the front one the figures of Adam and Eve are, moreover, engraved. The belt is secured by a padlock placed behind.

A second belt in the same museum, comprises a steel hoop, to which is affixed a long piece of curved ivory, having a longitudinal opening with pointed edges. The hoop is covered inside and out with velvet, and is provided with a shifting lock, which admits of the belt being adjusted to the size of the waist.

Appliances of this description do not seem to have been prevalent in France, though Brantôme mentions in his *Vies des Dames Galantes* that in the time of Henri II. an ironmonger on one occasion brought several of these belts to the Fair of St. Germain, in Paris, and found purchasers for them amongst certain jealous husbands. The Court gallants, however, drove him away by their threats, and he never returned. In the time of Louis XIV. the Duke de Ventadour, who had married a sprightly beauty, is said to have had recourse to one of these belts, in order to ensure his wife's fidelity, which induced that famous gossip Madame Cornuel to remark, "He has placed a good sentinel at the door." Madame de Sévigné declares, however, that the duke kept the gallants away from his wife by communicating an infectious disease to her.

So recently as 1750 a young girl of Toulouse, named Mary Lajon, took

Spaniards can invent for confining the fair sex. However, the generality are of opinion, that in unavoidable danger, or in manifest transgression, the surest way is to assassinate.

But, ye gentle nations, who, far from admitting these savage habits and barbarous customs, quietly give a loose rein to your dear better halves, you pass without alarms or strife your peaceful days, in all the enjoyment of domestic indolence !

It was certainly some evil genius that induced Lord Chesterfield to distinguish himself from his patient countrymen, and by making a ridiculous fuss to afford the world an opportunity of examining into the particulars of an adventure, which would perhaps not have been known beyond the Court, and would have been everywhere forgotten in a month's time. As soon as ever he had turned his back, to start on the march with his prisoner, and the ornaments she was supposed to have bestowed upon him, God knows what a terrible attack was made upon his rear. Rochester, Middlesex, Sedley, Etherege,² and

proceedings against her seducer, Peter Berthe, for having deserted her, and having compelled her to wear one of these guardians of chastity, described as a species of drawers, formed of a network of brass wire, resembling coat of mail, with seams to which seals were affixed to guard against their being tampered with. The speech which Mary Lajon's advocate delivered on this occasion was printed under the title of *Plaintoyer contre les cadenas ou ceintures de chasteté* (Montpellier, 1750), and the volume contains an engraving of the belt which the prosecutrix was forced to wear. In *L'Ecole des Maris Jaloux* (Neufchâtel, 1698), a somewhat similar engraving is given.

² At the period referred to by Hamilton the Earl of Middlesex was named Lionel, who died in 1674, whereas the person intended is Charles, then Lord Buckhurst (eldest son of Richard, fifth Earl of Dorset), afterwards Earl of Middlesex, and, lastly, Duke of Dorset. He was born in 1637. Lord Orford says of him, that "he was the finest gentleman of the voluptuous Court of Charles II., and the gloomy one of William. He had as much wit as his first muster, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester,

the whole band of wits, produced a number of ballads which diverted the public at his expense.

The Chevalier de Gramont found these compositions

without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principle, or the earl's want of thought. The latter said, with astonishment, 'that he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame.'—(*Noble Authors*, vol. ii. p. 96.) Even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to

The best good man, with the worst-natured muse.

To-day the earl is chiefly remembered as the author of the song "To all you ladies now on land," written on the eve of the naval victory of June 3, 1665.

In Feb., 1661-2, Lord Buckhurst was mixed up in an unfortunate transaction, which resulted in his being committed to Newgate and put upon his trial for manslaughter. It seems that he and his brother, with several other gentlemen, whilst in pursuit of some thieves near Waltham Cross, mortally wounded an innocent tanner named Hoppy, whom they had endeavoured to secure, suspecting him to have been one of the robbers; and as they took away the money found on his person under the idea that it was stolen property, they were soon after apprehended on the charges of robbery and murder, but the grand jury found a bill for manslaughter only. From an allusion in *Pepys's Diary*, it seems probable that on their trial a verdict of acquittal was pronounced. Lord Buckhurst was subsequently concerned with Sir Charles Sedley in some scandalous proceedings, to be presently referred to.

Sir Charles Sedley, who was born about the year 1639, was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and ran into all the excesses of the times in which he lived. He afterwards took a more serious turn, and was active against the reigning family at the Revolution; to which he was probably urged by the dishonour which James II. had brought upon his daughter, whom the king created Countess of Dorchester. Sedley excused the course he had taken by saying, "As the king has made my daughter a countess, I am anxious to return the compliment and make his daughter a queen"—referring of course to the Princess Mary, wife of William of Orange. Anthony Wood records (see his *Life*, p. 53, and his *Athenæ*, vol. iv. p. 732) that in June, 1663, Sedley, when in company with Lord Buckhurst, Sir Thomas Ogle and others, at the Cock Tavern in Bow Street, by his indecent and blasphemous proceedings raised a riot, when the people became very clamorous, and would have forced the door next to the street open; but being hindered, he and his companions were pelted in the room, and the windows belonging thereunto were broken. This frolic being spread abroad, the said company were indicted of a riot before Sir Robert Hyde, lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, and were all fined, Sir Charles to the amount of £500. The day for payment being appointed, Sir Charles desired Mr. Henry Killebrew, and another gentleman, to apply to the king to get him excused the fine; but instead of doing this, they begged the fine for themselves, and would not abate Sir Charles a sixpence of it.

Pepys alludes to an even more disgraceful affair in 1668: "Pierce do

witty and entertaining; and wherever this subject was mentioned he never failed to say in view of producing his own supplement upon the occasion:

"It is strange that the country, which is like the gallows or the grave for young people, should be allotted over here only to the unfortunate, and not to the guilty! Poor little Lady Chesterfield, for some unguarded looks, is immediately seized upon by a meddling husband, who carries her off to spend Christmas at a country-house, a hundred and fifty miles from London; while here, there are a thousand ladies who are left at liberty to do whatever they please, who indulge fully in that liberty, and whose conduct, in short, deserves a daily bastinado. I name no one, God forbid I should; but Mrs. Middleton, Lady Denham, the queen's and the duchess's maids

tell me, among other news," says he, "the late frolic and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the king takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next sessions: which is a horrid shame."

We get a pleasanter glimpse of Sir Charles Sedley in some notes of Pepys (Oct. 4, 1664) referring to the performance of a play called "The General." "I happened," says he, "to sit near to Sir Charles Sedley, who I find a very witty man, and he did at every line take notice of the dulness of the poet and badness of the action, that most pertinently; which I was mightily taken with." At the performance, too, of "The Maid's Tragedy," Pepys found his attention taken off the play by a discourse which Sir Charles carried on with "two talking ladies, one being exceedingly witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him. He was also mighty witty." Through their talk, however, Pepys entirely lost the pleasure of the play, Sir Charles's exceptions to which, both the words and the delivery of them, Pepys thought "very pretty."—*Diary*.

Sir George Etherege was born about the year 1636. He was the author of three witty comedies. In James II.'s reign he went as envoy to Hamburg, and afterwards as minister to Ratisbon, where he died, about the time of the Revolution. His death resulted from an unlucky accident; for "having treated some company with a liberal entertainment, at which he had taken his glass too freely, he, through his great complaisance, in waiting on his guests at their departure, flushed as he was, tumbled downstairs, and broke his neck, and so fell a martyr to jollity and civility."

of honour, and a hundred others, bestow their favours right and left, and not the least mention is made of their conduct. As for Lady Shrewsbury, she is conspicuous. I would take a wager that if she had a man killed for her every day, she would only hold her head the higher for it: one would suppose she had plenary indulgences for her conduct. There are three or four gentlemen who wear an ell of her hair made into bracelets, and nobody finds any fault; and yet a grumbling, testy³ fellow like Chesterfield is permitted to exercise such tyranny, altogether unknown in this country, upon the prettiest woman in England, and all for a mere trifle. But I am his humble servant; his precautions will avail him nothing. Very often a woman, who would not dream of acting wrongly if she were suffered to remain in tranquillity, is prompted to such conduct by revenge, or reduced to it by necessity: this is as true as the gospel. Hear what Francesco's saraband says on the subject:

“ Tell me, jealous-pated swain,
What avail thy idle arts,
To divide united hearts?
Love, like the wind, I trow,
Will, where it listeth, blow;
So, prithee, peace, for all thy cares are vain.

“ When you are by,
Nor wishful look, be sure, nor eloquent sigh,
Shall dare those inward fires discover,
Which burn in either lover:
Yet Argus' self, if Argus were thy spy,
Should ne'er, with all his mob of eyes,
Surprise

³ Gramont seems to bestow this epithet upon the earl because he declined to wink at the attempted debauching of his wife.

Some joys forbidden,
Transports hidden,
Which love, through dark and secret ways,
Mysterious love, to kindred souls conveys."

The Chevalier de Gramont passed for the author of these lines, which were not particularly remarkable either for justness of sentiment or turn of style. However, as they contained some truths that flattered the spirit of the nation, and those who interested themselves in the fair sex, all the ladies were desirous of having them to teach them to their children.

Whilst all this was going on, the Duke of York, no longer seeing Lady Chesterfield, did not need to make any great effort to forget her. There were, however, circumstances attending her absence which should have sensibly affected the person who had occasioned her removal; but then, there are certain fortunate dispositions which are easily consoled since they feel nothing keenly. As the duke's heart could not remain inactive, he had no sooner forgotten Lady Chesterfield, than he began to think of those whom he had been in love with before, and all but relapsed into his old passion for Miss Hamilton.

There was in London a somewhat celebrated portrait-painter, called Lely,¹ who had greatly improved himself

¹ Mr., afterwards Sir Peter Lely, whose real name, however, was Van der Faes. He was born in 1617 at Soest, in Westphalia, where his father, a captain of horse, was then in garrison, and came to England with the Prince of Orange in 1641. He was well received by Charles I., and painted the portraits of all the royal family. Cromwell also protected him, and commissioned him to paint his portrait. He was created a baronet by Charles II. Comparing Lely's portraits with those of Vandyke's, Lord Orford observes: "If Vandyck's portraits are often tame and spiritless, at least they are natural: his laboured draperies flow with ease, and not a

by studying the large number of pictures by the famous Vandyke dispersed all over England. He imitated Vandyke's manner, and of all the moderns approached the nearest to him. The Duchess of York desiring to have the portraits of the handsomest persons at Court, Lely painted them, and employed all his skill in the performance; nor could he exert himself upon more beautiful subjects. Every picture appeared a masterpiece; and that of Miss Hamilton appeared the most highly finished. Lely himself acknowledged that he had taken pleasure in painting it, and the Duke of York found

fold but is placed with propriety. Lely supplied the want of taste with clinquant: his nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. Add, that Vandyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's a sort of fantastic night-gowns, fastened with a single pin. The latter was, in truth, the ladies' painter; and whether the age was improved in beauty or in flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Vandyck. They please as much more as they evidently meant to please. He caught the reigning character, and

— — on the animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.

I do not know whether, even in softness of the flesh, he did not excel his predecessor. The beauties at Windsor are the Court of Paphos."

Pepys has a few notes respecting Lely, who resided at this time in the Piazza, Covent Garden. He says: "Walked to Lilly's, the painter's, where I saw, among other rare things, the Duchess of York, her whole body sitting in state in a chair, in white satin, and another of the king's that is not finished; most rare things." Again: "After the committee was up I had occasion to follow the Duke (of York) into his lodgings, where the duchess was sitting to have her picture drawn by Lilly, who was then at work. But I was well pleased to see that there was nothing near so much resemblance of her face in his work, which is now the second if not the third time, as there was of my wife's at the very first time." Also: "And so full of work Lilly is, that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed, and appointed six days hence for me to come between seven and eight in the morning. . . . And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner, and here among other pictures I saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture, and one that I must have a copy of." . . . "Called at Mr. Lilly's, who was working; and indeed his pictures are, without doubt, much beyond Mr. Hales's, I think, I may say I am convinced; but a mighty proud man he is, and full of state."—*Diary*.



Sir P. Lely. pinx.

Lady Denham.

pleasure in looking at it, and again began to ogle the original. There was no chance, however, of his hopes being realised, and whilst his passion, revived in this futile manner, was alarming the Chevalier de Gramont, it occurred to Lady Denham to renew the negotiations which had so unluckily been interrupted. The treaty was soon concluded ; for when both parties are sincere in a negotiation, no time is lost in cavilling.⁵ Everything went all right on one side ; yet, I know not what fatality obstructed the pretensions of the other party. The duke urgently pressed the duchess to place Lady Denham in possession of the post which was the object of her ambition ; but as she was not a surety for the performance of the secret articles of the treaty, although she had so far seemed to wink at the duke's inconstancy and to yield submissively to his wishes, it appeared to her hard and dishonourable to entertain near her person a rival, who would make her act a sorry part in the midst of her own Court. However, the duchess found herself upon the point of being forced to it by authority, when a far more baleful obstacle for ever bereft poor Lady Denham of the hopes of possessing that fatal place, which she had solicited with such eagerness.

Old Denham, naturally so inclined, became more and more jealous, and found that he had sufficient ground

⁵ Pepys has the following allusion to the persistent attention which the Duke of York paid at this time to Lady Denham : " I had the hap to see my Lady Denham, and at night went into the dining-room and saw several fine ladies, among others Castlemaine, but chiefly Denham again, and the Duke of York taking her aside and talking to her in the sight of all the world, all alone ; which was strange, and what also I did not like. Here I met with good Mr. Evelyn, who cries out against it and calls it bickering ; for the Duke of York talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her like a dog."—*Diary*.

for such conduct: his wife was young and handsome, whilst he was old and disgusting. What reason, then, had he to flatter himself that heaven would exempt him from the fate of husbands of his age and appearance? This he was continually saying to himself; and, when compliments were addressed to him from all sides, upon the place his lady was to have near the duchess's person, he formed ideas calculated to make him hang himself, if he had possessed the necessary resolution. The traitor chose rather to exercise his courage against another. He needed precedents for putting his resentment in practice in a privileged country: that of Lord Chesterfield did not suffice for the revenge he meditated; besides, he had no country-house to which he could carry his unfortunate wife. This being the case, the old villain made her travel a far longer journey without stirring out of London. Merciless death snatched her away amid her dearest hopes and in the bloom of youth!⁶

⁶ Under date Nov. 10, 1666, Pepys notes: "I hear that my Lady Denham is exceeding sick, even to death, and that she says and everybody else discourses that she is poisoned.

On Jan. 7 he writes:—"Lord Brouncker tells me, that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened to-day, she dying yesterday morning. The Duke of York is troubled for her; but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again; which I shall be glad of, and would the king would do the like."—*Diary*.

The lampoons of the time boldly asserted that Lady Denham had been poisoned, and although Gramont more than insinuates that her husband was the guilty party, Marvel, in his *Last Instructions to a Painter*, levels an accusation against the Duchess of York. Speaking of the duchess he says:—

"Express her studying now if China clay
Can without breaking venom'd juice convey.
Or how a mortal poison she may draw
Out of the cordial meal of the cacca.

What frost's to fruits, what ars'nic's to the rat,
That to fair Denham's mortal chocolate."

As nobody entertained any doubt but that he had poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood deliberated whether they ought not to tear him in pieces, as soon as he came abroad; however he shut himself up to bewail his wife's death, until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed to the people four times more burnt wine than had ever been drunk at any burial in England.

While the town was in fear of some great disaster, as an expiation for these fatal effects of jealousy, Hamilton⁷ was not altogether so well pleased as he had flattered himself he should be at the departure of Lady Chesterfield. He had only consulted the dictates of anger in what he had done. His vengeance was satisfied, but his love was not; and since the departure of her whom he still desired, despite his resentment, he had had leisure to make those reflections which a recent injury will not permit a man to attend to: "Wherefore," said he to him-

One of these scurrilous lampoons, accusing the duchess of having poisoned her rival, was affixed to the door of the apartments at Saint James's occupied by the duchess's children.

Aubrey (*Letters, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 319) says Lady Denham was poisoned "by the hands of the Co. of Roc. with chocolate." Cunningham (*Story of Nell Gwyn*) is at a loss to conceive to whom Aubrey alludes: "not to the Countess of Rochester surely, for there was no Countess of Rochester at the time. A *Key to Count Gramont's Memoirs* (8vo., 1715) says that the Duchess of York was strongly suspected of having poisoned her with powder of diamonds. But the question is, was Lady Denham poisoned? Her body was opened, and at her own desire, but no sign of poison was found. This curious piece of information, hitherto overlooked by all who have written on the subject, is contained in a letter from Lord Orrery to the Duke of Ormond, dated Charleville, Jan. 25, 1666-7. His lordship's words are: 'My Lady Denham's body, at her own desire, was opened, but no sign of poison found.'—Orrery, *State Papers*, 1742, p. 219."

Subsequent to his wife's death, Sir John Denham had an attack of madness, which many persons at the time thought was assumed. He died in 1668.

⁷ The reference here is to James, the eldest of the brothers Hamilton. See vol. i., p. 129, note 17.

self, "was I so eager to make her miserable, for however guilty she may be, she alone has it in her power to make me happy? Cursed jealousy!" continued he, "more cruel to those who torment, than to those who are tormented! What indeed have I gained, by removing Lady Chesterfield out of the reach of the hopes and desires of a more happy rival, since I have not been able to perform this without separating myself from the being who was dearest and most sensible to the inclinations of my heart."

A great many reasonings of the same kind, and all out of season, clearly proved to him that in such an engagement it was much better to share with another than to have nothing at all, and his mind was becoming full of vain regrets and unprofitable remorse, when he received a letter from her who occasioned them, but a letter so well adapted to increase them, that, after he had read it, he considered himself the greatest scoundrel in the world. Here it follows:—

"You will, no doubt, be as much surprised at this letter, as I was surprised at the unconcerned air with which you beheld my departure. I am willing to believe, that you imagined reasons, which, in your own mind, justified such unseasonable conduct. If you still entertain such harsh sentiments, I shall be affording you pleasure by acquainting you with what I suffer in the most frightful of prisons. The most melancholy scene that the country can afford in this season, presents itself to my view on all sides: surrounded by impassable morasses, from one window I see nothing but rocks, from another nothing but precipices; while wherever I

turn my eyes within doors, I meet those of a jealous husband, still more insupportable than the sad objects that encompass me. I should add, to the other misfortunes of my life, that of appearing guilty in the eyes of a man who ought to have justified me, even against convincing appearances, if by my avowed innocence I had a right to complain or to expostulate : but how is it possible for me to justify myself at such a distance ; and how can I flatter myself, that the description of a most dreadful prison will not prevent you from listening to me ? But do you deserve that I should wish for this ? Heavens ! how I should hate you, if I did not love you to distraction. Come, then, and see me once again, that you may hear my justification ; and I am convinced, that if after this visit you still find me guilty, it will not be with respect to yourself. Our Argus sets out to-morrow for Chester, where a lawsuit will detain him for a week : I do not know whether he will gain it ; but I am sure it will be entirely your fault, if he does not lose one, for which he is at least as anxious as that which he is now going after."

This letter was sufficient to make a man run blindfold into a still more rash adventure than the one proposed to Hamilton, and that was rash enough. He could not understand how she would manage to justify herself ; but she assured him he would be satisfied with his journey, and this was all he desired for the time being.

One of his relations was staying with Lady Chesterfield, a relation who, having accompanied her in her exile, had been taken partially into their confidence. It was through her that he received this letter, with all the necessary

instructions about his journey and his arrival. Secrecy being necessary in such expeditions, especially before the intrigue is accomplished, Hamilton took post, and set out in the night, animated by the most tender and flattering hopes, so that, in less than no time, almost, in comparison with the distance and the badness of the roads, he had travelled a hundred and fifty tedious miles. At the last stage he prudently dismissed the post-boy. It was not yet daylight, and, for fear of the rocks and precipices mentioned in the letter, he proceeded with tolerable prudence, considering that he was in love.

He thus fortunately escaped all dangerous places, and, according to his instructions, alighted at a little hut adjoining the park-wall. There was no splendour about the place : but, as he only wanted rest, it did well enough for that. He did not wish for daylight, and was even still less desirous of being seen ; wherefore, having shut himself up in this obscure retreat, he fell into a profound sleep, and did not wake until noon. As he felt extremely hungry when he awoke, he ate and drank heartily ; and, as he was the neatest man at Court, and was expected by the neatest lady in England, he spent the remainder of the day in dressing himself, and in making all such preparations as the time and place permitted, without once deigning to look around him, or to ask his landlord a single question. At last, the orders he impatiently expected were brought him in the beginning of the evening by a servant, who, attending him as a guide, led him for about half an hour through the dirt, across a park of vast extent, and finally brought him to a garden, into which the door of a low building opened.

He was posted, exactly opposite this door, by which, in a short time, he was to be introduced to a more agreeable spot. His conductor bade him good evening. The night closed in, but the door never opened.

Though the winter was almost over, the cold weather seemed to be only beginning : Hamilton was muddy up to his knees, and soon perceived, that if he continued much longer in this garden, the mud would all be frozen. This beginning of a very dark and bitter night would have been unbearable to any other ; but it was nothing to a man who flattered himself that he would blissfully pass the remainder of it. However, he could not help wondering at so many precautions being taken in the absence of the husband : his imagination, heated by a thousand tender ideas, supported him for some time against the torments of impatience, and the sharpness of the cold ; but he felt it cool by degrees, and two hours, which seemed to him a couple of centuries, having passed by, without the least notice being taken of him, either from the door or the windows, he began to reason with himself upon the posture of affairs, and the fittest conduct for him to pursue in this emergency.

"What if I should rap at that cursed door," thought he ; "for if my fate requires that I should perish, it would at least be more honourable to die in the house, than to perish of cold in the garden ; but, then," continued he, "I may thereby, perhaps, expose a person whom some unforeseen accident may, at this very instant, have reduced to greater perplexity than even I myself am in."

This thought supplied him with the necessary degree

of patience and fortitude against the enemies he had to contend with. He began to walk quickly to and fro, with the resolution of waiting as long as possible, that is, as long as he could keep alive, for the end of an adventure, which had begun in so sad a fashion. All this was to no purpose; for however much he moved about, and although he was muffled up in a thick cloak, he began to feel benumbed in all his limbs, and the cold gained on him despite his amorous vivacity and eagerness. Daybreak was not far off, and the night having reduced him to a sad state, he realised that the accursed door would now be opened to no purpose, so he returned, as well as he was able, to the place whence he had set out upon this wonderful expedition.

All the faggots in the cottage were hardly able to unfreeze him. The more he reflected on his adventure, the stranger and more unaccountable did the circumstances attending it appear; but far from accusing the charming countess, he suffered a thousand different anxieties on her account. Sometimes he imagined that her husband might have returned unexpectedly; sometimes, that she might suddenly have been taken ill; in short, that some insuperable obstacle had unluckily interposed, and prevented his happiness, at the moment when his mistress's intentions towards himself were of the kindest.

"But why," said he, "did she forget me in that cursed garden? Is it possible that she could not find a single moment to make me at least some sign or other, if she could neither speak to me, nor give me admittance?"

He knew not which of these conjectures to rely upon, nor how to answer his own questions; but as he flattered

himself that everything would succeed better the next night, after vowing that he would not set foot again in that unfortunate garden, he gave orders to be roused as soon as any one inquired for him ; laid himself down in one of the worst beds in the world, and slept as soundly as if he had been in the best. He had expected that he would only be awakened, either by a letter or a message from Lady Chesterfield ; but he had scarcely slept two hours, when he was roused by the loud sound of a horn, and the baying of hounds. The hut, which afforded him a retreat, adjoined the park-wall, as we before said. He called his host, to know what was the occasion of this hunting, which made as much noise, as if the whole pack of hounds were in his bed-chamber. He was told, that it was his lordship hunting a hare in his park.

“What lord ?” said he, in surprise.

“The Earl of Chesterfield,” replied the countryman.

He was so astonished at this, that at first he hid his head under the bed-clothes, under the idea that he could already see Chesterfield entering with his hounds. But as soon as he had a little recovered himself, he began to curse capricious fortune, no longer doubting but what the unexpected return of this troublesome jealous fellow had occasioned all his tribulations the preceding night.

It was not possible for him to get to sleep again, after such an alarm ; he therefore rose, that he might revolve in his mind all the stratagems that are usually employed, either to deceive, or to get rid of a worrying husband, who thinks fit to neglect his lawsuit, in order to plague his wife. He had just finished dressing, and was beginning to question his landlord, when the same

servant, who had conducted him to the garden, delivered him a letter, and disappeared, without waiting for an answer. This letter came from his relation, and was to this effect :

“I am extremely sorry that I have innocently been instrumental in bringing you to a place, to which you were only invited to be laughed at. I opposed this journey at first, though I was then persuaded that it was wholly suggested by her tenderness ; but she has now undeceived me. She triumphs in the trick she has played you ; not merely has her husband never stirred from here, but he stays at home, out of complaisance to her ; he treats her in the most affectionate manner, and it was upon their reconciliation, that she found out that you had advised him to carry her into the country. She has conceived such hatred and aversion against you on this account, that judging by the manner in which she has been speaking to me, she has not yet wholly satisfied her resentment. Console yourself for the hatred of a person, whose heart never merited your tenderness. Depart : a longer stay in this place would only draw some fresh misfortune upon you : for my part, I shall not remain here long. I know her, thank God ; I do not repent of having pitied her at first ; but I am disgusted with a connection which so ill agrees with my way of thinking.”

Upon reading this letter, astonishment, shame, spite, and rage took possession of Hamilton's heart : then menaces, invectives, and the desire of vengeance, broke forth by turns, and excited his passion and resentment ; but, after he had thought the matter well over, it all came to his taking his little post horse again and quietly

carrying back with him to London a severe cold, in lieu of the soft wishes and tender desires he had brought thence. He quitted this perfidious place more expeditiously than he had arrived at it, though his mind was now far from being occupied with any tender and agreeable ideas. However, when he thought himself sufficiently far away to incur no danger of meeting Lord Chesterfield and his hounds, he looked back, that he might at least have the satisfaction of seeing the prison where this wicked creature was confined; but what was his surprise, when he beheld a very fine house, situated on the banks of a river, in the most delightful and pleasant country imaginable.⁸ Neither rock, nor precipice, was here to be seen; for, in reality, they only existed in the letter of his perfidious mistress. This furnished fresh cause for resentment and confusion to a man who thought himself as well acquainted with the wiles, as with the weaknesses, of the fair sex; and who now found himself the dupe of a coquette, who became reconciled to her husband in order to be revenged on her lover.

Hamilton reached London, well furnished with arguments to maintain that a man must be indeed weak to trust to the tenderness of a woman who has once

⁸ This was Bretby, in the county of Derby. In *A Tour from London to the Western Highlands of Scotland*, 1787, p. 29, the writer thus lackadaisically alludes to the then aspect of Bretby: "Nothing scarce is left of that former grandeur, those shades, those sylvan scenes that everywhere graced the most charming of all parks. The baneful hand of luxury hath with rude violence laid them all waste. About ten years ago, the venerable and lofty pile was standing, and exhibited delightful magnificence to its frequent visitors: its painted roofs and walls, besides a large collection of pictures, afforded much entertainment to the fond admirer of antique beauties; and the whole stood as a lasting monument of fame and credit to its lordly owner."

deceived him ; and that he must be a complete fool to run after her.

This adventure not being much to his credit, he suppressed, as far as possible, both the journey and the circumstances attending it ; but, as we may easily suppose, Lady Chesterfield made no secret of them. The king heard of the expedition ; and, having complimented Hamilton upon it, desired to be informed of all the particulars. The Chevalier de Gramont happened to be present at this recital ; and, having gently inveighed against the treacherous manner in which Hamilton had been used, said :

“ If she is to be blamed for carrying the jest so far, you are no less to be blamed for coming back so suddenly, like an ignorant novice. I dare lay a hundred guineas, she has more than once repented of a resentment which you pretty well deserved for the trick you had played her. Women love revenge, but their resentment seldom lasts long ; and, if you had remained in the neighbourhood till the next day, may I be hanged if she would not have given you satisfaction for the first night's sufferings.”

Hamilton being of a different opinion, the Chevalier de Gramont resolved to maintain his assertion by a case in point ; and, addressing himself to the king, said :

“ Sire, your majesty may perhaps have known Marion de l'Orme, who was the most charming creature in all France.⁹ Although she was as witty as an angel, she

⁹ This celebrated courtesan is believed to have been born at Chalon-sur-Marne in or about 1611. She came of a good family, her father being John de Lou, Sieur de l'Orme, president of the treasurers of France in Champagne and owner of the domain of Baye, near Champaubert. The

was as capricious as a devil. This beauty having made me an appointment, a whim seized her to put me off, and to give it to another; she therefore wrote me one of the tenderest billets in the world, full of the grief and sorrow she was in, at being obliged to disappoint me, on account of a most terrible headache, that obliged her to keep her bed, and deprived her of the pleasure of seeing me till the next day. This headache coming all of a sudden, appeared to me very suspicious; and, never doubting but that it was her intention to deceive me: 'Very well, Mistress Coquette,' said I, 'if you do not enjoy the pleasure of seeing me to-day, you shall not enjoy the satisfaction of seeing another.'

"Hereupon, I detached all my servants, some of whom patrolled about her house, whilst others watched her door. One of the latter brought me intelligence, that nobody had entered her house all the afternoon, but that a foot-boy had gone out as it was growing dark; that he had followed him as far as the Rue Saint Antoine, where this boy had met another, to whom he had just spoken two or three words. This was sufficient to confirm my suspicions, and make me resolve either to form one of the party, or else to disconcert it.

castle of Baye, which still subsists, dates from the XIIth century, and boasts some fine old towers and beautiful grounds. According to the *Amours de Pramon et Vénérille* in the *Muses Illustres de Malherbe, Théophile, &c.* (Paris, Chamboudry, 1658), John de Lou died at sixty years of age, leaving several children by his wife Mary Chastelain. Tallemant des Réaux states, in his *Histoires* (Paris, vol. iv., p. 62), that these comprised four daughters; the two eldest married well, but Marion, who was the third daughter, became a courtesan, as also did her younger sister Anne, although the latter was badly marked with the small-pox. Tallemant also speaks of Marion's brothers, but only gives the name of one of them—Henry de Lou, l'aron de Baye. Further particulars respecting Marion de l'Orme will be found in the Appendix to the present volume, note C.

"As the bagnio where I lodged was at a great distance from the Marais, as soon as the night had set in I mounted my horse, without any attendant. When I came to the Place Royale, the servant of mine, who was sentry there, assured me that nobody had yet gone into Mademoiselle de l'Orme's house. I rode forward towards the Rue Saint Antoine, and just as I was going out of the Place Royale, I saw a man on foot coming into it, who avoided me as much as he could; but his endeavours were all to no purpose. I recognised him; it was the Duke de Brissac.¹⁰ I no longer doubted he was my rival that night: I therefore approached him, feigning uncertainty as to whether I recognised him; and finally alighting with a very eager air, I said:

"Brissac, my friend, you must do me a service of the very greatest importance: I have an appointment, for the first time, with a girl who lives a few steps off; and as this visit is only to concert measures, I shall make but a very short stay: be so kind, therefore, as to lend me your cloak, and walk my horse about a little, until I return; but, above all, do not go far from here. You see that I use you freely like a friend; but as you know, it is upon condition that you may take the same liberty with me.'

"I took his cloak without waiting for his answer, and he took my horse by the bridle, and followed me with his eye; but he gained no intelligence by this; for, after

¹⁰ Louis de Cossé-Brissac, who was not however a duke at this period, for his father, Francis de Cossé, lived till 1651, and Marion de l'Orme died in 1650. Louis de Cossé-Brissac is mentioned by Tallemant des Réaux as one of the seven or eight men for whom Marion confessed that she had had a liking. (See Appendix to the present volume, note C.) Victor Hugo has utilised Gramont's adventure in his drama of *Marion de l'Orme*.



Chorizad del río.

pretending to enter a house opposite to him, I slipped under the arcade to Mademoiselle de l'Orme's door, which was opened as soon as I knocked. I was so well muffled up in Brissac's cloak, that I was taken for him : the door was immediately shut, without the least question being asked of me ; and, having myself none to ask, I went straight to the damsel's chamber. I found her upon a couch in the most agreeable and genteelest dishabille imaginable: she had never in her life looked so handsome, nor so surprised ; and, seeing her thoroughly confounded, I said :

“ ‘ What is the matter, my fair one ? methinks this is a headache very elegantly set off ; but your headache, to all appearance, is now gone ? ’

“ ‘ Not in the least,’ said she, ‘ I can scarce support it, and you will oblige me by going away, that I may go to bed.’

“ ‘ As for your going to bed, yes,’ said I ; ‘ but as for my going away, that cannot be, my little infant. The Chevalier de Gramont is no fool ; a woman does not dress herself with so much care for nothing.’

“ ‘ You will find, however,’ said she, ‘ that it is for nothing ; for you may depend upon it that you will be no gainer by it.’

“ ‘ What ! ’ said I, ‘ after having given me an appointment ! ’

“ ‘ Well,’ replied she hastily, ‘ though I had made you fifty, it depends upon me whether I choose to keep them, or not, and you must do without if I'm unwilling.’

“ ‘ That might be all very well,’ said I, ‘ if the appointment had not been made with another.’

"As haughty as a woman of the greatest virtue, and as passionate as one who has the least, she was irritated by a suspicion, which gave her more concern than confusion; and seeing that she was beginning to put herself in a passion :

"*'Mademoiselle,'* said I, *'pray do not talk in so high a strain; I know what perplexes you: you are afraid lest Brissac should meet me here; but you may make yourself easy on that account: I met him not far from this place, and God knows that I have so managed the affair as to prevent his visiting you yet awhile.'*

"Having spoken these words in a somewhat tragical tone, she appeared concerned at first, and, looking upon me with surprise :

"*'What do you mean about the Duke de Brissac?'* said she.

"*'I mean,'* replied I, *'that he is at the end of the street, walking my horse about; and, if you will not believe me, send one of your own servants thither, or look at his cloak, which I have left in your antechamber.'*

"Upon this, she burst into a fit of laughter, in the midst of her astonishment, and, throwing her arms around my neck :

"*'My dear Chevalier,'* said she, *'I can hold out no longer; you are too amiable and too eccentric not to be pardoned.'*

"I then told her what had happened. She was ready to die with laughing; and on our parting, very good friends, she assured me, that my rival might exercise horses as long as he pleased, for he should not set his foot within her doors that night.



J. G. H. 221

"I found Brissac exactly in the place where I had left him : I asked him a thousand pardons for having made him wait so long, and thanked him a thousand times for his complaisance. He told me that I jested ; that such compliments were unusual among friends ; and, to convince me that he had rendered me this little service right cordially he insisted upon holding my horse while I was mounting. I returned him his cloak, bade him good night, and went back to my bagnio, equally satisfied with my mistress and my rival. This," continued the Chevalier de Gramont, "proves that a little patience and address is sufficient to disarm the anger of the fair, and to turn even their tricks to one's advantage."

Although the Chevalier de Gramont diverted the Court with his stories, instructed it by his example, and on appearing there always diffused universal gaiety around him, it seemed as if he had for too long a period been the only foreigner in fashion. Fortune, ever jealous of the justice which is rendered to merit, and determined that human happiness shall depend upon her caprices, raised up against him two competitors for the office of entertaining the English Court ; and these competitors were the more dangerous, as the reputation of their several merits had preceded their arrival, in order to dispose the suffrages of the Court in their favour.

They came to display, in their persons, what was most accomplished among the men of the sword, and the gown. One was the Marquis de Flamarens, the sad object of the sad elegies of the Countess de la Suze :¹¹

¹¹ Henrietta de Coligny, daughter of Gaspar de Coligny, Marshal of France, and granddaughter of the famous admiral. She was celebrated for

the other was President Tambonneau,¹² the most humble and most obedient servant and admirer of the beauteous Luynes.¹³ As they arrived together, they exerted every

her beauty, wit, and poetical talents, and in 1643 she married a Scotchman, Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington, by whom she was left a widow a year later. "He was consumptive," says Tallemant des Réaux, "and I think that she did not spare him." She was next married to the Count de la Suze, a Calvinist nobleman, one-eyed, jealous, and of drunken habits, who wished to remove her from the Court and compel her to lead a country life. In 1653, however, she abjured the Protestant for the Roman Catholic religion, less, it is said, from a motive of devotion, than to have a pretence of parting from her husband. Queen Christina of Sweden, with whom she was intimate, is stated to have said that the countess "became a Catholic that she might not meet her husband in this world or in the next." In the result the marriage was annulled, the count consenting to that course on receiving an indemnity of 25,000 crowns. The countess's poems, which were mainly elegies, enjoyed a high reputation in the XVIIth century, but nowadays they appear affected and insipid. Tallemant des Réaux attributes various amours to Madame de la Suze, and Somaize states that one of her favoured lovers was the Count du Lude, grand master of the artillery, whose wife, Eleanor de Bouillé, was of an exceptionally virtuous disposition. According to Saint Simon, this lady caused a youth, who had assaulted one of her maids, to undergo an operation which deprived him of his virile powers, the said operation being performed in presence of her husband, by way of warning to him. She afterwards commissioned her surgeon to attend the sufferer, and upon the recovery of the latter presented him with "what had been removed, enclosed in a box."—Saint-Simon's notes to Dangeau's *Journal*.

¹² Tambonneau was President of the *Chambre des Comptes*, and claimed to be considered a *gourmet*. His wife, Mary Boyer, was very pretty, and only fourteen years old when he married her. She deceived him with numerous lovers, among whom Tallemant des Réaux names Count Francis d'Aubigny, René Longueil de Maisons (President of the Parliament of Paris), Francis-Henry de Boutteville, afterwards known as Marshal de Luxembourg, Gaston, Duke de Roquelaure, &c. Her husband, according to Tallemant, paid her back in her own coin, and among his mistresses there was a certain Madame Lévêque, wife of an advocate, and notorious for her immorality. The song-writers of the period frequently held Tambonneau and his wife up to derision, and Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan jointly composed some puerile lines which are said to refer either to Mary Boyer or to her daughter-in-law, Angelica de Voyer de l'Aulmy, governess of the king's natural children:—

"Now to us spake La Tambonne,
La Tambonne-Tambonneau,
'To support the State and Crown
Whate'er did Marquis Michau?'

Little frankness you display,
For you're careful not to say
What it was that Marquis Michau
Did to Tambonne-Tambonneau."

¹³ Jane-Mary Colbert, eldest daughter of Louis XIV.'s famous minister, and wife of Charles-Honoré d'Albert, Duke de Luynes. According to

endeavour to shine in concert. Their talents were as different as their persons: Tambonneau, who was tolerably ugly, founded his hopes upon a great store of wit, which, however, no one could discover; and Flamarens, by his air and figure, courted admiration, which was flatly denied him.

They had agreed to mutually assist each other in order to attain success; and, accordingly, at their first visits, the one displayed himself whilst the other acted as spokesman. However, they found the ladies in England of a far different taste from those who had rendered them famous in France: the rhetoric of the one had no effect on the fair sex, and the fine mien of the other merely distinguished him as regards the minuet, which he first introduced into England, and which he danced with tolerable success. The English Court had been too long accustomed to the wit of Saint-Evremond, and the natural and peculiar charms of his hero, to be seduced by appearances. However, as the English have, in general, a sort of predilection in favour of any thing that suggests the gladiator some favour was shown to Flamarens on account of a duel, which, obliging him to leave his own country, was a recommendation to him in England.¹⁴

work of the period (*Le Palais Royal, ou, les Amours de Madame de La Vallière*) she is described "as one of the most beautiful women in France, but possessing little or no wit." The Duchess de Chevreuse, anxious to bring about the fall of the royal favourite, La Vallière, intrigued to supplant her by the Duchess de Luynes, the Princess Palatine (afterwards Princess of Salm), and the Countess de Soissons. The king, however, merely laughed at these endeavours, and told everything to his mistress.

¹⁴ An account of the singular duel, which was the occasion of this nobleman coming to England, extracted from the *Mémoires du Comte de Rochefort* (Cologne, 1688), will be found in the Appendix to the present volume.

D. These supposititious memoirs were really written by Gatien de

Miss Hamilton had, at first, the honour of being distinguished by Tambonneau, who thought she possessed a sufficient share of wit to discover the delicacy of his own ; and being delighted to find that nothing was lost in her conversation, either as to the turn, the expression, or beauty of her thoughts, he frequently did her the favour to converse with her ; and, perhaps, he would never have found out that he bored her, if, contenting himself with the display of his eloquence, he had not thought proper to attack her heart. This was carrying the matter a little too far for the complaisance of Miss Hamilton, who was of opinion that she had already shown him too much for the tropes of his harangues. He was, therefore, desired to try his seducing tongue somewhere else, and not to lose the merit of his former constancy by an infidelity which would be of no advantage to him.

He followed this advice like a wise and tractable man ; and some time afterwards returning to his old mistress in France, he began to lay in a store of politics for those important negotiations in which he has since been employed.

It was not till after his departure that the Chevalier de Gramont heard of the amorous declaration he had made. This was a confidence of no great importance ; however, it saved Tambonneau from some ridicule which might have fallen on him before he went away. His colleague, Flamarens, deprived of his support, soon perceived that he was not likely to meet in England with

Courtily, still they embody a large number of facts of unquestionable authenticity.

the success he had expected, both from love and fortune: however, Lord Falmouth, ever attentive to the glory of his master, as regards the relief of illustrious men in distress, provided for his subsistence, and Lady Southesk for his pleasures. He obtained a pension from the king, and from her ladyship everything that he desired; and most happy was it for him that she had no other present to bestow but that of her heart.¹⁵

It was at this time that Talbot, whom we have before mentioned, and who was afterwards created Duke of Tyrconnel,¹⁶ fell in love with Miss Hamilton. There was not a man of better appearance at Court: he was indeed but a younger son, though of a very ancient family, which, however, was not very remarkable either for its renown or its riches. Although in many respects he was naturally careless, yet he was intent upon making his fortune, and as he was much in favour with the Duke of York, and had turned this favour to profit, and again as he also had been favoured by fortune at play,

¹⁵ In allusion to the particular mode which the Earl of Southesk adopted to revenge himself on the Duke of York for the dishonour the latter had done him, *see ante*, p. 13.

¹⁶ Richard Talbot, the fifth son of an Irish judge, of ancient English extraction, and esteemed a learned man. Dick Talbot, as he was called, was, according to Lord Clarendon, "brought into Flanders first by Daniel O'Neile, as one who was willing to assassinate Cromwell; and he made a journey into England with that resolution, not long before Cromwell's death, and after it returned into Flanders, ready to do all that he should be required. He was a very handsome young man, wore good clothes, and was, without doubt, of a clear, ready courage, which was virtue enough to recommend a man to the Duke of York's good opinion; which, with more expedition than could be expected, he got, to that degree, that he was made of his bedchamber; and from that qualification embarked himself, after the king's return, in the pretences of the Irish, with such an unusual confidence, and, upon private contracts, with such scandalous circumstances, that the chancellor had sometimes, at the council-table, been obliged to give him severe reprehensions, and often desired the duke to withdraw his countenance from him."—*Continuation of Life.*

he had managed so well, as to be in possession of about forty thousand livres¹⁷ a year in land. He offered himself to Miss Hamilton, with this fortune, together with the almost certain hope of being made a peer of the realm, by means of his master's credit ; and, over and above all, he offered her as many sacrifices as she could desire of Lady Shrewsbury's letters, portraits, and hair ; curiosities which, indeed, are reckoned as nothing in housekeeping, but which testify strongly in favour of a lover's merits.

Such rivalry as this was not to be despised ; and the Chevalier de Gramont thought it the more dangerous, as he not only perceived that Talbot was desperately in love, but that he was not a man to be discouraged by a repulse, nor so constituted as to draw upon himself either contempt or coldness in return for his advances. Besides this, his brothers began to frequent the house. One of these brothers was almoner to the queen,¹⁸ an intriguing Jesuit, and a great match-maker : the other was what was called a lay-monk, but who had nothing of his order except the immorality and evil reputation which are ascribed to it ; yet frank and free, withal, and sometimes entertaining, but ever ready to speak bold and offensive truths, as well as to do good offices.¹⁹

When the Chevalier de Gramont reflected upon all these things, there certainly was ground for uneasiness :

¹⁷ The livre was about equivalent to the modern franc.

¹⁸ This was Peter Talbot, whose character is drawn by Lord Clarendon in terms equally unfavourable as those in which his brother Richard is portrayed.—See *Continuation of Life*, p. 363.

¹⁹ Thomas Talbot, a Franciscan friar, of wit enough, says Lord Clarendon, but of notorious debauchery. Pepys speaks of Clarendon being made sport of by Peter Talbot the priest, in his story of the death of Cardinal Bleau.

nor was the indifference which Miss Hamilton showed for the addresses of his rival sufficient to remove his fears ; for being absolutely dependent on her parents' will, she could only answer for her own intentions. However, Fortune, who seemed to have taken the Chevalier under her protection in England, delivered him from all his uneasiness.

Talbot had for many years stood forward as the patron of the oppressed Irish : this zeal for his countrymen was very commendable in itself ; at the same time, however, it was not altogether disinterested, for, from all those, who through his credit, had been reinstated in possession of a part of their estates, he had always obtained some small compensation for himself. However, as each party found his advantage in this, no complaint was made. Still it is difficult for a man to contain himself within bounds, when fortune and favour second him in whatever he undertakes, and thus there was an appearance of independence about Talbot's proceedings which offended the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as being injurious to his authority. The duke somewhat haughtily gave him to understand that he was by no means pleased. As there certainly was a great difference between them, both as to their rank and credit, the most prudent course for Talbot to follow was to apologise and make submission ; but such conduct appeared to him unworthy, and he accordingly played the braggart, greatly to his disadvantage ; for, having inconsiderately launched forth certain speeches which it neither became him to utter, nor the Duke of Ormond to forgive, he was committed to the Tower.

Realising full well that he would not be released, until he had made all necessary submissions to his grace,⁹⁰ Talbot employed all his friends for that purpose, and was obliged to yield more, to get out of this scrape, than would have been necessary to avoid it. By this dispute, he lost all hopes of marrying into a family, which, after such an affair, was not at all disposed to listen to any proposal from him.

He had to make some little effort to rid himself of a passion, which had made far greater progress in his heart, than this quarrel had benefited his affairs. He came to the opinion that his presence was necessary in Ireland, and that he was better away from that of Miss Hamilton, if he wished to forget a passion which still troubled his repose. His departure speedily followed upon this resolution.

Talbot played deep, and was tolerably absent-minded. The Chevalier de Gramont had won three or four hundred guineas of him on the evening before he was sent to the Tower. That accident had made him forget his usual punctuality in paying, the next morning, whatever he had lost over-night; and the debt had so far escaped his memory, that he had no recollection of it after he was enlarged. The Chevalier de Gramont, perceiving that he was going away, without taking the least notice of the money he owed him, considered it fitting to wish him a good journey, and met him at Court, just as he had taken leave of the king.

"Talbot," said he, "if you have any need of my

⁹⁰ Talbot was committed to the Tower for having threatened the Duke of Ormond's life.—See *Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 362.



Richard Tubbet

services here during your absence, you have but to command them. You know that old Russell has left his nephew to plead his cause with Miss Hamilton : if it pleases you, I will do the same for you. Adieu, God bless you ! be sure not to fall ill upon the road ; but if you should, pray remember me in your will."

Talbot, who, upon this compliment, immediately recollected his debt, burst out laughing, and embracing Gramont replied :

"My dear Chevalier, I am so much obliged to you for your offer, that I resign you my mistress, and will send you your money instantly."

The Chevalier de Gramont possessed a thousand of these genteel ways of refreshing the memories of those persons who were apt to be forgetful in their payments. The following is the method he used a long time afterwards with Lord Cornwallis.²¹ This Lord had married the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, treasurer of the king's household, one of the richest and most regular men in England.²² His son-in-law, on the contrary, was a young spendthrift, very extravagant, addicted to gaming, losing as much as any one would trust him, but not

²¹ Charles, third Lord Cornwallis, born in 1655. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, before he was twenty, and afterwards, in 1688, the widow of the Duke of Monmouth. He died in 1698.

²² Sir Stephen Fox, who was knighted by Charles II. in 1665, had been attached to Charles's household prior to the Restoration, on which event he was made clerk of the green cloth, and subsequently was appointed paymaster-general of the army. He told Pepys that if the king omitted to repay him his outgoings at the end of every four months, then for all the time he stayed longer he was allowed 8 per cent. per annum for the forbearance, by which he gained soundly, his yearly expenses being about £130,000. One of his sons by a second wife, whom he married when he was seventy-six years of age, became Earl of Ilchester, and the other Viscount Holland. He died in 1716, in his eighty-ninth year.

equally ready at paying. His father-in-law, who altogether disapproved of his conduct, was incessantly paying his debts and lecturing him. The Chevalier de Gramont had won of him a thousand or twelve hundred guineas, which he heard no tidings of, although he was upon the eve of his departure, and had taken leave of Cornwallis in a more particular manner than of any other person. This obliged the Chevalier to write his lordship a billet, which was rather laconic. It was this :

“ My Lord,

“ Pray remember the Count de Gramont, and do not forget Sir Stephen Fox.”

To return to Talbot : he went away more concerned than becomes a man who resigns his mistress to another. Neither his stay in Ireland, nor his solicitude about his affairs perfectly cured him ; and if at his return he found himself disengaged from Miss Hamilton's chains, it was only to put on others. The change that had taken place in the two Courts occasioned this change in him, as we will relate.





CHAPTER X.

The Queen's maids of honour—Petits-soupers in Miss Warmester's apartments—Lord Taafé's intrigue with Miss Warmester and its consequences—Killegrew's cousin comes to the rescue—Charles II.'s passing caprice for Miss Wells—The Duchess of York's maids of honour—Miss Blague and the Marquis de Brisacier—Miss Price compromised by the opening of Dongan's casket—Miss Hobart's Lesbian tendencies—Miss Bagot captivates Lord Falmouth—Miss Jennings scorns the Duke of York—Miss Hobart's passion for Miss Temple—She makes the latter the recipient of her confidences—The story of Roxalana—Miss Hobart's plot against Lord Rochester.



WE have hitherto only mentioned the queen's maids in referring to Miss Stewart and Miss Warmester. The others were Miss Bellenden, Mademoiselle de la Garde, and Mademoiselle Bardou, all maids of honour, as it pleased God.

Miss Bellenden was no beauty, but a good-natured girl, who, in default of other merits, possessed plumpness and a fresh complexion ; not having a sufficient stock of wit to be a coquette in due form, she did her best to please every person by her complaisance. Mademoiselle

de la Garde, and Mademoiselle Bardou, both French, had been preferred to their places by the queen dowager: the former was a little dark-skinned brunette, who was continually meddling in the affairs of her companions; and the other was absolutely determined upon claiming the rank of a maid of honour, though she only lodged with the others, and both her title and services were constantly contested.

It was hardly possible for a woman to have an uglier face with so fine a shape; but as a compromise, her ugliness was set off with every art. She was utilised to dance with Flamarens, and sometimes, towards the conclusion of a ball, provided with both castanets and effrontery, she would dance some figured saraband or other, which amused the Court. Let us now see how all this ended.

As Miss Stewart was very seldom in waiting on the queen, she was scarcely considered a maid of honour. The others went off almost at one and the same time, through different adventures; and this is the one which befel Miss Warmester, of whom something has been said when speaking of the Chevalier de Gramont.

Lord Taafe,¹ eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford, had

¹ Nicholas, third Viscount Taafe, and second Earl of Carlingford, lost his life at the battle of the Boyne, at which he commanded a regiment of foot. Although Nicholas succeeded his father in the title, he appears not to have been his eldest son. We find the following allusion to him in a letter from Lord Arlington to Sir Richard Fanshaw, dated April 21, 1664, "Colonel Luke Taafe (a brother of my Lord Carlingford's) hath served his Catholic majesty many years in the state of Milan, with a standing regiment there; which regiment he desires now to deliver over to Captain Nicholas Taafe, a younger son of my Lord Carlingford's, and the colonel's nephew, who is now a captain of the regiment: and his majesty commands me to recommend to your excellency the bringing this to pass, for the affection he hath to the family, and the merit of this young gentleman." (Arlington's *Letters*, vol. ii., p. 21.)

taken it into his head that he was in love with her ; and Miss Warmester not only imagined it was so, but likewise expected that he would not fail to marry her at the first opportunity ; in the mean time she thought it her duty to entertain him with all the civility imaginable. Taafe had made the Duke of Richmond his confidant : these two were particularly attached to each other ; but still more so to wine. The Duke of Richmond,² in spite of his birth, cut but an indifferent figure at Court ; and the king showed him still less consideration than his courtiers did. It was perhaps in order to court his majesty's favour, that the duke thought proper to fall in love with Miss Stewart. He and Taafe made each other the confidants of their respective engagements, and these were the measures they took to put their designs into execution. Little La Garde³ was charged to acquaint Miss Stewart that the Duke of Richmond was dying of love for her, and that when he ogled her in public, it implied that he was ready to marry her, as soon as ever she would consent.

Taafe had no commission to give the little ambassadress for Miss Warmester ; for on that side everything was already arranged ; but she was charged with settling and providing some conveniences which were still wanting for the freedom of their commerce, such as easy access to her at all hours of the day or night. This

² Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox.

³ Daughter of Charles Peliot, Lord de la Garde. She became the wife of Mr. afterwards Sir Gabriel Sylvius (see *post*, p. 81). In Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia* (1669), Gabriel de Sylvus (*sic*) is put down as one of the carvers to the queen, and Mrs. de Sylvus as one of the six *chambrières* or dressers to the queen.

appeared difficult to be obtained, but it was, however, at length accomplished.

The governess of the maids of honour, who for the world would not have connived at anything that was not fair and honourable, consented that they should sup as often as they pleased in Miss Warmester's apartments, provided that their intentions were upright, and that she herself made one of the company. The good old lady was particularly fond of green oysters, and had no aversion to Spanish wine : she was certain of finding at each of these suppers a couple of barrels of oysters ; one to be eaten with the party, and the other for her to carry away : so, as soon as she had taken her dose of wine, she took her leave of the company.

It was much about the time when the Chevalier de Gramont cast his eyes upon Miss Warmester, that this kind of life was led in her chamber. God knows how many ham-pies, bottles of wine, and other products of his lordship's liberality, were there consumed !

In the midst of these nocturnal festivals, and of this innocent commerce, a relation of Killegrew's came up to London about a lawsuit : he gained his cause, but nearly lost his senses.

He was a country gentleman, who had been a widower about six months, and was possessed of fifteen or sixteen thousand livres a year : the good man, who had no business at Court, went there merely to see his cousin Killegrew, who could have dispensed with his visits. He there saw Miss Warmester ; and at first sight fell in love with her. His passion increased to such a degree, that, enjoying no rest either by day or night, he was obliged



Rev. & Lady Anne

Miss Kirk
& Miss Thimble

to have recourse to extraordinary remedies; that is to say, one fine morning he called upon his cousin Killegrew, told him his case, and desired him to demand Miss Warmester in marriage for him.

Killegrew was overcome with astonishment when he heard of his design: nor could he cease wondering at what sort of creature, of all the women in London, his cousin had resolved upon marrying. It was some time before he could believe that he was in earnest; but when he saw that it was all quite serious, he began to enumerate the dangers and inconveniences attending so rash an enterprise. He told him, that a girl educated at Court was a terrible piece of furniture for the country; that were she carried thither against her inclination, his moral quietude would be destroyed as by all the clamours of hell; that if he consented to let her stay in town, he needed only compute what it would cost him in equipages, table, clothes, and gaming-money, to maintain her in London according to her caprices; and then cast up how long his fifteen thousand livres a year would last.

His cousin had already made this computation; but, finding his reason less potent than his love, he remained fixed in his resolution; and Killegrew, yielding to his importunities, went and offered him, bound hand and foot, to the victorious Miss Warmester. As he dreaded nothing more than compliance on her part, nothing could have astonished him more than the contempt with which she received his proposal. The scorn with which she refused him made him believe that she was sure of Lord Taafe, and wonder how a girl like her could have found

two men disposed to marry her. He hastened to report this refusal, with all its most aggravating circumstances, considering it the most salutary tidings he could carry to his cousin ; but his cousin would not believe him : he imagined that Killegrew was disguising the truth, for the same reasons as he had already alleged ; and not daring to mention the matter any more to him, he resolved to wait upon Miss Warmester himself. He summoned up all his courage for the enterprise, and got his compliment by heart ; but as soon as he had opened his mouth to recite it, she told him he might have saved himself the trouble of calling on her about such a ridiculous affair, concerning which she had already given her answer to Killegrew ; and that she neither had, nor ever should have, any other to give. All this was said with the sternness with which importunate requests are usually refused.

He was more affected than confounded at this repulse : everything became odious to him in London, and he himself more so than all the rest. He therefore left town, without taking leave of his cousin, returned to his country seat, and thinking it would be impossible for him to live without the inhuman fair one, he resolved to do all he could to hasten his death.

But whilst, in order to indulge his sorrow, he forsook all intercourse with dogs and horses ; that is to say, renounced the dearest delights of a country squire, the scornful nymph, who was certainly mistaken in her reckoning, took the liberty of being brought to bed in the midst of the Court.

So public an adventure made a great stir, as may well

be imagined. All the prudery of the Court manifested itself ; and principally those, whose age or persons secured them from any such scandal, cried the most loudly for justice. But the governess of the maids of honour, who might have been called to account for it, affirmed that it was nothing at all, and that she was acquainted with circumstances which would at once silence all censorious tongues. She had an audience of the queen, in order to unfold the mystery ; and related to her majesty how everything had passed with her consent, that is to say, upon honourable terms.

The queen sent to inquire of Lord Taafe, whether he acknowledged Miss Warmester for his wife : to which he most respectfully returned for answer, that he neither acknowledged Miss Warmester nor her child, and that he wondered why she should rather father it upon him than any other. The unfortunate Warmester, more enraged at this answer than at the loss of such a lover, quitted the Court as soon as she was able, resolving to quit the world likewise at the first opportunity.

Killegrew, who was on the point of starting upon a journey when this adventure happened, thought he might as well call upon his afflicted cousin on his way, to acquaint him with the circumstances ; and as soon as he saw him, without paying any attention to the delicacy of his love or feelings, he harshly told him the whole story, nor did he omit any colouring that could heighten his indignation, in order to make him burst with shame and resentment.

We read that the gentle Tiridates quietly expired upon the recital of the death of Mariamne ; but Killegrew's

fond cousin, falling devoutly upon his knees, and raising his eyes to heaven, began this prayer :

" Praised be the Lord for a small misfortune, which perhaps may turn to the happiness of my life ! Who knows but the beauteous Warmester will now accept of me for a husband ; and that I may have the happiness of passing the remainder of my days with a woman I adore, and by whom I may expect to have heirs ? "

" Certainly," said Killegrew, more confounded than his cousin ought to have been on such an occasion, " you may depend upon having both : I have no doubt but that she will marry you, as soon as ever she is up again ; and it would be great ill-nature on her part to let you want children, since she already knows how to get them. In the mean time, I advise you take the one she has, till you get more."

Notwithstanding this raillery, all that was said took place. This faithful lover courted her, as if she had been the chaste Lucretia, or the beauteous Helen ; his passion even increased after marriage, and the generous Warmester at first touched with gratitude, and afterwards out of inclination, never brought him a child of which he was not the father ; and though there have been many a happy quiet couple in England, this certainly was the happiest.

Some time after, Miss Bellenden, whom this example had failed to terrify, had the prudence to quit the Court before she was obliged to do so. The disagreeable Bardou followed her soon after ; but for different reasons. People grew tired of her saraband, as of her face ; and the king, that he might see neither of them any more,

gave each a small pension. There now only remained little Mademoiselle de la Garde to be provided for : she was neither virtuous enough nor vicious enough to be dismissed the Court, or to remain there. God knows what would have become of her, if a Mr. Silvius, a man who had nothing of a Roman in him except the name that he had assumed, had not taken this infant De la Garde to be his wife.

We have shown how all these princesses deserved to be expelled, either for their irregularities, or for their ugliness ; and yet, those who replaced them found means to make them regretted, Miss Wells alone⁴ excepted.

She was a tall girl, exquisitely shaped, who dressed very well, and walked like a goddess ; and yet her face, though formed like those that generally please the most, was unfortunately one of those that pleased the least. Nature had spread over it a certain vague look, which made her appear like a musing sheep. This gave one a bad opinion of her intelligence ; and unfortunately her intelligence had the ill-luck to confirm that opinion : however, as she was fresh-coloured, and appeared inexperienced, the king, whom the fair Stewart did not render over nice as to the perfections of the mind, resolved to try whether the senses would not fare better with Miss Wells's person, than fine sentiments with her understanding. Nor was this experiment attended with much difficulty : she was of a loyal family ; and her father having faithfully served Charles I., she thought it her duty not to revolt against Charles II. But this connection was not

⁴ The name of Mrs. Winifred Wells appears in the list of the queen's maids of honour for 1669.

attended with very advantageous circumstances to herself; some pretended that she did not hold out long enough; that she surrendered at discretion before she was vigorously attacked; and others said, that his majesty complained of certain other facilities still less agreeable. The Duke of Buckingham made a couplet upon this occasion, wherein the king, addressed Progers,⁶ the confidant of his intrigues. All the spirit of these

⁶ Edward Progers, a younger son of Philip Progers, Esq., whose father was a colonel in the army, and equerry to James I. Edward was early introduced to Court, and, after having been page to Charles I., was made groom of the bedchamber to his son, while Prince of Wales. He attached himself to the king's interest during the war with the parliament. In the lampoons of the time, Progers is described as one devoted to assist his master's pleasures; for which reason, perhaps, he was banished from the king's presence in 1650, by an act of the estates of Scotland, "as an evil instrument and bad counsellor of the king." In 1660, he was named, says Lord Orford, one of the knights of the royal oak, an order Charles II. then intended to institute. From the same authority we learn that he had permission from the king to build a house in Bushey-park, near Hampton-court, on condition that, after his death, it should revert to the crown. He represented the county of Brecon in parliament for seventeen years, and retired in 1679. Mr. Progers died, says Le Neve, "Dec. 31, or Jan. 1, 1713, aged ninety-six, of the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut four new teeth and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums, that he died thereof." He was in poor circumstances before his death, and applied to James II. for relief, with what success is not known. Progers had a family by his wife Elizabeth Wells—possibly some relative of the Miss Wells mentioned above, and very likely a cast off mistress of the king's, as it was a matter of common remark that Progers's eldest daughter Philippa, afterwards Mrs. Croxel, bore a strong resemblance to Charles II.

Buckingham, in some verses on an installation at Windsor, has the following allusion to Progers:—

"Each writer there was fitted for his station,
Babb's for deep sense, Trefice for conversation,
And Lauderdale to gratify the nation,
Progers did represent iniquity,
And that old cuckold F—it you might see
Kissing 's forefinger for civility."

The royal pimp receives very gentle treatment at Andrew Marvel's hands:—

"Then the procurers under Progers filed,
Gentlest of men, and his lieutenant mild,
Brounker Love's squire; through all the field arrayed
No troop was better clad nor so well paid."

Brounker will be found mentioned later on in the *Memoirs*.

lines consisted in a pun upon the name of the fair one. They were to this effect :—

“ When the king felt the horrible depth of this Well,
 ‘ Tell me, Progers,’ cried Charley, ‘ where am I ? Oh, tell ?
 Had I sought the world’s centre to find, I had found it,
 But this Well ! ne’er a plummet was made that could sound it.’ ”

Miss Wells, notwithstanding this species of play upon her name, and these remarks upon her person, shone the brightest among her new companions.⁶ These were Miss Livingston, Miss Fielding, and Miss Boynton, who little deserve to be mentioned in these memoirs ; we shall therefore leave them in obscurity until it please fortune to draw them out of it.

Such was the queen’s new Court in regard to the maids of honour. That of the Duchess of York was more or less renewed at about the same time ; and by a choice of brilliant recruits this princess proved that England possessed a large stock of beauties. But before we begin to speak of them, let us see who were the first maids of honour to her royal highness, and on what account they were removed.

Besides Miss Blague and Miss Price, whom we have before mentioned, the establishment consisted of Miss Bagot and Miss Hobart, the oldest of the community.

⁶ Pepys describes Miss Wells as a great beauty and a woman of pretty conversation, but her toilette was evidently scarcely to his taste. He speaks of “ her riding garb comprising coat and doublet with deep skirt, just for all the world like mine, the doublet buttoning up the breast, and hat and periwig ; so that only for a long petticoat dragging under her men’s coat nobody could take her for a woman in any point whatever, which was an odd sight and a sight did not please me.”

Pepys further chronicles a piece of scandal about the lady. Referring to the circumstance of a child being dropped by some lady while dancing at a Court ball, he remarks : “ It seems that Mrs. Wells fell sick that afternoon, and hath disappeared ever since, so that it is concluded it was her.”—*Diary*.

Miss Blague, who had never really known who had caused the estrangement between herself and the Marquis de Brisacier, imputed everything to the fatal letter she had received from him, wherein, without warning her that Miss Price was to wear yellow gloves and ribands like herself, he had only complimented her upon her fair hair, and complexion, and her "marcassin" eyes.⁷ She imagined that "marcassin" eyes must signify something particularly wonderful, since they were mentioned in comparison with her own; and being desirous, some time afterwards, of realising the full force of the expression, she asked what "marcassin" meant. As there are no wild boars in England, those to whom she addressed herself told her that it signified a sucking pig. This insult confirmed her in the belief she entertained of Brisacier's perfidy. He, more amazed at her change, than she was offended at his supposed calumny, looked upon her as a woman who was still more capricious than insignificant, and never troubled himself further about her; but Sir Thomas Yarborough, of as fair a complexion as herself, made her an offer of marriage while she was in the height of her resentment, and was accepted. Fate made this match, to see what such a pale-haired union would produce.

Miss Price was witty; her person, however, not being of a nature to attract as many admirers as she was desirous of having, she proved far from coy when an occasion offered, and did not so much as make any terms. She was violent in her resentments, as well as in her attachments, which had exposed her to some

⁷ See vol. I., p. 130.

inconveniences. She had very indiscreetly quarrelled with a young girl whom Lord Rochester admired. This connection had till then been kept somewhat secret, and she was imprudent enough to do her best to make it public, and thereby drew upon herself the most dangerous enemy in the universe. Never did any man write more pleasantly, delicately, and easily; but in regard to satire his was the most merciless of pens.⁸

Poor Miss Price, who had voluntarily provoked him,

⁸ John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, son of Henry, Lord Wilmot, first Earl of Rochester, the faithful adherent of the Stuarts, who rendered Charles important aid towards securing his escape into France after the battle of Worcester. John, the second Earl, showed such remarkable precocity that he was admitted to Wadham College, Oxford, when he was only twelve years old, while at fourteen he was created a master of arts. On returning from his travels when he was eighteen years of age he was made a gentleman of the king's bedchamber and comptroller of Woodstock park. He went to sea in 1665 with the Earl of Sandwich, and was present at the attack on Bergen, and at the great sea fight in the year following, when Monk and Prince Rupert chased the Dutch fleet under De Ruyter back to the Texel. On these occasions Rochester showed considerable courage, which seems, however, to have completely deserted him at his duel with Lord Mulgrave some years afterwards. Most of Rochester's escapades at Court and elsewhere occurred before his marriage in 1667, when he was under twenty years of age. Rochester, in his Tower Street address, given in the Appendix to this volume (note E.), and considered by Cunningham to have been issued before May, 1665, describes himself as being in his nine and twentieth year, whereas at this date he could only have been nineteen.

Burnet says of Rochester that he "was naturally modest, till the Court corrupted him. His wit had in it peculiar brightness, to which none could ever arrive. He gave himself up to all sorts of extravagance, and to the wildest frolics that wanton wit could devise. He would have gone about the streets as a beggar, and made love as a porter. He set up a stage as an Italian mountebank. See *post*, p. 133. He was for some years always drunk; and was ever doing some mischief. The king loved his company, for the diversion it afforded, better than his person; and there was no love lost between them. Rochester took his revenges in many libels."—*History of his Own Times*, vol. i., p. 372.

Lord Orford observes of the Earl of Rochester, that he was "a man whom the muses were fond to inspire, and ashamed to avow." More opprobrium, however, attaches itself to Rochester now-a-days for his hiring of ruffians (Black Will with a cudgel as he himself put it) to waylay and assault Dryden for the share Dryden had in Mulgrave's *Essay on Satire*, than for his almost forgotten scurrilous and indecent rhymes.

was daily exposed in some new shape; there was no dearth of songs, the subject of which was her conduct, and the burden her name. How was it possible for her to hold out, in a Court, where everyone was eager to obtain the most insignificant trifles that came from the pen of Lord Rochester? The loss of her lover, and the discovery that attended it, were only wanting to complete the persecution directed against her.

About this time died Dongan,⁹ a man of merit, who was succeeded by Blancfort,¹⁰ afterwards Earl of Fever-

⁹ The name was variously written Dongan, Dungan, and Duncan. "Oldys, who calls him Duncan, had heard that he was a merchant, and had taken a fancy to Nell Gwyn (who, there is reason to believe, was indebted to him for her introduction to the stage) for her smart wit, fine shape, and small foot. The information of Oldys is confirmed by the satire of Etherege, who adds, much to the credit of Nelly, that she remembered in after years the friend of her youth, and that it was to her interest that he owed his appointment in the guards. To sift and exhibit the equal mixture of truth and error in these accounts would not repay the reader for the trouble I should occasion him. I have sifted it myself, and see reason to believe that Oldys was wrong in calling him a merchant, while I suspect that the Duncan, commemorated by Etherege in his satire upon Nelly, was the Dongan described by Gramont as a gentleman of merit who was succeeded by Duras, afterwards Earl of Feversham, in the post of lieutenant in the duke's life guards. That there was a lieutenant of this name in the duke's life guards I have ascertained from official documents. He was a cadet of the house of Limerick, and his christian name was Robert. If there is any truth in Gramont's account, he died in or before 1669."—Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwyn*.

¹⁰ *i.e.*, Louis de Duras, a native of France, son of the Duke de Duras, and brother to the last duke of that name, and also to the Duke de Lorge. His mother was sister to the great Turenne. After the Restoration he came to England, was naturalized, and behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665. At first he bore the name of Durfort, and the title of Marquis of Blancfort. Some years afterwards Charles II. created him Baron Duras of Holdenby; and on his marrying Mary, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir George Sondes, who had been created Earl of Feversham, the same title was limited to him, and he succeeded to it on the death of his father-in-law. He had great influence with the Duke of York, and for some time was keeper of his privy purse. In 1679, he was appointed master of the horse to the queen, and afterwards her lord-chamberlain. Subsequently he commanded the forces sent against the Duke of Monmouth, and had the prisoners that were captured hung up without any kind of trial. He died in 1709.



By Peter Leys 1888

Miss Price

sham, in the post of lieutenant of the duke's life-guards. Miss Price having tenderly loved him, his death plunged her into despair; and the inventory of his effects almost deprived her of her senses. There was in it a certain little casket sealed up on all sides, and addressed in the deceased's own handwriting to Miss Price; but she, instead of receiving it, had not even the courage to look at it. The governess of the maids, on Miss Price's refusal, thought it became her in prudence to receive it, and her duty to deliver it to the duchess herself, presuming that it was filled with many curious and useful commodities, from which perhaps she might derive some advantage. Although the duchess was not altogether of the same opinion, she had the curiosity to see what was contained in so singular a casket sealed up in so particularly careful a manner, and therefore caused it to be opened in the presence of some ladies who then happened to be in her closet.

All imaginable kinds of love trinkets were found in it; and all these favours, it appeared, came from the tender-hearted Miss Price. It was difficult to comprehend how a single person could have furnished so great a collection; for, besides counting the pictures, there was hair of all descriptions, wrought into bracelets in so many different ways that they were wonderful to see. Beneath these were three or four packets of letters of so tender a nature, the raptures and languors being so naturally expressed, that one did not dare to read more than the two first.

The duchess was sorry that she had caused the casket to be opened in such good company; for with such

witnesses, she rightly judged it impossible to stifle this adventure ; and, at the same time, there being no possibility of retaining such a maid of honour any longer, Miss Price had her valuables restored to her, with orders to finish weeping for her lover, and console herself for her loss elsewhere.¹¹

Miss Hobart's character was at that time as uncommon in England, as her person was singular, in a country where it is a reproach to be young, and not to be in some degree handsome. She had a good shape, rather a bold air, a deal of wit, which was well cultivated, and not much discretion. She likewise possessed great vivacity, with an intemperate imagination, and there was a great deal of fire in her eyes, though they did not move the feelings. She had a tender heart, but people pretended that it was only so in favour of the fair sex.

Miss Bagot was the first who gained her tenderness and affection, which she returned at the outset with equal warmth and sincerity ; but perceiving that all her friendship was insufficient to repay that of Miss Hobart, she yielded this conquest to the governess's niece, who thought herself as much honoured by it, as her aunt thought herself obliged by the care which Miss Hobart took of the young girl.

It was not long before the report, whether true or false, of this singularity, spread through the Court, where people, being as yet so uncivilised as never to

¹¹ It is necessary to repeat that Miss Price was maid of honour to the queen and not to the Duchess of York, and that Gramont's memory must have played him false upon this point. See vol. i., p. 167, note 9.

have heard of this refinement in tastes of love current in ancient Greece,¹² imagined that the illustrious Hobart, who seemed so particularly attached to the fair sex, was in reality something more than she appeared to be.

Satirical ballads soon began to compliment her upon these new attributes ; and upon the faith of these songs her companions began to fear her. The governess, alarmed at these reports, consulted Lord Rochester upon the danger to which her niece was exposed. She could not have applied to a fitter person : he immediately advised her to take her niece out of the hands of Miss Hobart ; and contrived matters so well, that she fell into his own. The duchess, who had too much generosity not to treat what was imputed to Miss Hobart as visionary, and too much justice to condemn her upon the faith of lampoons, removed her from the society of the maids of honour, to be an attendant upon her own person.

Miss Bagot was the only one who was really possessed of some virtue and beauty, among these maids of honour : she had beautiful and regular features, and that kind of sunburnt complexion, which, when perfect, pleases

¹² These disciples of the libidinous Sappho were by no means uncommon at the Court of Louis XIV. The Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orleans, gives some freely-worded particulars on the subject in her correspondence, citing among other instances that of Charlotte de Gramont, Princess of Monaco, and Henrietta of England, wife of Philip of Orleans ; and that of Queen Christina and Madame de Maintenon. (See also Tallemant's *Histoires*, 1854, vol. vii., p. 40.) Similar accusations were current against two of the regent's daughters, the Abbess of Chelles and the Princess of the Asturias, as well as the Duchess Mazarin and her intimates, notably Lady Harvey, sister of Ralph Montagu, and Mademoiselle Beverweert-Nassau, daughter of Prince Louis of Nassau, Dutch ambassador at the English Court, and sister of the Countess of Arlington.

one so much, more especially in England, where it is very uncommon. She was ever blushing, without having anything to blush for. Lord Falmouth cast his eyes upon her; his addresses were better received than those of Miss Hobart, and some time afterwards Cupid raised her from the post of maid of honour to the duchess, to a rank which might have been envied by all the young ladies in England.¹³

The Duchess of York, in order to form her new Court, resolved to inspect all the young persons that offered themselves, and without any regard to recommendations, she chose none but the handsomest.

Foremost appeared Miss Jennings and Miss Temple; and indeed they so entirely eclipsed the other two who were selected, that we shall speak of them only.

Miss Jennings, adorned with the first treasures of

¹³ Elizabeth, daughter of Hervey Bagot, second son of Sir Hervey Bagot, married first Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth, and then Charles Sackville, who became the first Duke of Dorset. This lady's character is treated by Dryden and Mulgrave with very little respect, in the *Essay on Satire*:

<p>" Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat, Married; but wiser puss ne'er thought of that: And first he worried her with railing rhyme, Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time; Then for one night sold all his slavish life, A teeming widow, but a barren wife.</p>	<p>Swelled by contact of such a ful- some toad, He lugged about the matrimonial load; Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he, Has ill restored him to his liberty; Which he would use in his old sneaking way, Drinking all night, and dozing all the day."</p>
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Before Lady Falmouth married Sackville she had been spoken of as a possible wife of the Duke of York after the death of the duchess in 1671; the duke, however, preferred taking to himself a new mistress in the person of the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley. Forneron, in his *Louise de Keroualle*, insinuates that Lady Falmouth was one of the king's mistresses, and asserts that she received immense sums from Charles. See the English translation of this work, pp. 76-81.



See 2 Let's page

Miss Beget.

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youth, had a skin of the most dazzling whiteness ever seen : her hair was of a most beauteous flaxen : there was something particularly lively and animated in her countenance, which preserved her from that insipidity which frequently attends on such an extremely fair complexion. Her mouth was not the smallest, but it was the handsomest in the world. Nature had endowed her with those charms which cannot be expressed, and the Graces had given the finishing stroke to them. The outline of her face was exquisite, and her budding bosom as dazzling as her face. In a word, her person gave one the idea of Aurora, or the goddess of Spring, such as the poets depict in their brilliant word paintings. But as it was not just that a single person should possess all the treasures of beauty without any defect, there was something wanting in her hands and arms to render them worthy of the rest. Her nose was not the most elegant, still her eyes gave some relief, whilst her mouth and her other charms pierced the heart with a thousand darts.

With this lovable person she was full of sparkling wit and sprightliness, and all her actions and motions were impulsive. Her conversation was bewitching when she had a mind to please ; subtle and delicate when she was disposed to raillery ; but as her imagination was subject to flights, and as she frequently began to speak before she had done thinking, her words did not always convey what she wished to express ; sometimes greatly exceeding, and at others falling short of her ideas.¹⁴

¹⁴ This lady's name was Frances, and she was one of the daughters and co-heirs of Richard Jennings, Esq., of Sundridge, in the county of Hert.

Miss Temple, nearly of the same age, was dark compared with the other : she had a good shape, fine teeth, languishing eyes, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile, and a lively air. Such was her outward form ; but it would be difficult to describe the rest ; for she was simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish, prudish, very self-sufficient, and very silly.¹⁵

As soon as these new stars appeared at the duchess's Court, all eyes were fixed upon them, and every one formed some design upon one or other of them, some with honourable, and others with dishonourable intentions. Miss Jennings soon distinguished herself, and left her companions no other admirers but such as remained constant from hopes of success : her dazzling brilliancy attracted at first sight, and the charms of her wit secured her conquests.

The Duke of York having persuaded himself that she was part of his appanage, resolved to pursue his claim by the same title whereby his brother had appropriated the favours of Miss Wells ; but he did not find Miss Jennings inclined to enter his service, although she was in that of the duchess. She would not pay any attention to the perpetual ogling with which he at first attacked her. Her eyes were always wandering to other objects, when those of his royal highness were looking for them ; and if by chance he caught any casual glance, she did not

ford, and the elder sister of Sarah, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough.

¹⁵ Miss Anne Temple was the daughter of Thomas Temple, Esq., of Frankton, Warwickshire, by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, Surrey. She afterwards became the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton, by whom she had five sons and eight daughters. She died in 1718.

even blush. This made him resolve to change his manner of attack : ogling having proved ineffectual, he took an opportunity to speak to her ; and this was still worse. I do not know in what strain he declared his case ; but his speeches were no better received than the first language he had resorted to.

Miss Jennings had both virtue and pride, and what the duke proposed was not consistent with either the one or the other. Although from her great vivacity one might suppose that she was not capable of much reflection, yet she had furnished herself with some very salutary maxims for the conduct of a young person of her age. These were, first, that a lady ought to be young to enter the Court with advantage, and not old to leave it with a good grace : that she could not maintain herself there, but by a glorious resistance, or illustrious weaknesses ; and that in so dangerous a situation, she ought to do her best not to dispose of her heart, until giving her hand.

Entertaining such sentiments, she had less trouble in resisting the duke's temptations, than in getting rid of his perseverance : she proved deaf to all proposals of a settlement, with which her ambition was sounded ; and all offers of presents succeeded still worse. What was to be done to conquer an impertinent piece of virtue that would not hearken to reason ? The duke was ashamed to suffer a giddy young girl to escape, whose inclinations ought in some manner to correspond with the vivacity that shone forth in all her actions, and yet who thought proper to be serious when no such thing as seriousness was required of her.

After he had well pondered over her obstinate behaviour, he thought that writing might perhaps succeed, in what ogling, speeches, and embassies had failed to bring about. Paper may bear a good deal, but it unfortunately happened that Miss Jennings could not bear paper. Every day billets, containing the tenderest expressions, and most magnificent promises, were slipped into her pockets, or into her muff. This, however, could not be done unperceived ; and the malicious little creature took care that those who saw the notes slip in, should likewise see them fall out, unperused and unopened. She was ever shaking her muff, or pulling out her handkerchief ; as soon as ever the duke's back was turned, his billets rained around her, and whoever pleased might pick them up. The duchess was frequently a witness of this conduct ; but could not find it in her heart to chide her for her want of respect to the duke.¹⁶ Thus the charms and virtue of Miss Jennings were the one subject of conversation in the two Courts : the courtiers could not comprehend how a young creature, who had come straight from the country to Court, should so soon become its ornament by her attractions, and its example by her conduct.

The king was of opinion that those who had attacked her had ill concerted their measures ; for it did not appear to him natural that she should neither be dazzled by promises, nor gained by importunity : especially, as

¹⁶ The duke in subsequent years appears to have been equally eager after the younger as he had been after the elder sister, as Courtin the French ambassador mentions in one of his despatches that he was always ogling the former, that is, Sarah Jennings, who was being courted at the same time by the future Duke of Marlborough.

in all probability she had not imbibed such severe precepts from the prudence of her mother, who had never tasted anything more delicious than the plums and apricots of St. Albans.¹⁷ He resolved himself to find out what she was, and everything appeared to him novel in the turn of her wit, and in the charms of her person. This novelty, however, seemed to him full of piquancy; and curiosity, which had at first induced him to make the trial, soon changed into a desire of succeeding in the experiment. God knows what might have been the consequence, for he greatly excelled in wit, and besides he was king: two qualities of no small consideration. The resolutions of the fair Jennings were commendable and very judicious; but wit had great charms for her: and royal majesty, prostrate at the feet of a young person, is very persuasive. Miss Stewart, however, would not consent to the king's project.

She took the alarm at an early stage, and desired his majesty to leave to the duke, his brother, the care of tutoring the duchess's maids of honour, and only to meddle in the management of his own flock, unless he preferred to allow her to listen to certain proposals of a settlement which she did not think disadvantageous. This menace was not one to be neglected. The king obeyed; and Miss Jennings had all the honour of the rumours which were circulated respecting this adventure: it both added to her reputation, and increased the number of her admirers. Thus she continued to triumph over the liberties of others, without ever losing her own.

¹⁷ This town is in the neighbourhood of Sundridge, where Miss Jennings's family resided.

Her hour had not yet come, but it was not so far distant ; as we shall relate, as soon as we have given some account of her companion's *début*.

Although Miss Temple's person was particularly charming, it was eclipsed by that of Miss Jennings, whose superior mental accomplishments still more excelled those of Miss Temple. Two persons, very capable of imparting understanding, had the gift been communicable, undertook at the same time to rob the latter of the little she really possessed. These were Lord Rochester and Miss Hobart. The first began to spoil her, by reading all his compositions to her, as if she alone had been a proper judge of them. He never thought fit to flatter her upon her personal charms ; but told her, that if heaven had made him susceptible of the impressions of beauty, it would not have been possible for him to escape her chains ; but not being, thank God, affected with anything excepting wit, he had the happiness of enjoying the most agreeable conversation in the world, without running the slightest risk. After so sincere a confession, he presented to her either a copy of verses, or a new song, in which, whoever dared to compete in any respect with Miss Temple, was laid prostrate before her charms, most humbly to solicit pardon. These insinuations so completely turned her head, that it was a pity to see her.

The duchess took notice of it, and well knowing the extent of both their intelligences, she realized into what danger the poor girl was running headlong without perceiving it. As it is, however, no less dangerous to forbid a connection that is not yet thought of, than it is difficult

to put an end to one that is already well established, Miss Hobart was charged to prevent, with all possible discretion, these long and frequent conversations from being attended with dangerous consequences: she willingly accepted the commission, and flattered herself with achieving success.

She had already made all necessary advances, to gain possession of the confidence and friendship of Miss Temple, who, less suspicious of her than of Lord Rochester, made every imaginable return. Miss Temple was greedy of praise, and fond of all manner of sweetmeats, as much as a child of nine or ten years old. Her taste was gratified in both of these respects. Miss Hobart having the superintendence of the duchess's baths, her apartments joined the latter, and in these apartments there was a closet stored with all sorts of sweetmeats and liqueurs. This closet suited Miss Temple's fancy, in the same way that it gratified Miss Hobart to have something that could allure her friend.

Summer, being now returned, brought back its accompanying pleasures and diversions. One day, when the ladies had been taking the air on horseback, Miss Temple, on her return from riding, alighted at Miss Hobart's, in order to recover from her fatigue at the expense of the sweetmeats, which she knew awaited her. However, before she began, she asked Miss Hobart's permission to put herself in her shift—that is, to say, to undress and change her linen in her apartment; which request was immediately complied with.

"I was just going to propose it to you," said Miss Hobart, "not but that you are as charming as an angel

in your riding habit ; but there is nothing so comfortable as a cool dress, and being at one's ease. You cannot imagine, my dear Temple," continued she, embracing her, "how much you oblige me by this free conduct ; but above all, I am enchanted with your partiality for cleanliness : how greatly you differ in this, as in many other things, from that silly little creature Jennings ! Have you remarked how all our Court fops admire her for her brilliant complexion, which perhaps, after all, is not wholly her own ; and for giddy sayings—such as none else would indulge in, and which they mistake for wit. I have not conversed with her long enough to perceive in what her wit consists ; but of this I am certain, that if it is not better than her feet, it is no great matter. Some fine stories have been told me of her sluttishness ! No cat ever dreaded water so much as she does : Fie upon her ! Never to wash for her own comfort, and only to attend to those parts which must necessarily be seen, such as the neck and hands."

Miss Temple swallowed all this with even greater pleasure than the sweetmeats ; and the officious Hobart, not to lose any time, began to help her off with her clothes, without waiting for the chambermaid. Miss Temple made some objections to this at first, being unwilling to occasion such trouble to a person like Miss Hobart, who had been advanced to a place of dignity ; but she vainly declined, the other showing her that it was with the greatest pleasure she did her this little civility. The collation being finished, and Miss Temple undressed :

"Let us retire," said Miss Hobart, "to the bath-room,



Sir & Lady pine

Miss Temple.

where we can enjoy a little conversation, secure from any foolish visitor who might come to trifle away our time."

Miss Temple consented, and both of them sat down on a couch.

"You are too young, my dear Temple," continued Miss Hobart, "to know the baseness of men in general, and too short a time acquainted with the Court, to know the character of its inhabitants. I will give you a short sketch of the gentlemen, to the best of my knowledge, without injury to anyone; for I abominate scandal.

"In the first place, then, you must set it down as an undoubted fact, that all the courtiers are deficient, either in honesty, good sense, judgment, wit, or sincerity; that is to say, if anyone of them by chance possesses one of these qualities, you may depend upon it he is defective in the rest. Display in their equipages, an absorbing passion for play, a great opinion of their own merit, and contempt of that of others, these are their chief characteristics.

"Interest or pleasure are the motives of all their actions: those who are led by the first, would sell God Almighty, as Judas sold his Master, and that for less money. I could relate to you a thousand fine instances of this, if I had time. As for the sectaries of pleasure, or those who pretend to be such, for they are not all so bad as they endeavour to make themselves appear, these gentlemen pay no manner of regard, either to promises, oaths, faith, or law; that is to say, they care neither for God nor man, if they can but gain their ends. They look upon the maids of honour merely as amusements,

who are expressly stationed at Court for their entertainment ; and the more merit any woman has, the more she is exposed to their impertinence, if she gives any ear to them ; and to their calumnies, if she heeds them not. As for husbands, this is not the place to find them ; for unless money or caprice make up the match, there is but little hope of one getting married : virtue and beauty in this respect are equally useless here.

“ Lady Falmouth is the only instance of a maid of honour well married without a portion ; and if you were to ask her poor weak husband for what reason he married her, I am persuaded that he can assign none, unless it be because she has large red ears, and flat feet. As for the fair Lady Yarborough, who appeared so proud of her match, she is wife, to be sure, of a big country bumpkin, who, the very week after their marriage, bade her take her farewell of the town for ever, because of some few hundred pounds a year which he enjoys on the borders of Cornwall. Alas ! poor Miss Blague ! I saw her go away about this time twelvemonth, in a coach drawn by four such lean horses, that I cannot believe she is yet half-way to her miserable little castle. What would you have ? All the girls are afflicted with a rage to get married ; and, if they have but a slight portion of charms, they think they have only to show themselves at Court, in order to pick and choose their men : but were this in reality the case, the life of a wife is the most wretched condition imaginable for a person of nice sentiments. Believe me, my dear Temple, the pleasures of matrimony are so inconsiderable, in comparison with its inconveniences, that I cannot imagine how anyone

can resolve upon such a step: fly, therefore, from this regrettable engagement rather than court it. Jealousy, formerly unknown to these happy isles, is now coming into fashion. You are acquainted with examples. However brilliant may be the show with which it is sought to dazzle you, do not transform your slave into your tyrant: as long as you preserve your own liberty, you will be mistress of that of others.

"I will furnish you with a recent proof of men's perfidy towards our sex, and of the impunity they experience in all attempts upon our innocence. The Earl of Oxford fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, belonging to the duke's theatre, who performed to perfection. The part of Roxalana,¹⁸ which she acted

¹⁸ All the modern editions of Gramont's *Memoirs*—French and English alike—give the name as "Roxana," but in the original edition of 1713 it is printed "Roxélanc," *Anglice*, Roxalana, thus supporting Malone's conjecture that the actress seduced by the Earl of Oxford was probably Mrs. Frances Davenport, an eminent actress in the Duke of York's company, who was celebrated for her performance of Roxalana in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, in 1662, and of another Roxalana in Lord Orrery's *Mustapha*, in 1665.

Cunningham, in his *Story of Nell Gwyn*, gives some further particulars on this subject, after first pointing out that Roxana is a character in Lee's *Rival Queens*; the *Rival Queens* being brought out at the King's Theatre, not the Duke's, while the actress seduced by the Earl of Oxford belonged, as Hamilton tells us, to the Duke's Theatre. "Mrs. Davenport," says Cunningham, "acted in Dryden's *Maiden Queen* in 1668, but her name is not found in any of the plays performed by the Duke of York's servants after they removed to Dorset Gardens in 1671; and Downes, the prompter of that playhouse, mentions in his quaint language that she was before that time, 'by force of love crept from the stage.'"

"Evelyn notes (Jan. 9, 1661-2):—'I saw acted the third part of the *Siege of Rhodes*. In this acted the fair and famous comedian, called Roxalana, from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's "Misse" (as at this time they began to call lewd women). It was in recitative music.'

"Pepys, as usual, comes in to support the accuracy of his friend and fellow-memorialist:—'Feb. 18, 1661-2. To the Opera and saw *The Law Against Lovers*, a good play and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her the loss of Roxalana would spoil the house. . . . May 19, 1662.

in a new play, brought her into fashion, and she ever after retained that name. This creature being very virtuous, and very modest, or, if you prefer it, wonderfully obstinate, proudly rejected the addresses and presents of the Earl of Oxford. This resistance inflamed his passion: he had recourse to invectives, and even to spells; but all in vain. He could no longer eat or drink; this, however, did not signify; but his passion at length became so violent, that he could neither play nor smoke. In this extremity, Love had recourse to Hymen. The Earl of Oxford, one of the first peers of the realm, is, you know, a handsome man: he is of the order of the Garter, which greatly adds to a naturally noble air. In short, from his appearance, you would suppose he was really possessed of some sense; but as soon as you hear him speak, you realise the contrary. This passionate lover presented her with a promise of marriage, in due form, signed with his own hand: she would not, however, rely upon this, but the next day she thought there could be no danger, when the earl himself came to her attended by a clergyman, and a witness. One of her

To the Opera and there saw the second part of the *Siege of Rhodes*, but it is not so well done as when Roxalana was there, who, it is said, is now owned by my Lord of Oxford. . . . Dec. 27, 1662. With my wife to the Duke's Theatre, and there saw the second part of *Rhodes* done with the new Roxalana, which do it rather better in all respects for person, voice and judgment, than the first Roxalana. . . .

"The new Roxalana was Mrs. Betterton, the old Roxalana—Lord Oxford's 'misse'—either Frances or Elizabeth Davenport; for there were two sisters of that name on the stage of the Duke's Theatre at this time. I suspect, however, that the old Roxalana was the younger sister Betty. The elder was on the stage in 1668:—'April 7, 1668. The eldest Davenport is, it seems, gone to be kept by somebody, which I am glad of, she being a very bad actor.'—*Pepys*.

"It appears from Lilly's *Nativities*, in the Ashmolean Museum, that the Earl of Oxford's son by Roxalana was born April 17, 1664, and Roxalana herself, March 3, 1642."—Appendix to Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwyn*.

friends, an actress, signed the certificate as a witness on her behalf. The marriage was accordingly solemnized in that manner.

“You imagine, perhaps, that the new countess had nothing to do but to get herself presented at Court, to figure there according to her rank, and to display the arms of Oxford upon her carriage. Not at all. When all this came into question, it was found that she was not married : it appeared that the pretended minister was one of my lord's trumpeters, while the witness was his kettle-drummer. The parson and his companion never appeared after the ceremony was over ; and as for the other witness, they endeavoured to persuade her, that the Sultana Roxalana had apparently imagined that she had really been married whilst playing some part or other in a play. It was all to no purpose, that the poor creature claimed the protection of the laws of God and man, violated like herself, by this imposition : in vain did she throw herself at the king's feet to demand justice : she had to rise up again without redress ; and happy might she think herself to receive an annuity of one thousand crowns as dower, and to resume the name of Roxalana, instead of that of Oxford.

“You will say, perhaps, that she was only a player ; that all men have not the same sentiments as the earl ; and, that one may at least believe them, when they do but render justice to the merit of a person as nicely formed as you are. But do not trust them, though I know you are liable to do so, as you have admirers ; for they are not all infatuated with Miss Jennings. The handsome Sidney ogles you ; Lord Rochester delights

to converse with you ; and the very serious Sir Charles Lyttelton loses his natural gravity in favour of your charms. As for the first, I confess that his figure is of a kind to engage the inclinations of a person of your age ; but were his outward form attended with other accomplishments, which I know it is not, and did he even think of you with as serious a motive as he endeavours to persuade you is the case, and as you deserve, still I should not advise you to form any connection with him, for reasons which I cannot tell you at present.

" Sir Charles Lyttelton ¹⁹ is undoubtedly in earnest, since he appears ashamed of the condition to which you have reduced him ; and I really believe, if he could get the better of those vulgar chimerical apprehensions, of being what is vulgarly called a cuckold, the good man would marry you, and you would go and shine in his little government, where you might merrily pass your days in casting up the housekeeping bills, and darning old napkins. What a glory it would be to have a Cato for a husband, whose speeches are full of censure, and whose censure is made up of whimsicalities !

¹⁹ Sir Charles Lyttelton, grandfather of the celebrated Lord Lyttelton, was the seventh son of Thomas Lyttelton, and the brother of Sir Henry Lyttelton, the second baronet. During the civil wars he was at Colchester when that town was besieged by Cromwell. Escaping to France he returned to England in 1659, and took part in Sir George Booth's rising in Cheshire in favour of the king. Made a prisoner on this occasion he was confined in the gatehouse, Westminster, but recovering his liberty, he joined Charles, by whom he was employed on several important secret missions which led to the Restoration. Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, thought highly of him, and in a letter to the Marquis of Ormond, remarks, " I shall not need to desire you to make very much of Charles Lyttelton, who is a very worthy young man, and I pray you oblige him to tell you the pleasant discourse he had with Lord Berkeley," &c. In 1662 Lyttelton was knighted, and soon afterwards went to Jamaica as lieutenant-governor. On his return to England he was appointed colonel of the Duke of York's regiment.

"Lord Rochester is, unquestionably, the most witty and most unprincipled man in all England. He is dangerous to our sex alone ; but that to such a degree, that not a woman gives ear to him three times, but irretrievably loses her reputation. No woman can thoroughly escape him, for he puts her in his writings, should his other attacks be ineffectual ; and in the age we live in, the one is as bad as the other, in the eyes of the public. In the meantime nothing is more dangerous than the artful insinuating manner in which he gains possession of the mind : he applauds your taste, falls in with your sentiments, and although he himself does not say a word of what he really thinks, he makes you believe it all. I dare lay a wager, that from the conversation you have had with him, you have thought him one of the most honourable and sincerest men living. For my part, I cannot imagine what he means by the assiduity he shows you—not but that you are formed in a way to deserve the homage of every one—but were he even so fortunate as to have gained your affections, he would not know what to do with the loveliest creature at Court ; for a long time since his debauches, with the assistance of the favours of all the common street-walkers,²⁰ have reduced him to continence. Sec, then, my dear Temple, what frightful malice possesses him, to seek the ruin and confusion of innocence ! A wretch ! who has no other design in

²⁰ The low character of Rochester's amours is attested by the following anecdote related by Pepys : "To Whitehall . . . and here saw all the ladies and heard the silly discourse of the king with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's having of his clothes stole while he was with a wench, and all his gold gone, but his clothes found afterwards stuffed into a feather bed by the wench that stole them."—*Diary* (Dec. 2, 1668.)

his addresses and assiduities to Miss Temple, but to give a greater air of probability to the calumnies with which he has loaded her. You look at me with astonishment, and seem to doubt the truth of what I advance ; but I do not desire you to believe me without evidence : here," said she, drawing a paper out of her pocket, "see these verses which he made in your praise, whilst lulling your credulity to rest by flattering speeches and feigned respect."

Saying this, the perfidious Hobart showed her friend half a dozen shameful couplets, which Rochester had made against the former maids of honour. It was Miss Price whom he mainly assailed with the most bitter shafts, anatomizing her person in the most hideous manner imaginable. Miss Hobart had merely substituted the name of Temple for that of Price, which she made to agree with both the measure and tune of the song. No more was needed : the credulous Temple no sooner heard her sing the lampoon, but she firmly believed that it had been made upon herself ; and in the first transports of her anger, having nothing so much at heart as to give the lie to the fictions of the poet, she exclaimed :

"Ah! as for this, my dear Hobart, I can bear it no longer : I do not pretend to be so handsome as some others ; but as for the defects that villain charges me with, I dare say, my dear Hobart, there is no woman more free from them than myself : we are alone, and I am almost inclined to give you proof of it."

The complaisant Miss Hobart was quite willing, but, although she soothed her friend's mind by extolling the

beauties, which refuted Lord Rochester's song, Miss Temple was almost driven to distraction by rage and astonishment, that the first man she had ever attended to, should, in his conversation with her, not only have failed to say a single word of truth, but should likewise have the cruelty to falsely accuse her of defects; and not being able to find words capable of expressing her extreme mortification and resentment, she began to weep like one distracted.

Miss Hobart comforted her as affectionately as she was able, and chid her for taking so much to heart the aspersions of a man whose infamy was too well known for such impostures ever to succeed. She however advised her friend never to speak to him any more, for that was the only method of frustrating his designs; and she explained to her that contempt and silence were, on such occasions, much preferable to any explanation, for if he could once obtain a hearing, he would be justified, while she would be ruined.

Miss Hobart was not wrong in giving her this counsel; she knew that an explanation would betray her, and that there would be no quarter for her, if Rochester had such reasonable grounds for renewing his former panegyrics upon her. But her precaution was in vain: this conversation had been heard from one end to the other, by the governess's niece, who had a most faithful memory; and, having that very day an appointment with Lord Rochester, she conned it over three or four times, that she might not forget one single word, when she did herself the honour of repeating it to her lover. We shall see in the next chapter what turn things took.



CHAPTER XI.

Lord Rochester's amour with little Miss Sarah—His scheme to defeat Miss Hobart's designs—Killegrew's artful insinuations to Miss Temple—The Temple and Hobart scandal and rupture—Richard Talbot's passion for the fair Jennings—Mediation of the Chevalier de Gramont between Charles II. and Lady Castlemaine—Infatuation of Miss Jennings for Henry Jermyn—Lord Rochester as a German quack—Miss Price and Miss Jennings start off to visit him disguised as orange-girls—Their adventure with Brounker, pimp-in-chief to the Duke of York.



HE conversation before related was agreeable only to Miss Hobart ; for, if young Miss Temple was entertained with its commencement, she was transported with anger by its conclusion. This indignation was succeeded by curiosity to know for what reason, if Sidney really had some esteem for her, it was not allowable for her to lend him an ear. The tender-hearted Hobart, unable to refuse her any request, promised her this piece of confidence, as soon as she should be sure of her conduct towards Lord Rochester : for this she only desired a trial of her sincerity during three days, after which, so Hobart swore, she would acquaint

her with everything she wished to know. Miss Temple protested that she no longer regarded Lord Rochester otherwise than as a monster of perfidiousness, and vowed, by all that was sacred, that she would never listen to him, much less speak to him, as long as she lived.

As soon as they retired from the closet, Miss Sarah came out of the bath, where, during all this conversation, she had almost perished with cold without daring to complain. This little creature had obtained leave of Miss Hobart's maid to cleanse herself unknown to her mistress; and they between them having, I know not how, found a means to fill one of the baths with cold water, little Sarah had just got into it, when they were alarmed by the arrival of the other two. A glass partition inclosed that part of the room where the baths were, and China silk-curtains, which drew on the inside, screened those who were bathing. Miss Hobart's chambermaid had only just had time to draw these curtains, that the girl might not be seen, to lock the partition door, and to take away the key, before her mistress and Miss Temple came in.

These two sat down on a couch placed against the partition, and Miss Sarah, notwithstanding her alarms, had distinctly heard, and perfectly retained the whole conversation. As the girl had taken all this trouble to cleanse herself on Lord Rochester's account, as soon as she could make her escape, she regained her garret; and Rochester, not failing to climb thither at the appointed hour, was fully informed of all that had passed in the bath-room. He admired the audacious temerity of Hobart, in daring to play such a trick upon him; but,

although he rightly judged that love and jealousy were her motives, he would not excuse her. Little Sarah desired to know whether it was true he had any designs upon Miss Temple, Miss Hobart having said that she was afraid such was the case.

"Can you doubt it," replied he, "since that oracle of sincerity has affirmed it? But then you know I am not capable of profiting by my perfidy, were I even to gain Miss Temple's compliance, since my debauches and the street-walkers have brought me to enforced continence."

The mind of the governess's niece was set at rest by this answer, for she concluded that the first article was not true, since she knew from experience that the latter was false. Lord Rochester resolved to attend the duchess's Court that very evening, to see what reception he would meet with after the fine portrait Miss Hobart had been so kind as to draw of him. Miss Temple did not fail to be there likewise, with the intention of looking at him with the most contemptuous disdain possible. Although she had taken care to dress herself as well as she could, yet as she supposed that the lampoon Miss Hobart had sung to her was in everybody's possession, she was under great embarrassment, lest all those she met should think she was formed as Lord Rochester had described. In the meantime, Miss Hobart kept close to her, not having much confidence in her promises never to speak to him again. Never had Miss Temple appeared so handsome, everybody complimented her; but she received all these civilities with such an air, that her admirers thought she was crazy; for when they commended her shape, her fresh complexion, or her eyes:



John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester

Earl of Rochester

"Pshaw," said she, "it is very well known that I am but a monster, quite differently formed to other women : all that glitters is not gold ; and even though I may receive some compliments in public, they signify nothing."

In vain did Miss Hobart nudge her, she still went on chattering, and as she continued to rail at herself ironically, people were puzzled to comprehend her meaning.

When Lord Rochester came in, she first blushed, then turned pale, made a motion to go towards him, drew back again, pulled her gloves, one after the other, up to the elbow, and after having three times violently flirted her fan, waited until he paid his compliments to her as usual. Then as soon as he began to bow, the beauty wheeled to the right about and turned her back upon him. Rochester only smiled, and desiring that her resentment should be still more remarked, he turned round, and posting himself in front of her :

"Madam," said he, "nothing can be so glorious as to shine forth as you do, after such a fatiguing day. To support a ride of three long hours, and Miss Hobart afterwards, without appearing tired, shows really a very strong constitution."

Miss Temple had naturally a tender look, but she was transported with such violent anger at his having the impudence to speak to her, that he fancied a fire-ball was ignited in each of her eyes when she turned them upon him. Hobart pinched her arm, just as this look was about to be followed by a torrent of reproaches and invectives.

Lord Rochester did not wait for them, and deferring the acknowledgments he owed to Miss Hobart until

another opportunity, he quietly retired. Hobart, who could not imagine that he knew anything of the conversation in the bath-room, was, nevertheless, much alarmed at what he had said ; but Miss Temple, almost choked with the reproaches with which she thought herself able to confound him, and which she had not been able to give vent to, vowed to ease her mind of them at the first opportunity, notwithstanding the promise she had made ; though she would never speak to him again afterwards.

Lord Rochester had a faithful spy near these beauties :¹ this was little Miss Sarah, who, by his advice, and with her aunt's consent, became reconciled to Miss Hobart, the more effectually to betray her. He was informed by this spy, that Miss Hobart's maid, being suspected of having listened to them in the closet, had been sent away ; that Hobart had taken another maid, whom, in all probability, she would not keep long, because, in the first place, she was ugly, and, in the second, she ate the sweetmeats prepared for Miss Temple. Although this intelligence was not very material, Sarah was praised for her attention ; and a few days afterwards, she brought him news of real importance.

Rochester was by her informed, that Miss Hobart and

¹ If Burnet is to be credited, Rochester carried out the spy system on rather a wholesale scale. "He found out," says the bishop, "a footman that knew all the Court ; and he furnished him with a red coat and a musket, as a sentinel, and kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be in intrigues. At the Court, a sentinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards to hinder a combat ; so this man saw who walked about and visited at forbidden hours. By this means Lord Rochester made many discoveries ; and when he was well furnished with materials, he used to retire into the country for a month or two to write libels."—*History of his Own Times*, vol. i., p. 372.

her new favourite proposed taking a walk in the Mall, in the Park, at about nine o'clock in the evening ; they were to change clothes with each other, put on scarfs, and wear black velvet masks. She added, that Miss Hobart had strongly opposed this project, but that she had been obliged to give way at last, Miss Temple having resolved to indulge her fancy.

Upon the strength of this intelligence, Rochester concerted his measures : he went to Killegrew,² complained to him of the trick which Miss Hobart had dared to play him, and desired his assistance in order to be revenged. This was granted, and Rochester having acquainted him with the manner in which he intended to act, and with the part he was to play in this adventure, they went together to the Mall.

Presently appeared our two nymphs in masquerade : their shapes were not very dissimilar, and their faces, which were very unlike, were concealed by their masks. There were but few people in the Park ; and as soon as Miss Temple perceived the two gentlemen at a distance, she quickened her pace in order to join them, with the design, while thus disguised, of reprimanding the perfidious Rochester severely ; but Miss Hobart stopping her, said :

² Rochester and Killegrew, though intimate associates, did not on occasions spare each other. Pepys relates that at a dinner at the Dutch ambassador's "there was that worthy fellow my Lord of Rochester and Tom Killegrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much that he did give Tom Killegrew a box on the ear in the king's presence ; which do give much offence to the people here at Court to see how cheap the king makes himself, and the more for that the king hath not only passed by the thing and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the king did walk publicly up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the king's everlasting shame to have so idle a rogue his companion."—*Diary* (Feb. 17, 1668-9).

"Wherever are you running to? have you a mind to engage in conversation with those two devils, to be exposed to all the insolence and impertinence for which they are so notorious?"

These remonstrances were useless: Miss Temple was resolved to try the experiment; and all that could be obtained from her, was not to answer anything that Rochester might say to her.

They were accosted just as they had done speaking: Rochester fixed upon Hobart, pretending to take her for the other; at which she was overjoyed; but Miss Temple was extremely sorry to find that she had fallen to the share of Killegrew, with whom she had nothing to do. He perceived her dislike, and, pretending to recognize her by her clothes, said:

"Ah! Miss Hobart, be so kind as to look this way if you please: I don't know by what chance you both came here; but I am sure it is very apropos for you, since I have some little advice to give you, as your friend and humble servant."

This beginning raising her curiosity, Miss Temple appeared more inclined to attend to him; and Killegrew perceiving that the other couple had unobserved proceeded some distance from them:

"In the name of God," continued he: "what do you mean by railing so against Lord Rochester, whom you know to be one of the most honourable men at Court, and whom you have nevertheless described as the greatest villain, to the person whom of all others he esteems and respects the most? What do you think would become of you, if he knew that you had made Miss



Rev. J. Lely, pin.

Thomas Killegrew

Temple believe that she is the person alluded to in a certain song, which you know as well as myself was made upon that fat Miss Price, above a year before the fair Temple was heard of? Be not surprised that I know so much of the matter; but pay a little attention, I pray you, to what I am now going to tell you out of pure friendship.

"Your passion and inclinations for Miss Temple are known to every one but herself; for whatever methods you may have used to impose upon her innocence, the world does her the justice to believe that she would treat you as Lady Falmouth did, if she knew, poor girl, the wicked designs you had upon her: I caution you, therefore, against carrying matters any further with a person who is too well conducted to consent: I advise you likewise to take your maid back again, in order to silence her scandalous tongue; for she says everywhere that she is with child, attributes her condition to you, and accuses you of behaving towards her with the blackest ingratitude, upon trifling suspicions only. You know very well that these are no stories of my own invention; but so that you may not doubt my having heard all this from her own lips, she has told me of your conversation in the bath-room, of the characters you there drew of the principal men at Court, of your artful malice in applying so improperly some scandalous verses to one of the loveliest women in England; and in what manner poor Miss Temple fell into the snare you had laid for her, in view of justifying her charms.

"But that which might be of the most fatal consequences to you in respect to that long conversation, is that

you revealed certain secrets, which, in all probability, the duchess did not intrust you with, to be imparted to the maids of honour. Reflect upon this, and do not neglect to make some reparation to Sir Charles Lyttelton, for the ridicule with which you were pleased to load him. I know not whether he had his information from your maid, but I am well aware that he has sworn he will be revenged, and he is a man who keeps his word ; for, so that you may not be deceived by his stoic-like look, and judge-like gravity, I will inform you, that he is the most passionate man living. Indeed, these invectives of yours were horrible ! He says that it just suits a wretch like yourself to vilify gentlemen out of jealousy ; that if you persist in such conduct, he will complain of you ; that if her royal highness will not do him justice, he is determined to do himself justice, to run you through the body with his sword, though you were even in Miss Temple's arms ; and that it is most scandalous that all the maids of honour should get into your hands before they can look around them.

"There, madam, is what I thought it my duty to acquaint you with : you are better able to judge than myself, whether what I have told you be true, and I leave it to your own discretion to make what use you think proper of my advice ; but were I in your situation, I would endeavour to reconcile Lord Rochester and Miss Temple. Once more, be careful lest he should learn that you have abused this girl's innocence in order to blacken him ; and do not estrange from her a man who tenderly loves her, and who—his probity being so great—would certainly have refrained from casting

eyes upon her, if his intention had not been to make her his wife."

Miss Temple had strictly kept her promise of silence during this discourse: she was not able to fail in it, being so completely possessed by astonishment and confusion.

Miss Hobart and Lord Rochester came up to her, while she was still in amazement at the wonders she had just heard; things which, in her opinion, were almost incredible, though she could not help believing them upon examining all the circumstances. Never was there perplexity equal to that which filled her brain after the foregoing recital.

Rochester and Killegrew took their leave before she recovered from her surprise; but as soon as she had somewhat regained her senses, she hastened back to St. James's, without answering anything the other said to her; and having locked herself up in her chamber, the first thing she did was to promptly strip off Miss Hobart's clothes, lest she should be contaminated by their touch. After what she had been told concerning her friend, she looked upon her as a monster, who, of whatever sex she might be, threatened the innocence of the fair sex; she blushed at the familiarities she had been drawn into with a creature, whose maid was with child though she never had been in any other service but hers. She therefore returned her all her clothes, requested that her own might be given back, and resolved to never more have any connection with her.

On the other hand, Miss Hobart, who supposed that Killegrew had mistaken Miss Temple for her, could

not comprehend what caused her to give herself such surprising airs, since this conversation ; and desiring to elucidate the matter, she made Miss Temple's maid remain in her apartments, and went to Miss Temple in person, instead of sending back her clothes. Desiring to surprise her by some little act of friendship before they entered upon explanations, she slipped softly into her chamber, just as she was about to change her linen, and embraced her. Miss Temple found herself in Hobart's arms almost before she had caught sight of her, and everything that Killegrew had said to her but a short time previously presented itself to her imagination : she fancied that Miss Hobart had the looks of a satyr, and that her eager attentions were of a yet more odious character ; and disengaging herself with indignation from her arms, she began to raise terrible shrieks, calling both heaven and earth to her assistance.

The first who came in response to this alarm, were the governess and her niece. It was near twelve o'clock at night : Miss Temple in her shift, almost frightened to death, was with horror repulsing Miss Hobart, who approached her with no other intent than to know the occasion of her transports. As soon as the governess saw this scene, she began to abuse Miss Hobart with all the eloquence of a real duenna : she demanded of her, whether she thought it was for her that her royal highness kept the maids of honour ? whether she was not ashamed to come at such an unseasonable time of night into their very apartments to commit such acts of violence ? and she swore that she would, the very next day, complain to the duchess. All this confirmed Miss



Temple in her mistaken notions ; and Hobart was at last obliged to go away without being able to make these creatures whom she believed either distracted or mad, listen to reason. The next day Miss Sarah did not fail to relate this adventure to her lover, telling him how Miss Temple's cries had alarmed everyone in the apartments of the maids of honour, and how herself and her aunt, running to her assistance, had almost surprised Miss Hobart in the very act.

Two days afterwards, the whole adventure, with the addition of several embellishments, was made public : the governess swore to the truth of it, and related on all sides what a narrow escape Miss Temple's chastity had experienced ; and how Miss Sarah, her niece, had only preserved her honour, because, by Lord Rochester's excellent advice, she had long previously forbidden her all manner of connection with so dangerous a person. Miss Temple was afterwards informed, that the verses that had so greatly provoked her, had never been written for anyone save Miss Price. She was assured of this by everybody, and this trickery on Miss Hobart's part filled her with fresh horror. Such great coolness after so much familiarity, made many believe that the adventure was not altogether fictitious.

This was sufficient to disgrace Miss Hobart at Court, and totally ruin her reputation in London ; but the duchess supported her, as she had done upon a former occasion, treating the whole story as a delusion, or a piece of slander, chiding Miss Temple for her impertinent credulity, dismissing the governess and her niece, for the lies with which they supported the imposture ;

and doing a number of unjust things in order to re-establish Miss Hobart's honour, which purpose she failed, however, in accomplishing. She had her reasons for not abandoning Miss Hobart, as will appear in the sequel.

Miss Temple, who did not cease to reproach herself with injustice, with respect to Lord Rochester, and who, upon the faith of Killegrew's word, thought him the most honourable man in England, was desirous of finding some opportunity of easing her mind, by making him some reparation for the rigour with which she had treated him. These favourable dispositions, as regards a man of his character, might have led to consequences of which she was not aware; but heaven did not allow him an opportunity of profiting by them.

Ever since he had been at Court, he had seldom failed to be banished from it, at least once in the year; for, as soon as ever a word came to the tip of his tongue or his pen, he committed it to paper, or produced it in conversation, without any regard for the consequences. The ministers, the royal mistresses, and indeed frequently the king himself, were the subjects of his sarcasms³; and if he had not had to deal with the kindest hearted prince that

³ One of the satires on the king for which Rochester was banished the Court is given in *The Works of Rochester and Roscommon*, published by Curll. 3rd edit. 1709. Burnet says of Rochester that "once, being drunk, he intended to give the king a libel he had writ on some ladies, but, by mistake, he gave him one written on himself."

"In the isle of Great Britain long
since famous known
For breeding the best ——— in
Christendom,
There reigns, and long may he reign
and thrive,
The easiest prince and best bred
man alive;

Him no ambition moves to seek
renown, [and down,
Like the French fool to wander up
Starving his subjects, hazarding his
crown;
Nor are his high desires above his
strength, [length-
His sceptre and his — are of

ever was, his first disgrace would certainly have been his last.

Just at the time when Miss Temple was desirous of seeing him, in order to apologize for the worry which the black aspersions of Miss Hobart had occasioned to both of them, he was forbidden the Court for the third time. He departed without having seen Miss Temple, carried the disgraced governess with him to his country seat, and exerted his endeavours to cultivate in her niece some dispositions which she had for the stage; and although he did not succeed so well in this respect as in his other instructions, still, the next winter, after he had entertained her with her aunt for some months in the country, he got her entered in the king's company; and the public was indebted to him for the prettiest, but, at the same time, the worst actress in the kingdom.⁴

And she that plays with one may
sway the other,
And make him little wiser than his
brother.
I hate all monarchs and the thrones
they sit on,
From the Hector of France to the
Cully of Britain.
Poor Prince, thy —, like the buf-
foons at court,
It governs thee, because it makes
the sport.
Tho' safety, law, religion, life lay
on't,
'Twill break thro' all to make its
way to —.
Restless he rolls about from whore
to whore,
A merry monarch, scandalous and
poor.

To Carewell [Keroualle], the most
dear of all thy dears,
The sure relief of thy declining
years,
Oft he bewails his fortune and her
fate,
To love so well and to be loved so
late.
For when in her he settles well
his —,
Yet his dull graceless buttocks hang
an —.
This you'd believe, had I but time
to tell ye
The pain it costs to poor laborious
Nelly,

.
."

⁴ Cunningham observes that the annotators of the Gramont Memoirs assert that the actress here referred to was "Mrs. Barry, the 'famous Mrs. Barry' as she was called. Surely," he says, "the description is not at all applicable to Mrs. Barry, who was so far from being the prettiest and

Talbot returned from Ireland whilst these things were happening at Court and found Miss Hamilton absent. She was then in the country with a relation, whom we shall mention hereafter. A remnant of his former tenderness for her still subsisted in his heart, notwithstanding his absence, and the promises he had given the Chevalier de Gramont at parting. He now therefore endeavoured to banish her entirely from his thoughts, by fixing his desires upon some other object whilst she was away, but he saw no one in the queen's new Court whom he thought worthy of his attention. Miss Boynton, however, thought him worthy of hers.⁵ Her person was slender and delicate, and a good complexion, and large motionless eyes, gave her at a distance an appearance

the worst actress that she was the ugliest and the best. Look at her portrait at Hampton Court in Kneller's large picture of King William on horseback! She was anything but pretty. 'And yet this fine creature,' says Tony Aston, 'was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side, which she strove to draw in t'other way,'—a very indifferent account of 'the prettiest actress.' But let us come to dates. When was Mrs. Barry born? She departed this life, her monument at Acton tells us, on Nov. 7, 1713, aged fifty-five years. She was consequently born in 1658, and was only *eleven* years old in 1669, the date of the last event mentioned in the Gramont Memoirs. Now Mrs. Barry came first upon the stage, there is every reason to believe, in 1674 (*Genest's History of the Stage*, i. 157), and the events in the Gramont Memoirs may all be said to have taken place prior to October, 1669. Mrs. Barry's name was Elizabeth, not Sarah; 'Miss Sarah,' therefore, was not Mrs. Barry. Who then was she? Why unquestionably Sarah Cooke, an actress at the King's House, who spoke the prologue on the first night of Rochester's *Valentinian*, and the new prologue on the second night. She seems to have been but an indifferent actress, and her parts were generally restricted to prologues and epilogues. She is mentioned in the *State Poems* (vol. ii. p. 136); by Dryden in a letter to Tonson; and by Sir George Etherege, not very decently, in a MS. letter now before me (Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus. No. 11,513). Count Hamilton is not inexact in his chronology, it is his annotators who are wrong."—Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwyn*.

⁵ This lady was daughter of Matthew Boynton, second son of Sir Matthew Boynton, of Barnston, Yorkshire. Her sister married the celebrated Earl of Roscommon, and she herself married Richard Talbot, as will be seen in the sequel to the present work.

of beauty, which vanished upon closer inspection. She affected to lisp, to languish, and to have two or three fainting-fits a day, and the first time that Talbot cast his eyes upon her, she was seized with one of these fits. He was given to understand that she had swooned away upon his account: he believed it, and eagerly offered her assistance; and ever after that accident, assumed a kindly air when he was near her, more with the intention of saving her life, than to express any affection he felt for her. This seeming tenderness was well received, and indeed she had at the very first been greatly struck with him. Talbot was one of the tallest men in England, and in all appearance one of the most robust; yet she showed sufficiently, that she was willing to expose her delicate constitution to whatever might happen, in order to become his wife; which event, perhaps, might then have taken place, as it did afterwards, had not the charms of the fair Jennings proved an obstacle for the time being.

I know not how it was that he had not yet seen Miss Jennings. He had, however, often heard her spoken of, and her prudence, wit, and vivacity equally commended. He believed all this upon the faith of common report, but thought it very singular that discretion and sprightliness should be so intimately united in so young a person, more particularly in the midst of a Court where love and gallantry were so much in fashion. However, he soon found that all that was reported of the charms of her person was greatly below the truth.

It was not long before he perceived that he was in love, nor was it long before he made a declaration of his

passion. As this was likely enough to be real, Miss Jennings thought she might believe him, without exposing herself to the imputation of vanity. Talbot was possessed of some brilliancy, he had a handsome exterior, and there was a deal of nobility, not to say majesty, in his manners. Besides this, he was distinguished by the favour of the duke ; but his most essential merit, with Miss Jennings, was his couple of thousand pounds a year in landed property, in addition to the benefactions of his master.⁶ All these qualities came within the rules and maxims which she had resolved to follow with respect to lovers : thus, although he did not find her sentiments altogether declared in his favour, he had at least the glory of being better received than those who had come forward before him.

Nobody attempted to thwart his happiness ; and Miss Jennings perceiving that the duchess approved of Talbot's pretensions, consulted her own inclinations, and realised that though she could marry him without reluctance, this was all she could do for his service, and that her reason was more favourable to him than her heart.

Talbot, too well pleased at a preference which nobody

⁶ In Andrew Marvel's *Advice to a Painter*, allusion is made to Talbot in the following terms :—

<p>“ Next Talbot must by his great master stand, Laden with folly, flesh and ill-got land : He's of a size, indeed, to fill a porch, But ne'er can make a pillar of the church ;</p>	<p>His sword is all his argument, not his book, Altho' no scholar, he can act the cook ; And will cut throats again if he be paid ; In th' Irish shambles he first learnt the trade.”</p>
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—*State Poems*, vol. i. p. 89.

Saint-Evremond, in a letter to the Duchess Mazarin, speaks of “ that tall Talbot as the most jovial of men.”



Miss Jennings.

else had experienced, did not examine whether it was to her heart, or to her head, that he was indebted for it, but only thought of hastening the accomplishment of his desires. One would have sworn that the happy minute was at hand ; but Love would no longer be Love, if he did not delight in delaying the felicity or upsetting the fortunes of those who live under his dominion.

Talbot, who found nothing to object to either in the person, conversation, or reputation of Miss Jennings, was however rather concerned at a new acquaintance she had lately formed ; and having taken upon himself to give her a little advice upon this subject, he had occasion to regret it.

Miss Price, the maid of honour, who was dismissed, as we have before mentioned, had upon leaving the duchess's service, placed herself under Lady Castlemaine's protection. She had a very entertaining wit : her complaisance was adapted to all humours, and her own humour was possessed of a fund of gaiety, which diffused merriment wherever she went. Her acquaintance with Miss Jennings was prior to Talbot's.

As she was acquainted with all the intrigues of the Court, she not unnaturally related them to Miss Jennings, and her own with the same frankness as the others. Miss Jennings was delighted with her stories ; for though she was determined to make no experiment in love, save upon honourable terms, she was not sorry to learn, from all these stories, how an intrigue was carried on. Thus, as she never wearied of Miss Price's conversation, she was delighted whenever she could see her.

Talbot, who remarked the extreme partiality she had for Miss Price's company, thought that the reputation this woman had in the world might prove injurious to his mistress, more especially from the particular intimacy between them. For this reason, in the tone of a guardian rather than that of a lover, he took upon himself to chide her for the disreputable company she kept.

Miss Jennings was haughty beyond conception, when once she took it into her head to be so; and as she liked Miss Price's conversation far better than she liked Talbot's, she took the liberty of desiring him to attend to his own affairs, saying that if he had only come from Ireland to give her lessons about her conduct, he might take the trouble to go back again as soon as he pleased. He was offended at a sally which he thought ill-timed, considering the situation of affairs between them: and leaving her presence more abruptly than was in keeping with the respectful demeanour of a deeply enamoured suitor, he for some time played the proud one, but to no avail. Perceiving that he gained nothing by it, he grew weary of acting this part, and assumed that of an humble lover, in which he was equally unsuccessful. Neither his repentance nor submissions could produce any effect upon Miss Jennings, and the refractory little thing was still sulking when Jermyn returned to Court.

It was above a year since he had triumphed over the weakness of Lady Castlemaine, and above two since the king had been weary of his triumphs. His uncle, being one of the first who perceived the king's disgust, had obliged him to absent himself from Court, at the very time when orders were about to be issued for that purpose;

for although his majesty now only showed a certain regard for Lady Castlemaine, yet he did not think it consistent with his dignity, that a mistress, whom he had honoured with public distinction, and who still figured for somewhat considerable items in his expenditure, should appear chained to the car of the most ridiculous conqueror that ever existed. The king had frequently expostulated with the beauty upon this subject, but always fruitlessly, and it was during the last of these disputes that he advised her rather to bestow her favours upon Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, who was able to return them, than lavish her money upon Jermyn to no purpose, since it would be more honourable for her to pass for the mistress of the first, than for the very humble servant of the other. Lady Castlemaine was not proof against the king's raillery. The impetuosity of her temper broke forth like lightning.⁷ She told him, "that

⁷ On July 29, 1667, Pepys being at Whitehall and looking into the garden, saw the king in one walk and my Lady Castlemaine in another, led by Bab May [Baptist May, keeper of the king's privy purse]; "at which," says Pepys, "I was surprised, having but newly heard the stories of the king and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the king to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the king says he did not get it: with that she made a slighting pooh! with her mouth and went out of the house, and never came in again till the king went to Sir Daniel Harvey's to pray her: and so she is come to-day, when one would think his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a parliament with so much discontent and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the king that whoever did get it, he should own it. And the bottom of the quarrel is this:—she is fallen in love with young Jermyn, who hath of late been with her oftener than the king, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth [this was an error, Lady Falmouth married the Earl of Dorset]. The king is mad at her entertaining Jermyn, and she is mad at Jermyn's going to marry from her: so they are all mad, and thus the kingdom is governed."

A few days afterwards, Aug. 7, Pepys notes: "Though the king and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at Whitehall, but at Sir D. Harvey's, whither the king goes to her; and he says she made

it very ill became him to cast such reproaches at the woman, who, of all England, the least deserved them; that he had never ceased quarrelling thus unjustly with her, ever since he had betrayed his own low inclinations; that to gratify such a depraved taste as his, he only wanted such silly things as Stewart, Wells, and that beggarly little actress,⁸ whom he had lately introduced into their society." Tears of rage generally attended these storms; after which, the countess resuming the part of Medea, the scene closed with threats of tearing her children in pieces, and setting his palace on fire. What course could he pursue with such an outrageous fury, who, beautiful as she was, resembled Medea less than her dragons, when she was thus enraged!

The good-hearted monarch loved peace; and as he seldom contended for it, on these occasions, without paying something to obtain it, it was necessary for him to go to great expense in order to reconcile this last rupture. As they could not agree of themselves, and both parties equally complained, the Chevalier de Gramont was by mutual consent chosen as mediator of the treaty. The grievances and pretensions on each side were communicated to him, and, what is very extraordinary, he found the means of contenting them both. Here follow the articles of peace, which they agreed to:

"That Lady Castlemaine should abandon Jermyn; that as a proof of his disgrace, she should consent to his being sent, for some time, into the country; that she

him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so; and that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hectorcd him out of his wits."—*Diary*.

⁸ Conjectured to be Nell Gwyn.

should not rail any more respecting Miss Wells, nor storm any more respecting Miss Stewart; and this without the king having in any way to modify his behaviour towards her: that in consideration of these condescensions, his majesty should immediately give her the title of duchess, with all the honours and privileges thereunto belonging, and an addition to her pension, to enable her to support the dignity."⁹

As soon as this peace was proclaimed, the critics—there are always persons who criticize State proceedings—pretended that the mediator of this treaty, being every day at play with Lady Castlemaine, and never losing, had, for his own sake, insisted a little too strongly upon this last article.

Some days afterwards Lady Castlemaine was created Duchess of Cleveland, and little Jermyn repaired to his country-seat. However, it was in his power to have returned in a fortnight; for the Chevalier de Gramont, having procured the king's permission, carried it to the old Earl of St. Albans: this revived the latter; but it

⁹ The title of Duchess of Cleveland was conferred on Lady Castlemaine August 3, 1670, about ten months subsequent to Gramont's return to France after his marriage. The greater the straits the king was in, owing to the extravagances of his mistresses, the more exacting Lady Castlemaine appears to have become. Pepys mentions having been told by Mr. Povy, one of the commissioners for the affairs of Tangiers, that "the king hath not greater enemies in the world than those of his own family [*i.e.*, his household], for there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying of them bread." Pepys had previously heard from Mr. Pierce, the Duke of York's surgeon, that "some of the best parts of the queen's jointure are contrary to faith and against the opinion of my Lord Treasurer and his council, bestowed or rented, I know not how, to my Lord Fitzhardinge and Mrs. Stewart and others of that crew;" and had also been informed by Sir Thomas Crewe that the queen had apprised the committee of parliament that of the £40,000 per annum charged to her account she had only received £4000.—*Diary*.

was to no purpose that he transmitted the permission to his nephew; for whether the latter wished to make the London beauties deplore his absence, or whether he wished them to declaim against the injustice of the age, and the tyranny of the sovereign, he continued above half a year in the country, setting up for a little philosopher, under the eyes of the sportsmen in the neighbourhood, who regarded him as an extraordinary instance of the caprice of fortune. He thought the part he acted so glorious, that he would have continued there much longer had he not heard of Miss Jennings. He did not pay much attention to what was written to him concerning her charms, being persuaded he had seen as great in others. He was more affected by what was related of her pride and resistance. This pride seemed worthy of his wrath; and quitting his retreat to subdue her, he arrived in London at the time when Talbot, who was reasonably in love, had quarrelled, in his opinion, so unreasonably with Miss Jennings.

She had heard Jermyn spoken of, as a hero in affairs of love. Miss Price, in relating to her the adventures of the Duchess of Cleveland, had often mentioned him, without in any respect diminishing the insignificance with which fame insinuated he had conducted himself in those amorous encounters. This, however, did not prevent Miss Jennings from having the greatest curiosity to see a man, whose entire person, she thought, must be a moving trophy of the favours and freedoms of the fair sex.

Jermyn arrived then to satisfy her curiosity by his presence; and although his brilliancy appeared a little

tarnished, by his residence in the country ; although his head seemed larger, and his legs more slender than usual, yet Jennings with her little pate thought she had never seen any man so perfect ; and yielding to her destiny, she fell in love with him, a thousand times more unaccountably than all the others had done before her. Everybody remarked this with surprise ; for they expected something better from the delicacy of a person, who had so far shown herself somewhat difficult to please.

Jermyn was not surprised at this conquest, though he was somewhat sensible to it ; for his heart very soon had as great a share in the affair as his vanity. Talbot, who saw with amazement the rapidity of this triumph, and the disgrace of his own defeat, was ready to die of jealousy and mortification ; yet he thought it would be more to his credit to die, than to vent those passions unprofitably ; and assuming a feigned indifference, he kept at a distance to view how far such an extravagant prepossession would proceed.

In the meantime, Jermyn quietly enjoyed the happiness of seeing the inclinations of the prettiest and most extraordinary creature in England declared in his favour. The duchess, who had taken Miss Jennings under her protection since she had declined placing herself under that of the duke, sounded Jermyn's intentions towards her, and was satisfied with the assurances she received from a man, whose probity infinitely exceeded his merit in love. He therefore let all the Court see that he was willing to marry Miss Jennings, though he was not anxious to press for the consummation. Everybody complimented

her upon having reduced the terror of husbands, and the plague of lovers to this situation ; the Court was in expectation of this miracle, and little Miss Jennings of a near approaching happy settlement ; but in this world one must have fortune in one's favour, before relying with certainty upon happiness.

The king was not accustomed to let Lord Rochester remain so long in exile. His lordship grew weary of it, and being displeased that he was forgotten, he repaired straight to London to wait there till it might be his majesty's pleasure to recall him.¹⁰

He first took up his residence in what is called the city, where the capital tradesmen and rich merchants dwell ; where politeness indeed is not so much cultivated as at Court, but where pleasure, luxury, and abundance reign with less confusion, and more sincerity. His first design was merely to get initiated into the mysteries of those fortunate inhabitants ; that is to say, by changing his name and dress, to gain admittance to their feasts and entertainments ; and, as occasion offered, to those of their spouses. As he was able to adapt himself to all capacities and humours, he soon insinuated him-

¹⁰ Saint-Evremond, in a memoir of Rochester dedicated to the Duchess Mazarin and inserted in *The Works of the Earls of Rochester and Roxborough*, relates that on one occasion when Rochester had been banished from Court, he and the Duke of Buckingham took an inn on the New-market road and kept open house there, entertaining all the farmers of the vicinity, with the object of delauding their wives and daughters. Rochester, having successfully paid his addresses to the young wife of an old miser living in the district, persuaded her to leave her home in her husband's absence. She went off with him, after prudently appropriating the old man's hoard, and on arriving at the inn Rochester took her upstairs and put her to bed with his friend, the Duke of Buckingham, she being nothing loth. In the meanwhile the husband returned home, and finding both his wife and his money gone, hanged himself in despair.

self into the esteem of the substantial wealthy aldermen, and into the affections of their magnificent and tender ladies : he made one at all their feasts, and at all their assemblies ; and, whilst in the company of the husbands he declaimed against the faults and weaknesses of the government, he joined the wives in railing against the profligacy of the Court ladies, and in inveighing against the king's mistresses. He agreed with them, that the poor people had to pay for these cursed extravagances ; that the city beauties were quite equal to those of the other end of London, and yet a sober husband in this quarter of the town was very well satisfied with one wife ; after which, to out-do their murmurings, he said, that he wondered why the thunderbolts of heaven had not yet fallen on Whitehall, since such rakes as Rochester, Killgrew, and Sidney were suffered there, who had the impudence to assert, that all the married men in London were cuckolds, and all their wives painted. This conduct endeared him so much to the cits, and made him so welcome at all their gatherings, that at last he grew weary of their cramming and their assiduities.

However, instead of approaching the neighbourhood of the Court, he buried himself in the most distant retreats of the city ; and it was there that, again changing both his name and his dress, in order to act a new part, he caused bills to be dispersed, stating that a few days previously there had arrived a German doctor, possessed of "wonderful secrets, and infallible remedies."¹¹

¹¹ Bishop Burnet confirms this account. "Rochester being under an unlucky accident, which obliged him to keep out of the way, he disguised himself so, that his nearest friends could not have known him, and set up in Tower-street for an Italian mountebank, where he practised physic for

His secrets consisted in knowing what was past, and foretelling what was to come, by the assistance of astrology; and the virtue of his remedies consisted principally in giving speedy relief to unfortunate young women in all manner of diseases, and all kinds of accidents incident to the fair sex, either from too unbounded charity to their neighbours, or too great indulgence to themselves.

His first patients, who only belonged to the neighbourhood, were not very numerous; but his reputation soon extending to the other end of the town, there presently flocked to him the abigails of the Court, the chambermaids of ladies of quality, who, upon the wonders they related concerning the German doctor, were followed by some of their mistresses.

Among witty writings of minor importance none were ever so pleasant or so full of fire as those of Lord Rochester; and, of all his works, the most ingenious and entertaining is that which contains a detail of all the intrigues and adventures which came to his knowledge, while he was professing medicine and astrology in the suburbs of London.

The fair Jennings was very near getting a place in this collection; and the adventure that saved her from

some weeks, not without success."—*Life of Rochester*, p. 14. For the contents of the hand bill referred to by Hamilton, see Appendix, note E.

Cunningham observes (*Story of Nell Gwyn*) that the precise time is not known "when Rochester assumed the part of Alexander Bendo, and issued his bill detailing what he had done and what he could do; but there is reason to believe that it was before May 26, 1665, when he ran off with the heiress whom he subsequently married some time prior to Feb. 4, 1666-7, when Pepys records his seeing them at Court as man and wife. Hamilton connects the two events—Rochester's city residence and Miss Jennings and Miss Price's disguise as orange-girls. Pepys is silent about the German doctor, but Miss Jennings's adventure did not escape him." See *post*, p. 136, note 12.

it, did not prevent the public from learning at a later stage that she had intended to pay a visit to the German doctor.

The first chambermaids who consulted him were none others than those of the maids of honour; who had numberless questions to ask, and not a few doubts to be solved, both upon their own and their mistresses' accounts. In vain did they disguise themselves, he recognized some of them, particularly Miss Temple's and Miss Price's maids, and the girl whom Miss Hobart had lately dismissed: these creatures all returned filled either with amazement, or with fright. Miss Temple's chambermaid deposed, that he had assured her, she would have the small-pox, and her mistress the great, within two months at the farthest, if her aforesaid mistress did not put herself on her guard against a man in woman's clothes. Miss Price's abigail affirmed, that, without knowing her, and after merely looking in her hand, he had at once told her that, according to the course of the stars, he perceived she was in the service of some good-natured lady, who had no other fault than that of loving wine and men. In short, every one of them, struck with some particular circumstance relating to their own private affairs, had either alarmed or diverted their mistresses with the several accounts they gave, not failing, according to custom, to embellish the truth, in order to enhance the wonder.

Miss Price related these circumstances one day to her new friend, and the devil immediately tempted the latter to go in person, and see what sort of a creature this new magician was. This enterprise was very thoughtless;

but it was less thoughtless than Miss Jennings, who imagined that a woman might despise appearances, provided she really remained virtuous. Miss Price was all compliance, and thus having come to this fine resolution, they only thought of the proper means of putting it into execution.

It was very difficult for Miss Jennings to disguise herself, on account of her excessively fair and bright complexion, and of something particular in her air and manner. However, after having well considered the matter, the best disguise they could think of was to dress themselves like the girls who sell oranges in the theatres and the public promenades. This was soon managed: they attired themselves alike, they each took a basket of oranges, and having embarked in a hackney-coach, they committed themselves to fortune, without any other escort than their own caprice and indiscretion.¹²

¹² Pepys has a few lines with reference to this incident: "Feb. 21, 1664-5. My Lady Sandwich tells me what mad freaks the maids of honour at Court have: that Mrs. Jennings, one of the duchess's maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench and went up and down and cried oranges, till falling down or by some accident her fine shoes were discerned, and she put to a great deal of shame."—*Diary*.

It will be remarked (see *post*, p. 141) that Brounker was "surprised to notice that they had much better shoes and stockings than women of that class generally wear, and that the little orange girl, in getting out of a very high coach, showed one of the handsomest legs ever seen."

Frolics of a similar description seem to have been not unfrequent among people of rank about this period. Burnet tells us how that "the Court fell into much extravagance in masquerading: both the king and queen, and all the Court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there, with a great deal of wild frolic. In all this people were so disguised, that, without being in the secret, none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney-chairs. Once the queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney-coach; some say in a cart."—*History of his Own Time*, vol. i. p. 368.

The duchess had gone to the play with her sister : Miss Jennings had excused herself under pretence of indisposition. She was basking in delight, seeing how happily their adventure had begun, for they had disguised themselves, crossed the park, and taken their hackney-coach at Whitehall-gate, without the least accident. They mutually congratulated each other upon it, and Miss Price, taking so prosperous a beginning as a good omen of their success, asked her companion what they were to do at the fortune-teller's, and what they should propose to him.

Miss Jennings told her, that, for her part, curiosity was her principal inducement in going thither ; that, however, she was resolved to ask him, without naming anyone, why a man, who was in love with a somewhat handsome young lady, did not hasten to marry her, since it must be somewhat pleasant to do so and he was quite his own master. Miss Price told her, smiling, that without going to the astrologer, nothing was easier than to explain the enigma, as she herself had almost given her a solution of it, in the narrative of the Duchess of Cleveland's adventures.

At this point of their conversation they were rather near to the play-house, and Miss Price, after a moment's reflection, said, that since fortune favoured them, a fair opportunity was now offered to signalize their courage, which was to go and sell their oranges in the very play-house, in the sight of the duchess and the whole Court. The proposal being worthy of the sentiments of the one, and of the vivacity of the other, they immediately alighted, paid off their hack, and, gliding past

an immense number of coaches, with great difficulty reached the play-house door. Sidney, more handsome than the beautiful Adonis, and dressed more elegantly than usual, was just then alighting from his coach : Miss Price rashly went up to him, as he was adjusting his curls ; but he was too much occupied with himself to attend to her, and so passed on without deigning to give her an answer. Killegrew was the next to alight, and the fair Jennings, partly encouraged by the other's pertness, advanced towards him, and offered him her basket, whilst Price, more used to the language, desired him to buy her fine oranges.

"Not now," said he, looking at them with attention ; "but if you will bring this young girl to my lodgings to-morrow morning, I will make it worth all the oranges in London to you ;" and while he thus spoke to the one, he chucked the other under the chin, and slightly explored her bosom.

These familiarities making little Jennings forget the part she was acting, after pushing him away with all the violence she was capable of, she told him indignantly that it was very insolent to dare ——

"Ha ! ha !" exclaimed he, "here's a rarity indeed ! a little whore, who, the better to sell her goods, sets up for virtue and pretends innocence !"

Price immediately perceived that nothing could be gained by continuing any longer in so dangerous a place ; and taking her companion under the arm, she dragged her away, whilst she was still in agitation at the insult that had been offered to her pride.

Miss Jennings, resolving to sell no more oranges on



these terms, was tempted to return home, without accomplishing the other adventure ; but Price having represented to her the disgrace of such cowardly behaviour, after having manifested so much resolution, she consented to go and pay the astrologer a short visit, so that they might regain the palace before the play was ended.

They had one of the doctor's bills for a direction, but there was no occasion to use it, as the driver of the coach they had taken told them that he knew very well the place they wanted, for he had already carried above a hundred persons to the German doctor's. They were within half a street of his house, when fortune turned her back upon them.

Brounker had dined by chance with a merchant in that part of the city, and was just going away, when they ordered their coach to stop ; they were directly opposite to him. Two orange-girls in a hackney-coach, one of whom appeared to have a very pretty face, immediately drew his attention ; besides, he had a natural curiosity for such objects.

Of all the men at Court, it was he that had the least regard for the fair sex, and the least mercy for their reputation. He was not young, nor was his person agreeable ; however, with a great deal of wit, he had a violent passion for women. He did himself justice respecting his own merit ; and, being persuaded that he could only succeed with those who were desirous of having his money, he was at open war with all the rest. He had a little country house, always stocked with girls, four or five miles from London. In other respects he

was a very honourable worthy man, and the best chess-player in the kingdom.¹³

Price, alarmed at the attention with which they were examined by the most dangerous enemy they could encounter, turned her head the other way, bade her companion do the same, and told the coachman to drive on. Brounker followed them unperceived on foot; and

¹³ Henry Brounker, the brother of Viscount Brounker, president of the Royal Society, was gentleman of the chamber to the Duke of York. Lord Clarendon asserts that he was the cause of the great sea-fight, in 1665, not being so well improved as it might have been, and adds, "Nor did the duke come to hear of it till some years after, when Mr. Brounker's ill course of life, and his abominable nature, had rendered him so odious, that it was taken notice of in parliament, and, upon examination, found to be true, as is here related; upon which he was expelled the House of Commons, whereof he was a member, as an infamous person, though his friend Coventry adhered to him, and used many indirect acts to have protected him, and afterwards procured him to have more countenance from the king than most men thought he deserved; being a person, throughout his whole life, never notorious for anything but the highest degree of impudence, and stooping to the most infamous offices, and playing very well at chess, which preferred him more than the most virtuous qualities could have done."—Clarendon: *Continuation of Life*, p. 270.

Mr. Povy, one of the commissioners for the affairs of Tangiers, speaking to Pepys respecting the Duke of York's amours, and how he had known the duke's mistresses to be brought through the matted gallery at Whitehall into his closet, and the duke to have come out of his wife's bed and gone to others laid in bed for him, told Pepys that Brounker was not the only pimp, but that the whole family were of the same strain, and would do anything to please the duke. Pepys mentions that he had been assured "Henry Brounker was one of the shrewdest fellows for parts in England, and a dangerous man;" and under date Aug. 29, 1667, he notes in his *Diary*: "I hear to-night that Mr. Brounker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Werden to say in the garden the day the chancellor was with the king—that he believed the king would be hectoring out of everything. For this, the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away: and everybody, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his king and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked a rogue he is by all men's report."

Pepys mentions that Brounker, after his expulsion from the House of Commons, "petitioned the king, with tears in his eyes, to protect him, and that the king did say he could not, and bade him shift for himself." In six months, however, Brounker, who had fled, was back again and showing himself at Whitehall, "and although he hath not been yet with the king, is secure he will be well received."—*Diary*.

the coach having stopped twenty or thirty yards farther up the street, they alighted. He was just behind them, and formed the same judgment of them, as a far less prejudiced man would have done. He had no doubt but that Miss Jennings was a young courtesan upon the look-out, and that Miss Price was her business woman. He was surprised to notice that they had much better shoes and stockings than women of that class generally wear, and that the little orange-girl, in getting out of a very high coach, showed one of the handsomest legs ever seen ; but as all that was no obstacle to his designs, he resolved to purchase her, no matter at what price, in order to place her in his seraglio.

He came up to them, as they were giving their baskets in guard to the coachman, with orders to wait for them exactly in that place. Brounker immediately pushed in between them, and as soon as they saw him, they gave themselves up for lost ; but he, without taking the least notice of their surprise, took Price aside with one hand, and his purse out with the other, and immediately began to enter upon business. He perceived, however, that she turned away her face, without either answering or looking at him, and as this conduct appeared to him unnatural, he stared her full in the face, notwithstanding all her endeavours to prevent him. He did the same as regards the other ; and immediately recognized them, but determined to conceal his discovery.

The old fox possessed wonderful self-command on such occasions, and having teased them a little longer to remove all suspicions he quitted them, telling Price that she was a great fool to refuse his offers, and that

the little creature would not, perhaps, get so much in a year, as she might with him in one day ; that the times were greatly changed, since the queen's and the duchess's maids of honour came to the same market as the poor women of the town. Upon this he went back to his coach, whilst they hid their faces, returning most hearty thanks to heaven for having escaped this danger without being discovered.

Brounker, on his side, would not have taken a thousand guineas for this meeting ; he blessed the Lord that he had not alarmed the pair to such a degree as to frustrate their intentions ; for he made no doubt but that Miss Price was conducting Miss Jennings to some assignation. He had immediately realised that he would not obtain any advantage by openly recognising them, as they would simply be overwhelmed with confusion. Accordingly, although Jermyn was one of his best friends, he felt a secret joy in not having prevented his being made a cuckold, before his marriage. The apprehension he was in of preserving himself from that accident, was his sole reason for quitting the two young women with the precautions before mentioned.

Whilst they were under these alarms, their coachman engaged in a squabble with some young street roughs, who had gathered round the coach in order to steal the oranges. From words they came to blows, and the two nymphs saw the commencement of the fray as they were returning to the coach, after abandoning their design of going to the fortune-teller's. As their coachman was a man of spirit, it was with great difficulty they could persuade him to leave their oranges to the

mob so that they might get away. Having re-embarked after a thousand frights, and after hearing sundry disgusting expressions which were distinctly made use of during the fight, they at length reached St. James's, vowing that they would never more go after fortune-tellers, through so many frights and alarms, as they had just experienced.

Brounker, who from the indifferent opinion he entertained of the fair sex, would have staked his life that the fair Jennings did not return from this expedition in the same condition as she went, nevertheless kept his thoughts a profound secret ; since he particularly desired that the fortunate Jermyn should marry a little street-walker, who pretended to pass for a pattern of chastity, so that on the day after his marriage he might congratulate him upon having married such a creature. But heaven was not disposed to afford him that satisfaction, as we shall see later on.





CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Wetenhall's passive style of beauty—She visits London, and is entertained by Gramont—Her intrigue with George Hamilton—The Court at Tunbridge Wells—Prince Rupert fascinated by Miss Hughes, the actress—Lady Muskerri's ludicrous disaster at the Queen's dance—Passion of the Duke of York for lank Arabella Churchill and of the Duchess for handsome Henry Sidney—Tall Talbot and little Jermyn contend for Miss Jennings's favour—An accident reveals Miss Churchill's secret beauties and what resulted from it—The Chevalier de Gramont is recalled to France.



As we have already mentioned, Miss Hamilton was in the country, at one of her relations. The Chevalier de Gramont suffered greatly during this short absence of hers, since she would not allow him to visit her, upon any pretence. However, play, which was always favourable to him, proved no small relief to his extreme impatience.

Miss Hamilton at last returned. Mrs. Wetenhall¹ (for that was the name of her relation) insisted upon escorting her to London, in appearance out of politeness ; for

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Bedingsfield, and wife of Thomas Wetenhall, of Hextall Court, near East Peckham, in the county of Kent.

ceremony, carried beyond all bearing, is the grand characteristic of country gentry. In this case, however, civility was only a pretence, to obtain the consent of a somewhat eccentric husband to his wife's journey to town. Perhaps he would have done himself the honour of conducting Miss Hamilton up to London, had he not been occupied with some remarks upon ecclesiastical history, on which he had long been engaged. Due care was taken not to divert him from his work : Mrs. Wetenhall would have been out of her reckoning had he relinquished it.

This lady was what may be properly called a thorough English beauty, compounded of lilies and roses, of snow and milk, as to colour ; and of wax, with respect to the arms, hands, neck, and feet ; but whilst displaying all this she lacked both mind and stylishness. Her face was extremely pretty ; but there was no variety, no change of countenance in it : it was always the same face : one would have thought that she took it in the morning out of a case, in order to put it up again on retiring to rest, without using it in the smallest degree during the day-time. It could not be helped ! Nature had made a doll of her from her infancy, and a doll did the fair Mrs. Wetenhall remain till death. Her husband had been destined for the church ; but his elder brother dying just at the time when he was completing his studies of divinity, instead of taking orders he took the packet to England, and Miss Bedingfield, the lady of whom we are now speaking, as a wife.

His person was not disagreeable, but he had a serious contemplative air, very apt to give one the vapours : as

for the rest, his wife might boast of having one of the greatest theologists in the kingdom for her husband : he was all day poring over his books, and went to bed betimes, in order to rise early ; so that his wife found him snoring when she came to bed, whilst when he arose he left her there sound asleep. His conversation at table would have been very brisk, if Mrs. Wetenhall had been as well acquainted with the writings of St. Thomas of Aquinas, or as great a lover of controversy as he was ; but as she cared neither for one nor the other, silence reigned at their table, as absolutely as in a refectory.

The lady had often expressed a great desire to see London ; but though they were only a short day's journey from it, she had never been able to satisfy her curiosity : it was not therefore without reason that she grew weary of the life she was forced to lead at Peckham. The melancholy retired situation of the place was insupportable to her ; and as, like many other women, she foolishly believed sterility to be a kind of reproach, she was somewhat hurt to see that she might be suspected of sterility ; for she was persuaded, that although heaven had denied her children, she had all the necessary requisites on her part, if it were the will of the Lord that she should conceive. This had occasioned her to make some reflections, and then to reason upon those reflections ; as for instance, that since her husband preferred to devote himself to his studies, than to the duties of matrimony, to turn over musty old books, rather than attend to the attractions of beauty, and to gratify his own pleasures, rather than those of his wife, it might be permitted her to relieve some necessitous lover,

in neighbourly charity, provided she could do it conscientiously, and direct her inclinations in such a manner, that the evil spirit should have no concern in the matter. Mr. Wetenhall, a zealous partisan of the doctrine of the casuists, would perhaps not have approved of these decisions ; but he was not consulted.

The misfortune was, that in solitary Peckham, and its sterile neighbourhood, no one could be found for the execution of the afore-mentioned design, or for the relief of poor Mrs. Wetenhall. She was pining away there, when through fear of dying either of loneliness or of inanition, she had recourse to Miss Hamilton's commiseration.

They had become acquainted in Paris, whither Mr. Wetenhall, wishing to buy some books, had taken his wife six months after they were married. Miss Hamilton, who from that very time greatly pitied her, had consented to pass some time in the country with her, in hopes by this visit to deliver her from captivity ; and the project had succeeded.

The Chevalier de Gramont, informed of the day on which they were to arrive, and borne on the wings of love and impatience, had obtained George Hamilton's consent that he should go with him, and meet them some miles out of London.² The equipage he had prepared for the purpose corresponded with his usual magnificence and on such an occasion, we may reason-

² George, second son of Sir George Hamilton, had been a page to Charles II. during the exile of the latter, and was afterwards knighted by him. On his subsequent retirement to France, Louis XIV. created him a lieutenant-general and a count. For further particulars respecting him, see *ante* p. xiv., *post* p. 149, and the Epilogue to the Memoirs.

ably suppose that he had not neglected his person : however, with all his impatience, he checked the ardour of the coachman, through fear of accidents ; rightly judging that upon the road prudence is preferable to eagerness. The ladies at length appeared, and Miss Hamilton being in his eyes ten or twelve times more handsome than before her departure from London, he would have given his life for such a reception as she accorded to her brother.

Mrs. Wetenhall had her share of the praises, which at this interview were liberally bestowed upon beauty, for which beauty was very thankful to those who did it so much honour ; and as Hamilton regarded her with a somewhat tender attention, she looked upon Hamilton as a man very well suited to the little projects she had concerted with her conscience.

As soon as she was in London, her head was almost turned with contentment and felicity : everything appeared enchanting to her in this superb city ; more particularly, as in Paris she had never seen anything beyond the Rue Saint-Jacques, and a few booksellers' shops. She resided with Miss Hamilton, was presented, examined, and approved of at both Courts.

The Chevalier de Gramont, exhaustless as regards fêtes and gallantries, took occasion, from this fair stranger's arrival, to display his magnificence, and there were balls, concerts, plays, excursions by land and by water, and splendid collations everywhere. Mrs. Wetenhall was wonderfully sensible to pleasures, most of which were entirely new to her. The theatre alone bored her a little when plays of a serious turn were performed :



George Hamilton

she agreed, however, when there were several people killed upon the stage, that the sight was very touching, although she thought the players fine handsome fellows, who were much better alive than dead.

Hamilton, upon the whole, was reasonably well-treated by her, if such a thing as reason exists in a man in love, who is ever asking for something fresh. He did his best to determine her to put in execution the projects she had formed at Peckham. Mrs. Wetenhall, on her part, found him greatly to her liking. This is the Hamilton who served in the French army with some distinction :³ he was both agreeable and handsome. All imaginable opportunities favoured the establishment of an intimacy, the commencement of which had been so brisk, that in all probability it would not languish for a conclusion ; however, the more he pressed her to it, the more her resolution failed her, and an importunate regard for some scruples, which she had not well weighed, kept her in suspense. There was reason to believe that a little perseverance would have removed

³ In a letter from the Earl of Arlington to Lord Sandwich, written about October, 1667, the reason of George Hamilton's entering the French service is thus explained : "Concerning the reformadoes of the guards of horse, his majesty thought fit the other day to have them dismissed, according to his promise, made to the parliament at the last session. Mr. Hamilton had a secret overture made him, that he, with those men, should be welcome into the French service ; his majesty, at their dismission, having declared they should have leave to go abroad whither they pleased. They accepted of Mr. Hamilton's offer to carry them into France."—*Arlington's Letters*, vol. i. p. 185.

At the Restoration Charles brought over with him a number of Catholic officers and soldiers who had served with him abroad, and incorporated them among his guards. Parliament, however, insisted upon their dismissal, and it was these men, with others enlisted in Ireland, who accompanied Hamilton to France, and whom Louis XIV. formed into a company of English gendarmes. The Spanish ambassador complained to Arlington at the time with reference to these Irish levies, of whose destination he appears to have been aware.

these obstacles ; however, matters remained in this state on this occasion. Hamilton, unable to conceive what prevented her from completing his happiness, since in his opinion the first and greatest difficulties of an amour were already overcome with respect to the public, resolved to abandon her to her irresolution, instead of endeavouring to conquer her by a fresh attack. It was not consistent with reason to draw back when so far on the road, on account of such inconsiderable obstacles ; however, he had already suffered himself to get infatuated with certain delusions and visions, which unseasonably cooled him, and led him astray unprofitably in another undertaking.

I know not whether little Mrs. Wetenhall took the blame upon herself : but it is certain she was extremely mortified. Soon after, being obliged to return to her cabbages and turkeys at Peckham, she became almost distracted : that residence appeared a thousand times more dreadful to her, since she had had a taste of London. However, as the queen was to set out within a month for Tunbridge Wells, she was obliged to yield to the necessity of returning to the philosopher, Wetenhall. Still she did not do so until she had made Miss Hamilton promise to come and live at her house, which was within ten or twelve miles of Tunbridge, as long as the Court remained there.

Miss Hamilton promised not to abandon her in her retirement, and farther engaged to bring with her the Chevalier de Gramont, whose humour and conversation delighted her ; and the Chevalier de Gramont, who on all occasions was apt to speak out plainly concerning

affairs of the heart, promised to bring George Hamilton, whereupon Mrs. Wetenhall's face became suffused with blushes.

A month later the Court set out to pass some two months in the place⁴ which of all Europe is the most rural and simple, and yet, the most entertaining and agreeable.

Tunbridge is the same distance from London that Fontainebleau is from Paris, and, at the season for drinking the waters, all the gay and handsome of both sexes assemble there. The company, always numerous, is also always select: and as those who repair thither for diversion invariably exceed the number of those who go thither for health, everything there breathes mirth and pleasure: constraint is banished, familiarity is established upon the first acquaintance, and the life one leads is delicious.

Accommodation is provided in little, clean, convenient detached houses, that lie straggling at a mile and a half from the waters. The company meet in the morning at the Wells: this place consists of a long walk, shaded by spreading trees, under which they stroll while drink-

⁴ Cunningham remarks that "the visit of the Court to Tunbridge Wells must have taken place before June 3, 1665, because Lord Muskerry, who was killed in the action which took place on that date, attended the Court on this occasion with his wife. The Court was at Tunbridge in July, 1663, and again in July, 1666, and Hamilton has confounded, I fancy, the two visits. Lord Muskerry and Nell Gwyn, he says, were both present. Now Lord Muskerry was dead before the second visit, and Nell was unknown when the first took place."—*Story of Nell Gwyn*.

Cunningham's surmise that Hamilton (or more probably Gramont) has confounded the two visits is certainly correct, for later on (see *post*, p. 165) the visit of the Duke of York to York is stated to have taken place when the queen and her Court were at Tunbridge. Now this visit of the duke's was in Aug., 1665, at the time the plague was raging in London, and two months after Lord Muskerry's death.

ing the waters : on one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of jewelry, lace, gloves, and stockings, and where there is raffling as at a fair.⁵ On the other side of the walk is the market : and, as everybody buys his own provisions, nothing offensive ever appears on the stalls. Young, fair, fresh-coloured country girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. One may live here as well as one pleases : deep play goes on, and amorous intrigues proceed. As soon as evening comes, everyone quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling-green, where, in the open air, those who choose dance upon a turf softer and smoother than the finest carpet in the world.

Lord Muskerry had, within two or three short miles of Tunbridge, a handsome seat called Summer-hill :⁶ Miss Hamilton, after spending eight or ten days at

⁵ See Appendix, note F., for a satire on Tunbridge Wells by the Earl of Rochester.

⁶ Summer-hill came to Lord Muskerry in right of his wife, only daughter of Lord Clanricarde. This seat is about five miles from the Wells, and was once the residence and property of Sir Francis Walsingham, from whom it descended to his daughter Frances, who married first, Sir Philip Sydney ; secondly, the unfortunate Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex ; and lastly, Richard de Burgh, Marquis of Clanricarde. We find Summer-hill thus described in 1771 : " In the state-rooms not made use of are still remaining superb chimney-pieces, fine carved wainscot, and other monuments of their former grandeur and magnificence. In the dining-room, above stairs, are figures, flowers, and other ornaments in stucco ; particularly a representation in relievo, over the chimney-piece, of the angelic host rejoicing in the creation of the world. The house is inclosed with four courts. The front court, through which is the grand approach to the house, looks towards the west, from whence you have a fine prospect of the Surrey and Seven-oak hills. The town and castle of Tunbridge, the navigable river Medway, and the rich meadows through which it runs, finely diversified with corn-fields, pasturage, hop-gardens, and orchards, are here in full view, and form a most beautiful scene. From the opposite court, on the east side of the house, are seen the Canterbury hills, a distance of about fifty miles."—*Tunbridge Wells and its Environs*, p. 37.

Peckham, could not excuse herself from passing the remainder of the season at his house ; and, having obtained leave of Mr. Wetenhall, that his lady should accompany her, they left the melancholy residence of Peckham, and its tiresome master, and fixed their little court at Summer-hill.

They went every day to Court, or the Court came to them. The queen surpassed herself in inventing and contributing to entertainments : she endeavoured to increase the natural ease of life at Tunbridge instead of making it less free by exacting the ceremonious respect due to her presence. Indeed, she forbade it, and confining in the bottom of her heart the grief she could not overcome, she saw Miss Stewart triumphantly possess the affections of the king, without on that account showing her any incivility.

Never did Love see his empire in a more flourishing condition than in this place of sojourn : those who were smitten before they came there felt their flame augment ; and those who seemed the least susceptible of love, lost their ferocity, to appear in a new character. As an example of these changes we will merely mention that of Prince Rupert.

He was brave and courageous, even to rashness ; and subject to certain eccentricities of which he would have been sorry to correct himself. He had a fruitful genius for mathematical experiments, and some talent for chemistry. He was polite even to excess, unseasonably ; but haughty, and even brutal, when he ought to have been gentle and courteous. He was tall, and his appearance was most ungracious : he had a dry

hard-favoured visage, even when he sought to soften his expression; and in his fits of bad humour his countenance was truly that of a reprobate.⁷

The queen having sent for the players, either that there might be no intermission in the diversions of the place, or, desiring perhaps, by Miss Gwyn's⁸ presence

⁷ Lord Orford observes "that if Prince Rupert was defective in the transient varnish of a Court, he at least was adorned by the arts with that polish which alone can make a Court attract the attention of subsequent ages, still the philosophic warrior was thought a savage mechanic, when courtiers were only voluptuous wits." The prince is assumed to have been the inventor of mezzotint, respecting which Lord Orford says: "Going out early one morning, Prince Rupert observed the sentinel, at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The prince asked what he was about? He replied, the dew had fallen in the night, had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it. The prince looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the fellow had scraped away. . . . The prince concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his idea to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter whom he maintained, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds; those being scraped away and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light."

Dallaway says that the prince "was the author of several inventions of decided utility, in his own profession, of a method to bore cannons, and of a mixed metal, of which they should be composed, and of great improvement in the manufacture of gunpowder."

⁸ Pepys, in the first note which he has respecting Nell Gwyn, styles her "pretty, witty Nell," and some months later he confesses that after seeing her act the part of Celia in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, and Knipp bringing her to him, he kissed her and found her "a mighty pretty soul." In his *Diary* (March 2, 1666-7), he says: "After dinner with my wife to the king's house to see *The Maiden Queen*, a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit: and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope to see the like done again by man or woman. So great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire." Again, (Aug. 22), he says: "To the king's playhouse, where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the emperor's daughter, which she does



Dr. P. de la Roche

Nell Gwyn

to ensure to Miss Stewart part of the uneasiness she felt from hers, Prince Rupert found some charms in the person of a little actress, called Hughes, who subdued all the natural fierceness of his tastes. From this time, adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black paraphernalia of alchemy. Farewell to all mathematical instruments and speculations. Powder and essences now alone occupied any share of his attention. The impertinent creature chose to be attacked in form; and proudly refusing money, that, in the end, she might sell her favours at a dearer rate, she made the poor prince act so novel a part that it seemed contrary to all probability.⁹ The king was greatly pleased with this event, for which great rejoicings were made at Tunbridge; but nobody was bold enough to make it the subject of satire, though the same constraint was not observed as regards the ridiculousness of other personages.

There was dancing every day at the queen's apartments, because the physicians recommended it, and nobody thought it amiss; for even those who cared least for it, preferred this exercise to walking, by way of assisting their digestion of the waters. Lord Muskerry

most basely." Later on Pepys tells us that at the performance of *The Island Princess* "that jade Nell" came and sat in the next box to him—"a bold, merry slut, who lay laughing there upon other people with a comrade of hers that came in to see the play."

⁹ Mrs. Hughes, commonly known as "Peg," was one of the earliest female actresses, and belonged to the king's company. She commenced her theatrical career in 1663, and appears to have been the first female representative of Desdemona. By Prince Rupert she had a daughter, named Ruperta, married to Lieutenant-general Howe. For Mrs. Hughes Prince Rupert bought the magnificent seat of Sir Nicholas Crispe, near Hammer-smith, afterwards the residence of the Margrave of Brandenburg, and subsequently of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV. The prince's mistress was, however, still upon the stage in 1676, more than ten years after she had first attracted his attention.

considered himself secure against his lady's rage for dancing; for, although he was rather ashamed of it, the princess of Babylon was, by the grace of God, six or seven months advanced in pregnancy; and, to complete her misfortune, the child had placed itself all on one side, so that one was puzzled to say what her figure was. The disconsolate lady saw Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Wetenhall set out every morning, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in a coach, but ever attended by some gallant troop to conduct them to Court, and to convey them back. She imagined that in the places they repaired to, there were a thousand times more delights than there were in reality, and in her imagination she did not cease to dance at Summer-hill all the country dances which she thought had been danced at Tunbridge. She could no longer support this torment of mind, when heaven, out of pity for her impatient longings, caused Lord Muskerry to start for London, and kept him there two days. As soon as ever he had turned his back, the Babylonian princess announced her resolution to make a trip to Court.¹⁰

She had a domestic chaplain who was not wanting in sense, and Lord Muskerry, for fear of accidents, had recommended her to the counsels and good prayers of this prudent divine; but in vain were all his preachings and exhortations to stay at home; in vain did he set

¹⁰ Lord Muskerry was killed within a couple of years of these events, at the great sea-fight with the Dutch, on June 3, 1665. Pepys notes that he and the Earl of Falmouth and Mr. Richard Boyle "were killed on board the Duke of York's ship, the *Royal Charles*, with one shot, their blood and brains flying in the duke's face, and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the duke, as some say." Hasted (*History of Kent*) mentions that Lady Muskerry having, by her expensive way of living, wasted her Summer-hill estate, sold off by piece-meal a great part of the demesne lands.

before her eyes her husband's commands, and the dangers to which she would expose herself in her present condition ; telling her that her pregnancy being a particular blessing from heaven, she ought to be careful to preserve it, since it had cost her husband, perhaps, more trouble than she was aware of, to bring it about.

These remonstrances proved ineffectual. Miss Hamilton, and her cousin Wetenhall, having had the complaisance to confirm her in her resolution, assisted in dressing her the next morning, and set out with her. All their skill and dexterity were requisite to reduce her shape into some kind of symmetry ; and, having at last pinned a small pillow under her petticoat on the right side, to make up for the effect that the cursed infant occasioned, by throwing itself on the left, they almost split their sides with laughter, whilst assuring her that she looked perfectly charming.

As soon as she appeared, it was generally believed that she had dressed herself in a farthingale, to make her court to the queen ; however, everybody was pleased to see her. Those who were unacquainted with the circumstances, assured her in earnest that she was pregnant with twins ; and the queen, who envied her condition, however ridiculous her appearance, was careful not to disappoint her, having been made acquainted with the motive of her journey.

As soon as the hour for the country-dances arrived, her cousin Hamilton was appointed her partner. She made some faint excuses at first, on account of the inconvenient situation she was in ; but suffered them to be overcome, in order, as she said, to show her duty

to the queen; and never did a woman in this world display such complete satisfaction.

We have already observed, that the greatest prosperity is liable to the greatest reverses: Lady Muskerri, trussed up as she was, seemed to feel no kind of inconvenience from the motion necessary in these country-dances; on the contrary, being only apprehensive that her husband might appear in the midst of her happiness, she made all haste to dance as much as she could, fearing lest her evil star should bring him back before she had fully satisfied herself. It happened that while she was capering about in this very indiscreet manner, her pillow came unfastened without her perceiving it, and fell to the ground, in the very middle of the first dance. The Duke of Buckingham, who was following her, instantly took it up, wrapped it in his coat, and, mimicking the cries of a new-born infant, went about inquiring for a wet-nurse for poor little Muskerri among the maids of honour.¹¹

This buffoonery, coupled with the astounding figure of the poor lady, almost threw Miss Stewart into hysterics; for the princess of Babylon, after this accident, was quite flat on one side, and immoderately protuberant on the other. All those who had previously restrained themselves, gave free scope to their inclination to laugh, when they saw Miss Stewart splitting her sides. The

¹¹ Pepys chronicles a far more serious mishap of a similar description at a Court ball, when a child was really "dropped by one of the ladies in dancing, but nobody knew who, it being taken up by somebody in their handkercher." Mr. Pickering told Pepys "that the king had it in his closet a week after, and did dissect it, and making great sport of it, said that in his opinion it must have been a month and three hours old; and that whatever others think, he hath the greatest loss (it being a boy, as he says,) that hath lost a subject by the business."—*Diary*, Feb. 1663.

poor lady was greatly disconcerted : everyone began to apologise to her ; while the queen, who was inwardly laughing more heartily than any, pretended to disapprove of their taking such liberties.

Whilst Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Wetenhall were endeavouring to refit Lady Muskerly in another room, the Duke of Buckingham told the king, that, if the physicians would permit a little exercise immediately after a delivery, the best way to set Lady Muskerly right was to renew the dance as soon as her infant was replaced : this advice was approved of, and accordingly put in execution. As soon as her ladyship appeared, the queen proposed a second round of country-dances ; and Lady Muskerly accepting the offer, the remedy had its desired effect, and entirely removed every remembrance of her late mishap.

Whilst these things were taking place at the king's Court, that of the Duke of York took a journey on the other side of London : the pretence of this journey was to visit the county whose name he bore ; but love was the real motive. The duchess, since her elevation, had conducted herself with such prudence and circumspection as could not be sufficiently admired : such were her manners, that she appeared to have found out the secret of pleasing every one ; a secret yet more rare than the grandeur to which she had been raised. However, after having gained universal esteem, she became desirous of being loved ; or, more properly speaking, malicious Cupid assailed her heart, in spite of the discretion, prudence, and reason with which she had encompassed it.

In vain had she said to herself a hundred times, that, if the duke had been so kind as to do her justice by falling in love with her, he had done her too much honour by making her his wife; that, with respect to the inconstancy which led him astray, it was her duty to be patient, until it pleased heaven that he should amend his conduct; that with regard to the frailties on his part, which might appear injurious to her, she ought not to follow any such example, and, as resentment was still less allowable, she should endeavour to regain him by a conduct entirely opposite to his own. In vain was it, we say, that she had long sustained herself by the help of these maxims: however solid reason, and however obstinate wisdom and virtue may be, there are certain trials which tire by their duration, and, in the end, subdue both reason and virtue itself.

The Duchess of York was the woman with the greatest appetite in England: as this was an unforbidden pleasure, she indulged herself in it, as an indemnification for other self-denials. It was, moreover, really an edifying sight to see her at table. The duke, on the contrary, was incessantly yielding to new fancies, exhausting himself by his inconstancy, and wasting away; whilst the poor princess, taking as much nourishment as she could, grew so fat and plump, that it was a blessing to see her. It is not easy to determine how long things would have continued in this situation, if Love, who was resolved to have satisfaction for her late conduct, so different to that of former times, had not employed artifice, as well as force, to disturb her repose.

He at first let loose upon her resentment and jealousy, two mortal enemies to the tranquillity of the heart. A tall creature, pale-faced, and fleshless, whom she had taken for a maid of honour, became the object of her jealousy, because she was then the object of the duke's attention. This young person was named Churchill.¹² The Court was not able to comprehend how, after having been in love with Lady Chesterfield, Miss Hamilton, and little Jennings, the duke could have any inclination for a woman with such a face as Miss Churchill's; but it was soon perceived that something more than this strange variety of countenance had induced him to enlist in her service.

The duchess beheld with indignation a choice which seemed to debase her own merit in a much greater degree than any of the former ones had done; and just as indignation and jealousy began to provoke her spleen, perfidious Cupid threw in the way of her attention and resentment the amiable countenance of the handsome Sidney; and, whilst opening her eyes as to his personal perfections, closed them as to the deficiency of his mental accomplishments. She was enamoured of him before she was aware of it; but the good opinion which Sidney had of his own merit did not leave him long in

¹² Miss Arabella Churchill, born in 1648, daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, of Wotton Bassett, Wiltshire, and sister to John Churchill, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. Miss Churchill had three children by the Duke of York: James, Duke of Berwick, Henry Fitz-James, Duke of Albemarle, and Henrietta, married to Lord Waldegrave. The duke's mistress afterwards became the wife of Colonel Charles Godfrey, clerk-controller of the green cloth and master of the jewel office. By him she had two daughters, Charlotte, married to Hugh, Viscount Falmouth, and Elizabeth, to Edmund Dunch, Esq. She survived alike her dethroned and exiled lover, her husband, who took up arms against him, and her children, dying in 1730 at the age of eighty-two.

ignorance of such a glorious conquest. In order to secure it the more effectually his eyes audaciously answered everything which those of her royal highness had the kindness to tell him, whilst his personal attractions were heightened by all the brilliancy that dress and show could lend.¹³

The duchess, foreseeing the consequences of such an engagement contended with determination against the inclination that hurried her away; but Miss Hobart, siding with that inclination contended against her royal highness and vanquished her.¹⁴ This girl had insinuated herself into the duchess's confidence by a fund of news with which she was provided the whole year round: the Court and the city supplied her; nor was it very material to her whether her stories were true, though she took care that they should always prove to the liking of her royal highness. She was acquainted also with the latter's liking for good cheer, and knew how to prepare and diversify the dishes she was fond of. These qualifications had rendered her necessary; but, desirous of being still more so, and having perceived both the airs that Sidney gave himself, and what was passing in the heart of her mistress, the cunning Hobart took the liberty of telling her that this poor fellow was dying of love for her, that it was a thousand pities a man of his

¹³ The handsome Henry Sidney was a younger son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and brother of Algernon Sidney and of Dorothea Sidney, the poet Waller's Sacharissa. He was one of the promoters of the Revolution and became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, master of the ordnance, and warden of the cinque ports: he was also created Earl of Romney. He died in 1704, unmarried.

¹⁴ It should have been previously mentioned that Miss Hobart was the sister of Sir John Hobart of Norfolk, ancestor of the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

figure (who only departed from the respect due to her because he was unable to show it any longer) should scorch himself like a moth in the sight of the whole Court; that his situation would soon be remarked, unless she remedied it, and that, in her opinion, her royal highness ought to take pity upon his condition in some way or other. The duchess asked her what she meant by "taking pity upon him in some way or other."

"I mean, madam," answered Miss Hobart, "that, if either his person be disagreeable, or his passion troublesome, you should give him his discharge; or, if you choose to retain him in your service, as all the princesses in the world would do in your place, you should permit me to give him directions from you as to his future conduct, mixed with a few grains of hope, to prevent him from entirely losing his senses, until you find a proper occasion to acquaint him in person with your intentions."

"What!" said the duchess, "would you advise me, Hobart, you, who really love me, to engage in an affair of this nature, at the expense of my honour, and the risk of a thousand inconveniences? If such frailties are sometimes excusable, they certainly are not so in the high station in which I am placed: and it would be an ill requital, on my part, of the kindness of him, who raised me to this station, to——"

"All this is very fine," interrupted Miss Hobart; "but, is it not evident that he only married you because he was importuned to do so? I leave it to you, madam, to decide, whether, since then, he has ever, for a moment, put any restraint on himself in acquainting you with the

change in his tastes by a thousand provoking infidelities? Is it still your intention to persevere in a state of indolence and humility, whilst the duke, after having received the favours, or deserved the repulses of all the coquettes in England, chases your maids of honour, one after the other, and at present sets his ambition and desires on the conquest of that jade, Churchill? What! madam, must the best days of your life be spent in a sort of widowhood, in deploring your misfortunes, without it being permissible for you to make use of such remedy as may offer? A woman must be endowed with most stubborn patience, or most enduring resignation, to bear this. I am really inclined to think that a husband who neglects his wife both night and day, must pretend that since she eats and drinks heartily—as, God be thanked, your royal highness does—she needs nothing further than to sleep well. Upon my word I am his humble servant! I once more repeat, madam, that there is not a princess in the universe who would refuse the homage of a man like Sidney, when a husband pays his addresses elsewhere.”

No doubt these reasons were not morally good; but had they been still worse, the duchess would have yielded to them, so fully was her heart in league with Miss Hobart, to overcome her prudence.

This intrigue had begun at the very time when Miss Hobart advised Miss Temple not to pay heed to the allurements of the handsome Sidney. As for him, no sooner was he informed, by the confidant Hobart, that the duchess accepted his addresses, than he began to be particularly reserved and circumspect in his behaviour

in order to divert the attention of the public; but the public is not so stupid as some imagine.

As there were too many spies, too many inquisitive people, and too many good judges of love affairs, in a numerous Court, residing in the midst of a populous city, the duchess, to avoid exposing the inclinations of her heart to so much scrutiny, engaged the Duke of York to undertake the journey before mentioned, whilst the queen and her Court were at Tunbridge.¹⁵

This course was prudent; the duchess had occasion to be pleased with it, and the Court did not find it amiss,—with the exception, however, of Miss Jennings. In her opinion, every journey was insipid in which Jermyn was not of the party; and on this occasion he was not one of the company. He had engaged in an enterprise above his strength, in taking a wager, which the Chevalier de Gramont had laid, and lost.¹⁶ Jermyn had betted five

¹⁵ “August 5, 1665. The duke and his duchess came down to York, where it was observed that Mr. Sidney, the handsomest youth of his time, and of the duke’s bed-chamber, was greatly in love with the duchess; and well he might be excused; for the duchess was a very handsome personage, and a woman of fine wit. The duchess, on her part, seemed kind to him, but very innocently; but he had the misfortune to be banished the Court afterwards, for another reason.”—*Reresby’s Memoirs*, p. 11.

Pepys alludes in November of the same year to the rumour of the Duchess of York having “fallen in love with her new master of the horse, one Harry Sidney, and another Harry Saville,” the latter a groom of the duke’s bed-chamber, who was sent to the gate-house some years afterwards, to the great anger of the duke, for being the bearer of a challenge from his uncle Sir William Coventry, to the Duke of Buckingham. Andrew Marvel, in his *Last Instructions to a Painter*, has the following respecting the duchess’s rumoured intrigue:—

“Not unprovoked she tries forbidden arts,
But in her soft breast Love’s hid cancer smarts,
While she revolves at once Sidney’s disgrace,
And herself scorned for emulous Denham’s face,
And nightly hears the hated guard away
Galloping with the duke to other prey.”

¹⁶ Gramont was no judge of horses, if Algernon Sidney’s opinion is to be

hundred guineas, that he would ride twenty miles along a high road in one hour upon the same horse. The day he had fixed upon for this race was the very same which Miss Jennings had selected to go to the fortune-teller's.

Jermyn was more fortunate than she was in her undertaking. He came off victorious; but as in this feat his courage had far exceeded the strength of his constitution, while winning the wager, he caught a violent fever, which, delicate as he was, brought him very low. Miss Jennings inquired after his health; but that was all she dared to do. In modern romances, a princess need only pay a visit to some hero, abandoned by his physicians, to bring about a perfect cure in three days' time; but as Miss Jennings had not been the cause of Jermyn's fever, she was not certain of relieving him from it, had she even been sure that a charitable visit would not have been censured in a malicious Court. Without therefore paying any attention to the uneasiness she might feel upon the occasion, the Court set out without Jermyn; and Miss Jennings had the gratification of showing throughout the journey how displeased she was with everything that seemed to afford satisfaction to the rest of the party.

Talbot made one of the company; and flattering himself, that the absence of a dangerous rival might produce some change in his favour, he was attentive to all the actions, motions, even to the slightest gestures, of little Miss Jennings. There was certainly enough to fully employ his attention. It was contrary to her disposition

relied upon. "He is such a proud ass," said Sidney, contemptuously, "that he neither knows what is good, and won't believe anyone else."

to remain for long in a serious humour. Her natural vivacity hurried her away, from being seemingly lost in thought, into lively sallies, which afforded Talbot hope that she would soon forget Jermyn, and remember that his own passion was the first she had encouraged. However, he kept his distance, notwithstanding his love and his hopes, being of opinion, that it ill became an injured lover to betray either the least weakness, or the smallest return of affection, for an ungrateful mistress, who had deserted him.

Miss Jennings, who, far from thinking of his resentment, did not even recollect that he had ever paid his addresses to her, and whose thoughts were wholly occupied with the poor sick fellow, conducted herself towards Talbot, as if they never had had any quarrel with each other. It was to him that she most usually gave her hand, either in getting into or out of the coach; she conversed more readily with him than with any other person, and, without intending it, did everything to make the Court believe she was cured of her passion for Jermyn in favour of her former lover.

Of this he was convinced, like the others; and thinking it now proper to act another part, in order to let her know that his sentiments with respect to her had remained unchanged, he resolved to address her in the most tender and passionate manner upon this subject. Fortune seemed to render everything favourable for this harangue. He was alone with her in her chamber; and as if to improve his opportunity she did not cease to rally him concerning Miss Boynton; saying, that they were undoubtedly much obliged to him, for attending

them on their journey, whilst poor Miss Boynton fainted away at Tunbridge, at least twice a day, for love of him. Upon this discourse, Talbot thought it right to begin the recital of his sufferings and fidelity, when Miss Temple, with a paper in her hand, entered the room. This was a letter in verse, which Lord Rochester had written some time before, upon the intrigues of the two Courts; wherein, upon the subject of little Jennings, he remarked that Talbot had struck terror among the people of God, by his gigantic stature; but that Jermyn, like a little David, had vanquished the great Goliath. Jennings, delighted with this allusion, read the passage over two or three times, thought it more entertaining than Talbot's conversation, and at first heartily laughed at it; but soon after, putting on a tender air, she said with a deep sigh, "poor little David!" and turning her head on one side during this short reverie, she shed a few tears, which assuredly did not flow for the defeat of the giant. This stung Talbot to the quick; and, seeing himself so ridiculously deceived in his hopes, he abruptly left the room vowing never to think any more of a giddy girl, whose conduct was without rhyme or reason; but he failed to keep his resolution.

Matters did not turn out so badly for the other lovers of the duchess's Court. Of these there were plenty, and the journey had been undertaken on their account. There were continual balls and entertainments upon the road; hunting, and promenades, wherever the Court halted in its progress. The tender lovers flattered themselves with the thought of being able to crown their happiness while proceeding on their journey; and the beauties who

governed their destinies did not forbid them to hope. Sidney paid his Court with wonderful assiduity. The duchess made the Duke of York take notice of the devotion he had for some time shown in his service ; his royal highness observed it, and agreed that he ought to be remembered upon the first opportunity, which happened soon after.

Montagu, whom we have previously mentioned, was master of the horse to the duchess : he was possessed of wit, and penetration, and was somewhat malignant. How could she bear such a man near her person, in the new situation of her heart ? This greatly embarrassed her ; but Montagu's elder brother¹⁷ having, very à-propos got himself killed where he had no business to be, the

¹⁷ Edward Montagu was killed before Bergen about Aug., 1665, being in disgrace at Court at the time. He appears to have been of a quarrelsome disposition. He had a duel with Mr. Cholmondeley, the queen's first gentleman usher, who, as Pepys records, "proved too hard for him," and drove him into a ditch, when, Montagu having dropped his sword, he "gave him his life, and the world says Mr. Montagu did carry himself very poorly in the business, and hath lost his honour for ever with all people in it." He afterwards engaged in a quarrel with Lord Chesterfield, and was continually wrangling with his relative the Earl of Sandwich. Pepys notes his disgrace at Court under date May 20, 1664. "His fault, I perceive," says Pepys, "was his pride, and most of all his affecting to be great with the queen ; and it seems, indeed, he had more of her care than everybody else, and would be with her talking alone two or three hours together, in-somuch that the lords about the king, when he would be jesting with them about their wives, would tell the king that he must have a care of his wife too, for she hath now the gallant ; and they say that the king himself did once ask Montagu how his mistress (meaning the queen) did. He grew so proud and despised everybody, besides suffering nobody, he or she, to get or do anything about the queen, that they all laboured to do him a good turn. So he is gone, nobody pitying but laughing at him."—*Diary*.

Boyer asserts that Montagu was disgraced for squeezing the queen's hand, which, considering the gossip then current, and the licence of those days, seems to be a very insufficient reason.

Marvel, in his *Advice to a Painter*, in allusion to the appointment which Montagu held, says :

"Montagu, by Court disaster,
Dwindled into the wooden horse's master."

duke obtained for Montagu the post of master of the horse to the queen, which the deceased had held; and the handsome Sidney was appointed to succeed him in the same employment to the duchess. All this tallied as well as could be desired; and the duke was highly pleased that he had found a means to promote these two gentlemen at once, without being at the least expense.

Miss Hobart greatly applauded these promotions: she had frequent and long conversations with Sidney, which, being remarked, some did her the honour to believe it was upon her own account; and she most willingly received the compliments made her upon the occasion. The duke, who believed it at first, did not cease calling the attention of the duchess to the strange tastes of certain persons, pointing out how the handsomest young fellow in England had become infatuated with a frightful creature.¹⁸

The duchess confessed that tastes greatly differed, and remarked that the duke was particularly well qualified to speak of Miss Hobart's ill looks—he having lately chosen the beauteous Helen for his mistress. I know not whether this raillery gave the duke cause for reflection; but it is certain that he began to show less attention to

¹⁸ Pepys in his *Diary*, under date, Jan. 9, 1665—6, mentions that Pierce, the duke's surgeon, tells him "how great a difference hath been between the duke and duchess, he suspecting her to be naught with Mr. Sidney.

" 'How could the Duke of York make my mother a papist?' said the Princess Mary to Dr. Burnet. 'The duke caught a man in bed with her,' said the doctor, 'and then had power to make her do anything.' The prince, who sat by the fire, said, 'Pray, madam, ask the doctor a few more questions.' "

Miss Churchill; and perhaps he would entirely have abandoned this pursuit, had not an accident happened which raised in him an entirely new inclination for her.

The Court was then staying in an open level country. In journeying through England you find plains covered with turf which is wonderfully green and even, and on one of these the duchess wished to see a greyhound course. She was in her coach, and all the ladies were on horseback, each of them being attended by her squire. It was therefore but reasonable that their mistress should have her squire also. He was at the side of her coach, making a wonderful show, though he did not contribute much to the conversation.

The duke was with Miss Churchill, not for the purpose of paying her his addresses, but to chide her for sitting so ill on horseback. She was one of the most indolent creatures in the world; and although the maids of honour were generally the worst mounted of the whole Court, yet, in order to distinguish her, on account of the favour she enjoyed, they had given her a rather pretty, though somewhat spirited horse; a distinction she would very willingly have dispensed with.

Embarrassment and fear had added to her natural paleness, and her countenance in this state had almost completed the duke's disgust, when her horse, desirous of keeping pace with the others, broke into a gallop, despite all her efforts to prevent it. His mettle kindling, whilst she endeavoured to hold him in, he at length set off at full speed, as if he were running a race against the duke's horse.

Miss Churchill lost her seat, screamed out, and fell

from her horse. A fall whilst going at so quick a pace was bound to be violent ; however, it proved favourable to her in every respect ; for, without receiving any harm she gave the lie to all the unfavourable suppositions that had been formed of her person, judging from her face. The duke alighted, in order to help her. She was altogether too dizzy to be able to give any thought to decency on this occasion ; and those who first crowded around her found her in rather a negligent posture. They could hardly believe that such a beautiful form had any connection with Miss Churchill's face. After this accident, it was remarked that the duke's tenderness and affection for her increased every day ; and, towards the end of the winter, it appeared that she had not tyrannized over his passion, nor made him languish with impatience.

The two Courts returned to London much about the same time, equally satisfied with their respective excursions ; though the queen waited in vain for the good effects she had hoped for from the Tunbridge waters.

It was about this time that the Chevalier de Gramont received a letter from the Marchioness de Saint-Chaumont,¹⁹ his sister, informing him that he might return to France when he thought proper, the king having stated such to be his pleasure. The Chevalier would also have been pleased at any other time, whatever charms the English Court might have had for him ; but, in the present state of his heart, he could not make up his mind to leave.

¹⁹ Susan Charlotte de Gramont, the eldest of the Chevalier's step-sisters, married to the Marquis de Saint-Chaumont.



L'Amant des

He had returned from Tunbridge a thousand times deeper in love than ever; for, during this agreeable excursion, he had every day seen Miss Hamilton, either in the marshes of gloomy Peckham, or in the delicious walks of cheerful Summer Hill, or else at the daily diversions of the queen's Court; and, whether he saw her on horseback, heard her conversation, or observed her in the dance, it ever seemed to him that in all England heaven had not formed a woman more worthy of the affection of a man of sense and good taste. How could he even think of leaving her? This appeared to him absolutely impracticable; however, as he was desirous of obtaining some credit with her, for neglecting his fortune rather than separating himself from her charms, he showed her his sister's letter. But this confidence did not have the success that he expected.

Miss Hamilton, in the first place, congratulated him upon his recall. She returned him many thanks for the sacrifice he offered to make her; but as this testimony of affection greatly exceeded the bounds of mere gallantry, however sensible she was of it, she was determined not to profit by it. In vain did he protest that he would rather meet with death, than part from her charms; her charms protested that he should never see them more, unless he departed immediately. It was necessary he should obey. However, he was allowed to flatter himself that these absolute orders, harsh though they might appear, were not dictated by indifference, and that she would always be more pleased with his return than with his departure, which was so urgently pressed for. Finally, Miss Hamilton having generously given him the assurance

that, so far as depended upon herself, he would upon his return find no variation in her sentiments, he began to pack up, thinking only about coming back at the very moment when he was bidding everyone good-bye prior to his departure.²⁰

²⁰ Count de Comminges, the French ambassador, writing to Louis XIV. about the middle of December, 1663, says: "The Chevalier de Gramont was to have started to-day, but the king has detained him for a day, perhaps to make him some present, perhaps to facilitate the payment of the eight hundred pieces [the piece was the double sovereign, worth 22 shillings] which are owed to him by Lady Castlemaine. He leaves here a few other debtors, whose money he asserts he will fetch when he declares himself on the subject of Miss Hamilton—which matter is so involved, that those with the most penetration can make nothing of it. He will make a full confession to your majesty."

If there is any truth in the story which is told in all the biographies of Gramont, about Miss Hamilton's brothers going in pursuit of the Chevalier when he was proceeding to France, it must have been on the present occasion that this incident occurred. The story is to the effect that Anthony and George Hamilton overtook Gramont at Dover, and cried out to him, "Chevalier de Gramont, have you forgotten nothing at London?" "Excuse me," replied the Chevalier, guessing their errand, "I have forgotten to marry your sister," and thereupon he is stated to have returned to London with the two brothers and shortly afterwards fulfilled his engagement. The Count d'Estrades, the same who had negotiated the purchase of Dunkirk by the French, writing from London to the French king, informed him that "the marriage of the Chevalier de Gramont and the conversion of Lady Castlemaine were made public the same day," which must have been somewhere about Dec. 22, 1663, when Pepys hears "for certain that my Lady Castlemaine has turned papist." There were good reasons why the marriage should not be delayed, for the lady, as appears from the following letter of the Count de Comminges, gave birth to a son in little more than eight months after Gramont had found his journey interrupted.

"London, 29 Aug.—8 Sept., 1664.

"The Countess de Gramont was delivered yesterday evening of a son as handsome as his mother and as high-spirited as his father. All the Court rejoiced over it with the Count, whom I find looking quite young again. But I think it is the hope of soon returning to France that has effaced the wrinkles from his eyes and forehead and brought the roses and lilies to his cheeks."

It has been suggested from the circumstance narrated above that Gramont was the hero of Molière's comedy *Le Mariage Forcé*.

The Chevalier had evidently contemplated visiting Paris towards the end of May, 1664, when the Count de Comminges wrote as follows to his government:—

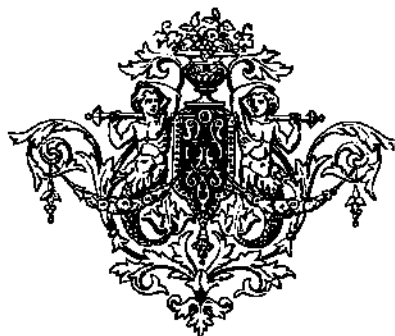
"The Chevalier de Gramont is at the last extremity. He has on two occasions lost eighteen hundred pieces [double sovereigns]. It was not

really ready money, but his wife could have drawn it in by small amounts and have used it during his absence for household needs. I do not know if this will not delay his journey, since a gamester seldom retires when he is losing. Malicious people think otherwise, and say that he has as much trouble to leave his wife as he had to marry her, on account of a handsome cousin, the son of the Duke of Ormond, who, under the pretext of relationship, was very assiduous in his visits to her before her marriage."

The pecuniary difficulties hinted at by the French ambassador, or other reasons, caused Gramont to postpone his journey for several months. From the subjoined letter of the Count de Comminges it would appear as though Gramont had been transformed from a Chevalier into a Count in the interval :—

"London, 24 Oct.—3 Nov., 1664.

"The Count de Gramont has started to-day with his wife, who is journeying in the style of a bride. He will tell you a hundred things I am unable to write, and I will simply say that he is exceedingly afflicted at the bad turn which has been done him with the king, in accusing him of being a blasphemer. I have long known him, and I have never seen him addicted to this vice, and, moreover, I assure you that he did not acquire it here, since the people here swear less than anywhere else. I have seen four noblemen, who had blasphemed whilst drunk, sentenced to imprisonment and to pay a thousand pieces each; and two of them were not released until long afterwards, as they could only furnish the sum with the assistance of several of their friends."





CHAPTER XIII.

Arrival of the Chevalier at Abbeville during some wedding festivities—He discovers the magnificent coat supposed to have been lost in a quicksand—Impudent explanation of the Chevalier's valet—The Chevalier ordered to return to England by Louis XIV.—Tricks played by him on Saucourt at Vaugirard, and on Mademoiselle de L'Hôpital and the President de Maisons at Issy—Advent of the Duke of Monmouth at the English Court—Efforts of the Duchess of Cleveland to ensnare him—Miss Stewart's influence upon Charles II.—Attempted assassination of the younger Killgrew for blabbing of his intrigue with Lady Shrewsbury—The Duke of Buckingham kills Lord Shrewsbury in a duel—The Queen ordered to Bath by her physicians.



HE nearer the Chevalier de Gramont approached the Court of France, the more did he regret that of England; not but that he expected a gracious reception at the feet of his master, whose anger no one provoked with impunity, but who likewise knew how to pardon in such a manner as to make one feel the full value of the favour he conferred.

A thousand different thoughts occupied his mind upon the journey: sometimes the joy his friends and relations

would experience upon his return ; sometimes the congratulations and embraces of those, who, albeit neither the one nor the other, would nevertheless overwhelm him with impertinent compliments. All these ideas passed quickly through his head however ; for a man deeply in love makes it a scruple of conscience not to let any other thoughts dwell in his mind save those of the beloved object. Thus it was the tender, endearing remembrance of what he had left in London that diverted his thoughts from Paris ; and it was the torments of absence that prevented him from feeling those of the bad roads and the bad horses. His heart protested to Miss Hamilton, between Montreuil and Abbeville, that he had only torn himself from her with such haste, to return the sooner ; after which, by a short reflection, comparing the regret he had formerly felt upon the same road, in quitting France for England, with that which he now experienced, in quitting England for France, he found the latter much more insupportable than the former.

It is thus that a man in love entertains himself upon the road ; or rather, it is thus that a trifling writer abuses the patience of his reader, either to display his own sentiments, or to lengthen out a tedious story ; but God forbid that this character should apply to ourselves, since we profess to insert nothing in these memoirs but what we have heard from the mouth of him whose actions and sayings we transmit to posterity.

Who, except Squire Feraulas,¹ has ever been able to

¹ One of the characters in the early French romance of *Amadis des Gaules*.

keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought that the attention of the Chevalier de Gramont, which is at present so sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he did not himself dictate to me what I am now writing.

But let us follow him to Abbeville. The postmaster was an old acquaintance: his hostelry was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris; and the Chevalier de Gramont, alighting, told Termes that he should like to drink a glass of wine while they were changing horses. It was about noon; and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until that moment, they had not eaten a single mouthful. Termes, praising the Lord, that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his master's usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and throughout the kitchen all the preparations for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the ostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place before he had satisfied his appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the urchins of the town, entered the courtyard. The landlord on being asked the reason of these prepara-

tions, acquainted the Chevalier de Gramont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with the handsomest girl in the whole province ; that the entertainment was to take place at his house ; and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, since the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures ; for these words were scarce out of his mouth, when three large coaches, loaded with lackeys, as tall as the Swiss guards, and bedizened with gaudy liveries, appeared in the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was country magnificence more naturally displayed : rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full-swelling bosoms, appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier de Gramont, the faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty ; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder : four dozen patches, at least, and ten ringlets of hair on each side of her head, most completely concealed her ; however, it was the bridegroom who more particularly attracted the Chevalier de Gramont's attention.

He was dressed up as ridiculously as the rest of the company, except as regards a coat of the greatest magnificence, and of the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Gramont, walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself much honoured by this examination, and told him he had bought it for one

hundred and fifty louis, at the time when he was paying his addresses to his wife.

"Then you did not get it made here?" said the Chevalier de Gramont.

"No," replied the other; "I bought it of a London merchant, who had ordered it for an English lord."

The Chevalier de Gramont, who began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he would recollect the merchant if he saw him again?

"Recollect him!" replied the other, "I surely ought; for I was obliged to sit up drinking with him all night at Calais, so that I might get the coat cheaply."

Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master. The Chevalier's thoughts for some time wavered between his inclination to laugh, and a desire to hang Master Termes; but the long habit of allowing himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom he could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency; and yielding to the importunities of the country gentleman, in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table, making the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after, he requested one of the servants of the house to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes. The latter immediately appeared; and as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand, said:

"Welcome, my friend; you see that I have taken good

care of the coat which you sold me with so much reluctance, and that I am not putting it to a bad purpose."

Termes, having put on a bold face, pretended not to know him, and began to push him back with some degree of rudeness.

"No, no," said the other, "since I was obliged to sit up drinking with you, in order to strike the bargain, you shall pledge me the bride's health."

The Chevalier de Gramont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a pleasant look, "Come, come, Mr. London merchant, sit down, as you are so civilly invited : we are not so crowded at table but that there will be room enough for such an honest gentleman as yourself."

At these words five-and-thirty of the guests set themselves in motion to receive this new visitor. The bride's seat alone, out of an idea of decorum, remained as it was ; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this adventure, set to in a way that showed he might have drunk up all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from the table as the servants were taking off four-and-twenty soups, to serve as many other *entrées* in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man, who was apparently in such haste, to remain till the end of a wedding-dinner ; but they all got up when he rose from table, and all that the Chevalier could obtain from the bridegroom was, that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn. As for Termes, he wished they had not quitted the Chevalier till the end of

the journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

Some time had already elapsed since they had left Abbeville, and they were proceeding onward in the most profound silence. Termes, who expected an end to this silence in a short time, was only solicitous as to the manner in which it might be broken—whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives, mingled with certain epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting ironical manner, he would indulge in such commendations as were most likely to confound him. However, finding that instead of adopting either course his master remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent to forestall the speech the Chevalier was meditating, rather than to allow him to think about it any longer, and, accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery, he said :

“You seem to be very angry, sir, and I suppose you think you have reason for being so ; but the devil take me, if you are not mistaken in reality.”

“How! traitor! in reality?” said the Chevalier de Gramont: “it is then because I have not had you well thrashed, as you have for a long time deserved.”

“Look ye, sir,” replied Termes, “you always run into a passion, instead of listening to reason! Yes, sir, I maintain that what I did was for your benefit.”

“And was not the quicksand likewise for my service?” enquired the Chevalier de Gramont.

“Have patience, if you please,” pursued the other: “I do not know how that simpleton of a bridegroom happened to be at the custom-house when my portman-

teau was examined at Calais ; but those cuckolds poke their noses everywhere. As soon as ever he saw your coat, he fell in love with it. I immediately perceived that he was a fool ; for he fell down upon his knees, beseeching me to sell it him. Besides, being greatly rumpled in the portmanteau, it was all stained in front by the sweat of the horses ; and I wonder how the devil he has managed to get it cleaned ; but, may I be excommunicated if you would ever have put it on. In a word, it cost you one hundred and forty louis, and seeing that he offered me one hundred and fifty for it, I said to myself, ' My master has no need for this oriflamme to distinguish himself at the ball ; and although he had a deal of money when I left him, how do I know in what situation he may be upon my return ? It depends on his luck at play.' To be brief, sir, I got for it ten louis more than it cost you : this you see is all clear profit : I will be accountable to you for the amount, and you know that I am good for it. Confess now, would your legs have shown any the better at the ball, if you had been dressed out in that devil of a coat, which would have made you look just like the village bridegroom to whom we sold it ? And yet, how you stormed in London when you thought it was lost ; what fine stories you told the king about the quicksand ; and how sulky you looked, when you first began to suspect that this country looby was wearing it at the wedding ! "

What could the Chevalier reply to such impudence ? If he had indulged his resentment, he must either have thrashed Termes or discarded him, that was the most lenient treatment the rogue could expect ; but the

Chevalier had need of him during the remainder of his journey ; and, as soon as he was in Paris, he saw he should have occasion for him on his return.

The Marshal de Gramont was no sooner apprised of his brother's arrival, than he went to him at the bagnio ; and, the first embraces being over on both sides :

"Chevalier," said the marshal, "how many days have you been in coming here from London ? for God knows at what a rate you travel on such occasions."

The Chevalier told him that he had been three days upon the road ; and, to excuse himself for making no more haste, he related to him his Abbeville adventure.

"It is a very entertaining one," said his brother ; "but, what is yet more entertaining, is, that it simply depends upon yourself to find your coat still at table ; for the country gentry are not accustomed to rise very soon from a wedding dinner." And then, in a very serious tone, the marshal told him, that he did not know who had advised him to this unexpected return, which might ruin all his affairs ; but he had orders from the king to inform him that he was to go back again without appearing at Court. He next told him that he could not help being astonished at his impatience, as, previously, he had conducted himself uncommonly well, and was sufficiently acquainted with the king's temper to know, that the only way to merit his pardon was to wait until it came freely from his clemency.

The Chevalier, in justification of his conduct, produced Madame de Saint-Chaumont's letter, and told the marshal that he would willingly have spared her the trouble of writing to him such false news, simply to

induce him to set off at full speed like some foolish Cravate.

"Still more indiscretion," replied the marshal; "for, pray how long has our sister been either secretary of state or private secretary, that the king should employ her to acquaint you with his orders? Do you wish to know the real state of the case? Some time ago the king told Madame² how you had refused the pension that the king of England offered you. He appeared pleased with the manner in which Comminges had related the circumstances attending it, and said he was pleased with you for it. Madame interpreted this as an

² Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles I., born June, 1644, and conveyed, when very young, with her governess, Lady Dalkeith, to France. On the Restoration, she came to England with her mother. Pepys found her "very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me." She returned to France about six months afterwards, and was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans, only brother of Louis XIV. In May, 1670, she came again to Dover, on a political mission, from the French king to her brother, in which she was successful. It was a question of Charles's neutrality in European affairs in return for a subvention. The duchess on this occasion brought over with her, as one of her maids of honour, the beautiful Louise de Kéroualles, who fascinated Charles II., as it was intended she should, and in due course became his recognised mistress. In Andrew Marvel's *Last Instructions to a Painter*, reference is made to this visit of the Duchess of Orleans;—

"The poor priapus king led by the
nose,
Looks as a thing set up to scare the
crows;
Yet in the mimics of the spinstrian
sport
Outdoes Tiberius and his goatish
Court.
In love's delights none did 'em e'er
excel,

Not Tereus with his sister Philomel.
As they at Athens we at Dover
meet,
And gentlier far the Orleans duchess
treat:
What sad event attended on the
same
We'll leave to the report of common
fame."

The Duchess of Orleans died suddenly, shortly after her return to France, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by her husband. James II., in his diary, says, "On June 22, the news of the Duchess of Orleans' death arrived. It was suspected that counter-poisons were given her; but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl

order for your recall ; and Madame de Saint-Chaumont, who is far from possessing the wonderful judgment she attributes to herself, hastened to send you this fine order in her own hand. To conclude ; Madame said yesterday, when the king was at dinner, that you would very soon be here ; and after dinner the king commanded me to send you back as soon as you arrived. Here you are ; so return immediately."

This order might have appeared severe to the Chevalier de Gramont at any other time ; but, in the present state of his heart, he soon resolved upon obeying. Nothing gave him any concern save the officious notification which had obliged him to leave the English Court ; and, quite consoled for not being allowed to see the French Court before his departure, he merely requested the marshal to obtain leave for him to stay a few days to collect some gambling debts which were owing him. This request was granted, on condition that he should not remain in Paris.

He chose Vaugirard³ for his retreat. It was there that he had several adventures which he often related in so diverting a fashion, that it would be tedious to the reader to repeat them. There it was that he administered the sacrament in so solemn a manner, that, as

of Aylesbury, an English physician, and surgeon, there appeared no grounds of suspicion of any foul play. Yet Bucks talked openly that she was poisoned ; and was so violent as to propose to foreign ministers to make war on France."—Macpherson's *Original Papers*, vol. i. Buckingham had assumed to be the duchess's lover, and had kept her well informed of all that went on in England.

³ Vaugirard, now forming one of the south-western districts of Paris, was at that time a small village beyond the city limits. Most of the conventual establishments, seminaries, &c., of Paris, are situated at Vaugirard, and several of them already existed at the time when Gramont took up his abode there.

there did not remain a sufficient number of the Swiss guard at Versailles to guard the chapel, Vardes⁴ was obliged to confess to the king that they had all been sent to the Chevalier de Gramont, who was administering the sacrament at Vaugirard. There likewise occurred that wonderful adventure which threw the first slur upon the reputation of the great Saucourt, when, whilst having a *tête-à-tête* with the gardener's daughter, the horn which had been agreed upon as a signal to prevent surprises, was sounded so often, that the frequent alarms cooled the said Saucourt's ardour, and rendered useless the assignation that had been procured for him with the prettiest girl of the neighbourhood.⁵

⁴ René-François de Bec-Crespin, Marquis de Vardes. Daniel de Cosnac, in his memoirs, speaks of him as the best built and most amiable man in France. He was a gambler and a libertine, and among his mistresses figured the Princess de Conti, Mesdames de Roquelaure, de la Roche-Guyon, de Lesdiguières, and Ninon de l'Enclos. From 1656 to 1678, Vardes was captain of the Hundred Swiss, and the *Gazette de France* describes him marching at their head at the king's wedding, "with his new uniform covered with gold lace, and his velvet cap decked with waving plumes." This fine gentleman was of a savage disposition, for he cut off the nose of Dubosc de Montandré, who had lampooned his sister, Madame de Guébriant. The royal favourite, La Vallière, was twice offered to him in marriage—both before and after her fall, and on the second occasion with a dowry of a million livres—but he declined the alliance, being at the time in love with Olympia Mancini, Countess de Soissons.

The latter, with Vardes and the Count de Guiche, forged a letter in Spanish, denouncing Louis XIV.'s amours with La Vallière to the young queen, Maria-Theresa. This letter, however, reached the king, and was traced to the culprits, whereupon Guiche was exiled and Vardes sent to the Bastille, whence he was transferred to the citadel of Montpellier. Finally he was set at liberty, but it was stipulated he should remain in Languedoc, where to pass the time he dabbled in alchemy, seeking a means of producing liquid gold, and seduced several young girls, including Mademoiselle de Thoiras, whom, to the great indignation of Madame de Sevigné, he abandoned when in an interesting condition. In 1683, after nineteen years' absence, he was allowed to return to Versailles, and surprised the king and the courtiers by his antique graces. He died in 1688, when Madame de Sevigné wrote: "There is not a man left at Court, built like him."—M. P. Boiteau's notes to the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, &c.

⁵ Anthony-Maximilian de Bellefrière, Marquis de Soyecourt (pronounced Saucourt), grand-huntsman and knight of the order of the Holy

It was also during the Chevalier's stay at Vaugirard that he paid a visit to Mademoiselle de L'Hôpital at Issy, to inquire into a reported amour between herself and a man of the gown ; and it was there, that, on his arriving unexpectedly, the President de Maisons⁶ took refuge in a closet, with so much precipitation, that half of his robe remained on the outside when he shut the door ; while the Chevalier de Gramont, who observed it, caused the two poor lovers to suffer all the agonies of the Passion by making an exceedingly long stay.

His business being settled, he set out again. Love guided him. Termes redoubled his vigilance upon the road. The post-horses were ready in an instant at every stage. The winds and tides, when he needed them, favoured his impatience ; and he again set his eyes upon London with a transport of delight. The Court was both surprised and charmed at his prompt return. Nobody ventured to express regret at the new disgrace which brought him back, as he openly shewed that he was quite consoled for it. Nor was Miss Hamilton in the least displeased at his readiness in obeying the orders of the king his master.

Ghost. He was celebrated for his amours in the earlier part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and married the daughter of President Longueil de Maisons. The remarkable vigour with which he was endowed caused it to be said of him that he was capable of satisfying all the ladies of the Court. Various verses concerning his prowess in love will be found in the MS. scandalous songs of the period, in Benserade's works (1697, vol. ii., p. 307), in Tallemant's *Historiettes*, and in Molière's *Récits des plaisirs de l'île enchantée*.

⁶ René Longueil de Maisons, President of the Parliament of Paris and of the Court of Aids. It was his daughter who had married the Marquis de Soyecourt. Issy lies south-west of Vaugirard, just outside Paris. Being on the high road to Versailles, it was a somewhat fashionable locality in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and boasted several châteaux. One of these has become a college and another a hydropathic establishment. Issy nowadays is mainly noted for its market gardens.

There had been no time for any change in Court affairs during so short an absence ; but they assumed a different aspect soon after his return : I mean with respect to love and pleasure, which had hitherto been the most serious concerns of the Court.

About this time the Duke of Monmouth,⁷ natural son to Charles II., made his first appearance at his father's Court : his entrance upon the stage of the world was so brilliant, his ambition occasioned so many considerable events, and the particulars of his tragical end are so recent, that it were needless to produce any other traits to give an idea of his character. Every one depicts him in accordance with his conduct—rash in his undertakings, irresolute in the execution of them, and pitiful in his misfortunes, in which, at least, he should have displayed firmness commensurate with the greatness of the crime.

⁷ James, Duke of Monmouth, the son of Charles II. by a Welsh woman named Lucy Walters, called at times Barlow (which name she may possibly have acquired by marriage). Evelyn says she was "dark-haired, handsome, and a bold but insipid creature." At another time he terms her "a beautiful strumpet." Algernon Sidney told the Duke of York that he had given fifty gold pieces for her, but having to join his regiment hastily, had missed his bargain. His brother Robert, however, secured the prize, and lived with her for a time. It is said that when she was with child by him (Evelyn asserts that Monmouth resembled Robert Sidney more than anyone else), Charles, then in exile, came across her, and made her his mistress. This was in 1648, and the following year a son was born at Rotterdam, who went by the name of James Crofts until the Restoration. He was educated chiefly at Paris under the eye of the queen-mother, and Mr. Thomas Ross, afterwards secretary to Mr. Coventry on the embassy of the latter to Sweden. At the Restoration the boy was brought to England, and received with joy by his father, who heaped honours and riches upon him. Pepys, alluding to him in 1665, says he was the most skittish, leaping gallant that he ever saw, and Evelyn describes him as being "the darling of his father and the ladies, extremely handsome and adroit, an excellent soldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature and debauched by lust."

Monmouth's mother sank to the condition of a common prostitute in Paris, where she died in miserable circumstances.

His figure and the exterior graces of his person were such, that nature, perhaps, never formed anything more complete. His face was extremely handsome ; and yet it was a manly face, neither insipid nor effeminate ; each feature having its beauty and peculiar delicacy. He had a wonderful disposition for every sort of exercise, an engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur : in a word, he possessed every physical advantage ; but then his mind far from prepossessed one in his favour. He had no sentiments beyond what others inspired him with ; and those who first insinuated themselves into his friendship took care to inspire him only with such as were pernicious. At first one was struck by his dazzling appearance. Those who had previously been looked upon as handsome at Court were eclipsed by him, and all the beauties were at his service. He was particularly beloved by the king ; but proved the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This did not long continue however ; for nature had not endowed him with everything requisite to secure possession of women's hearts, as the fair sex soon perceived.

The Duchess of Cleveland was out of humour with the king, because the children she had had by his majesty were like so many little puppets, compared to this new Adonis. She was the more particularly hurt, as she boasted of passing for the Queen of Love, in comparison with the duke's mother. However, her reproaches were laughed at ; for some time, she had had no right to make any ; and, as this piece of jealousy appeared to be even more ill-founded than others she had formerly affected, nobody approved of her ridiculous



Duke, of Monmouth.

resentment. It was necessary for her to play another part to give the king uneasiness ; and so, instead of opposing his extreme tenderness for his son, she pretended to adopt the latter in her affection, by a thousand praises, tokens of admiration, and caresses, which daily increased. As these endearments were public, she pretended that they ought not to be suspected ; but she was too well known for people to be mistaken. The king was no longer jealous of her ; but, as the Duke of Monmouth was of an age not to be insensible to the attractions of a woman possessing such charms, his majesty thought it proper to withdraw him from this pretended step-mother, to preserve his innocence from crime, or, at least, from scandal :⁸ it was for this reason that the king married him so young.

An heiress, of five thousand pounds a year, in Scotland, offered very *à-propos* : her person was full of charms, and her mind possessed all the qualities in which the handsome Monmouth was deficient.⁹

⁸ Rochester, in his so-called *Panegyric upon Nelly*, insinuates that Monmouth was subsequently an unsuccessful suitor for the favours of his father's mistress, Nell Gwyn :—

“It was her matchless loyalty alone
That bid Prince Perkin pack up and begone.
'Ill-bred thou art,' says prince. Nell does reply :
'Was Mrs. Barlow better bred than I ?'”

By “Prince Perkin” (Perkin Warbeck) Monmouth is of course meant.

The Countess of Sunderland (Waller's Sacharissa) tells a somewhat different story respecting this intrigue, as she writes to her brother Henry Sidney on Dec. 16, 1679 : “The (Monmouth) makes great court to Nelly, and is shut up in her closet when the king comes.”

⁹ This was Lady Anne Scott, daughter and sole heir of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh. She and Monmouth were married when mere children, the latter being fourteen years of age and his bride only twelve. The bride's fortune was much greater than Hamilton states it to have been. At their marriage on April 20, 1663, the duke took the surname of Scott, and he and his wife were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, Baron and Baroness of Whitchester and Ashdale,

Fresh festivals celebrated this marriage : there was no better way of paying one's court than by shining at these entertainments ; and whilst the rejoicings gave occasion for all manner of gallantry and magnificence, they revived old, and established new amours.

The fair Stewart, whose lustre was then at its height, attracted all eyes, and commanded universal respect. The Duchess of Cleveland wished at least to eclipse her by the jewels with which she loaded herself at this festivity ; but it was in vain. Her face was somewhat emaciated by the commencement of a third or fourth pregnancy, which the king was still pleased to place to his own account ; and, as for the rest, her person could in no respect compete for style and grace with that of Miss Stewart.

It was during that last effort of her charms, that the latter might have become queen of England, had the king been as free to give his hand as he was to surrender his heart ; however, it was also at this time that the Duke of Richmond took it into his head either to marry Miss Stewart, or to die in the attempt.

A few months after the celebration of the Duke of Monmouth's nuptials, Killegrew,¹⁰ having nothing better

in Scotland. Two days afterwards the duke was installed a knight of the garter at Windsor, the king and queen, the Duke of York, and most of the Court being present. The next day, being St. George's day, was solemnized with a royal feast, when the knight-companions were entertained in St. George's hall in Windsor Castle. Though there were several children of this marriage, it does not appear to have been a happy one ; the duke, without concealment, attaching himself to Lady Harriet Wentworth, whom, with his dying breath, he declared he considered as his only wife in the sight of God. The duchess, in 1688, married her second husband Charles, Lord Cornwallis. She died in 1732, aged eighty-one.

¹⁰ This refers to Henry, son of Thomas Killegrew, the king's familiar companion and Rochester's friend, (see *ante*, p. 5, note 2, and p. 113). Pepys speaks of the younger Killegrew as "a rogue newly come back out of France, but still in disgrace at Court." Pepys encountered him at Fox

to do, fell in love with Lady Shrewsbury ; and, as Lady Shrewsbury, by a very extraordinary chance, had no engagement at that time, their amour was soon established. No one thought of interrupting an intimacy in which nobody took any interest ; but Killegrew thought proper to disturb it himself : not that his happiness fell short of his expectation, nor did satiety make him tire of a possession which was to be envied ; but he was amazed that he was not envied, and felt offended that his good fortune should raise him no rivals.

He possessed a great deal of wit, and still more eloquence, which was liveliest when he was in his cups, and was then ordinarily displayed in giving a detailed description of Lady Shrewsbury's most secret charms and least visible beauties, concerning which more than half the Court knew quite as much as he knew himself.

The Duke of Buckingham was one of those who could only judge from outward appearances ; and appearances, in his opinion, did not seem to promise what Killegrew's extravagant praises inferred. This indiscreet lover was a frequent guest at the Duke of Buckingham's table, and had full opportunity for employing his rhetoric on this fine subject ; for they generally sat down to table

[Vaux] Hall, on May 30, 1668, with several of his associates, "as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that came by them. And so to supper in an arbour ; but Lord ! their mad talk did make my heart ache. Here I first understood the meaning of the company that lately were called 'Ballers ;' Harris, telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, where he was among them, and my Lady Bennet and her ladies, and their dancing naked, ! all the roguish things in the world."

"Lady" Bennet was the *sobriquet* of a notorious brothel-keeper of the period, to whom Wycherley, in an ironical dedication, inscribed his comedy of *The Plain Dealer*.

at four o'clock in the morning, and only rose just in time for the play.

The Duke of Buckingham, in whose ears these descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's merits were continually dinned, resolved at last to examine into the truth of the matter himself. As soon as he took the field he was enlightened; and imagined that the facts did not fall short of what had been previously reported to him. However, this intrigue began in such a manner as to make one think that it would not be of long duration, considering the fickleness of both parties, and the vivacity with which they had engaged in it; nevertheless no amour in England ever continued for so long a time.

The imprudent Killegrew, who could not dispense with rivals, was obliged to dispense with his mistress. This he bore very impatiently; but far from hearkening to his first complaints, Lady Shrewsbury pretended not even to know him. His spirit could not brook such treatment; and, without reflecting that he had brought his disgrace upon himself, he let his eloquence loose against her ladyship, and assailed her with invectives from head to foot. He painted a frightful picture of her conduct; and turned all her charms, which he had previously extolled, into defects. He was privately warned of the inconvenience to which these declamations might subject him, but despised the advice, persisted, and soon had reason to repent of it.

As he was leaving St. James's one evening after the Duke of York had retired for the night, three sword thrusts were dealt at him through his chair, one of which

transpierced his arm. Upon this, he became sensible of the danger to which his intemperate tongue had exposed him, over and above the loss of his mistress. The assassins made their escape across the Park, not doubting but they had despatched him.¹¹

Killegrew thought that all complaints would be useless; for what redress from justice could he expect for an attempt of which his wounds were the only evidence? And, besides, he was convinced that if he began a prosecution founded upon appearances and conjectures, the parties concerned would take the shortest and most effectual means to put a stop to it, and that a second

¹¹ Although there is very great variance in all the details, and it is impossible to reconcile the dates, this, we imagine, must be the same affair to which Pepys alludes in his *Diary*, under date May 19, 1669, sixteen months after the duel between Buckingham and Lord Shrewsbury, at which the latter lost his life, and of which mention will be presently made. Pepys says "the news was talked of Harry Killegrew's being wounded in nine places last night by footmen in the highway going from the park in a hackney coach towards Hammersmith to his house at Turnham Green; they being supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, she being by in her coach with six horses, upon an old grudge of his saying openly that he had intrigued with her."

Colbert de Croissy, the French ambassador, gives a somewhat similar account of the affair in a letter to the minister Lionne, dated May 20. "Infuriated against Killegrew," says he, "because he boasted she had denied him no favour, the countess nursed her anger against him until she could wreak vengeance. She was able to do this yesterday. Killegrew had arranged to visit her at her house, which is six miles from London. He went alone in a coach, and on the way fell asleep. He was awoken by the thrust of a sword, which pierced his neck and came out at the shoulder. Before he could cry out he was flung from the vehicle and stabbed in three other places by the varlets of the countess. The lady herself looked on from her own coach and six, in which she was with her three daughters, and cried out to the assassins, 'Kill the villain.' Nor did she drive off until he was thought dead. He was but badly wounded, and has sworn informations."

There had been a fray nearly two years before between Buckingham and Henry Killegrew, whom Pepys says "the duke did soundly beat and take away his sword, and make a fool of, till the fellow prayed him to spare his life; and I am glad of it, for it seems in this business the Duke of Buckingham did carry himself very innocently and well, and I wish he had paid this fellow's coat well."

attempt would not fail. Being desirous, therefore, of deserving mercy from those who had endeavoured to assassinate him, he put a stop to his satires, and did not breathe a word of the adventure. The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury remained for a long period both happy and in peace: never before had her constancy been of such long duration; nor had he ever been so solicitous a lover.

This continued until Lord Shrewsbury, who had never previously shown the least uneasiness at his lady's misconduct, thought proper to resent this last amour; it was public enough, indeed, but it seemed less dishonourable to her than any of her former intrigues. Poor Lord Shrewsbury, although too polite a man to make any reproaches to his wife, was none the less determined to have redress for his injured honour: he accordingly challenged the Duke of Buckingham; and the Duke of Buckingham, as a reparation for his honour, having killed him upon the spot, peacefully remained the possessor of this famous Helen.¹² The public was at

¹² Pepys gives some details of this affair (*Diary*, Jan. 17, 1667-8):—"Much discourse of the duel yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, [Sir R.] Holmes, and one [Captain] Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard, on the other side: and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barn-Elms, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his arms; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded. . . ." [The popular story of Lady Shrewsbury having held her gallant's horse in the disguise of a page while he fought with and killed her husband rests on no real foundation.] "And it is pretty to hear," continues Pepys, "how the king had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord General to confine the duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the general trusted to the king that he, sending for him, would

first shocked at this; but the public grows accustomed to everything, and time by degrees makes one callous as to decency, and even as to morality itself. The queen was at the head of those who exclaimed against so public a scandal, and such horrible dissoluteness, and whose feelings revolted at so atrocious an action remaining unpunished. As the Duchess of Buckingham was a short fat body, similar in figure to her majesty, had likewise never had any children, and was abandoned by her husband for another,¹³ this sort of parallel in their situa-

do it; and the king trusted to the general. And it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too; and that may make it much worse for the Duke of Buckingham; and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the government."

Rochester in his "Farewell" has the following onslaught on his ancient chum:

"But when degrees of villainy we name	Swell to a sum enough to damn a nation.
How can we choose but think of Buckingham?	But he must here by force be let alone;
He who through all of them has boldly ran,	His acts require a volume for their own,
Left ne'er a law unbroke of God or man.	Where ranked in dreadful order shall appear
His treasured sins of supereroga- tion	All his exploits from Shrewsbury to Le Meer."

—*Works of the Earls of Rochester and Roscommon*, 1709.

¹³ Mary, Duchess of Buckingham, was the only daughter of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the famous parliamentary general, and Anne, daughter of Horace, Lord Vere. She was married to the Duke of Buckingham in 1657, and bore the reputation of being a virtuous lady in a vicious age and Court. Madame Dunois, in her *Memoirs of the English Court*, after describing the duchess as brown and *lean*, (as her portrait represents her, whereas Hamilton speaks of her as "a short fat body,") goes on to say, "but had she been the most beautiful and charming of her sex, the fact of her being the duke's wife would have been sufficient alone to have inspired him with a dislike. Notwithstanding she knew he was always intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his mistresses, and even to lodge them in her house; all which she suffered because she loved him."

This latter statement is not, however, confirmed by Pepys, who notes under date May 15, 1668:—"I am told that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house; where his

tions interested the queen in her favour; but it was all in vain: nobody paid any attention to them; the licentiousness of the age went on uncontrolled, though the queen endeavoured to raise up the serious part of the nation, the politicians and devotees, as enemies against it.¹⁴

The fate of this princess was somewhat sad from certain points of view. The king made a fine show of regard for her; but that was all: she easily perceived that the respect shewn to her diminished, in proportion as the credit of her rivals increased: she saw that the king her husband did not worry about legitimate children, since his mistresses, all charming, bore him others. As all the happiness of her life depended upon this blessing, and as she flattered herself that the king would prove kinder to her if heaven would vouchsafe to grant her desires, she had recourse to all the fashionable remedies for sterility. Pious vows, novenas, and offer-

duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, 'Why, madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's; ' which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems.'—*Diary*.

Viscountess de Longueville, who died in 1763, aged near 100, used to tell many anecdotes of Charles II.'s queen, whom she described as a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged, that when she stood upon her feet, you would have thought she was on her knees, and yet so long-waisted, that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman. She also described the Duchess of Buckingham, to whom she was related, as much such another in person as the queen; "a little round crumpled woman, very fond of finery." The duchess died in 1705.

¹⁴ "Some do for pimping, some for treachery rise,
But none's made great for being good or wise.
Deserve a dungeon if you would be great:
Rogues always are our ministers of state.
Mean prostrate bitches, for a Bridewell fit,
With England's wretched queen must equal sit."

—*The First Satire of Juvenal Imitated*, by the Earl of Rochester.

ings having been tried in every manner, but all to no purpose, she was at last obliged to revert to natural means.¹⁵

What would she have given in these circumstances for the ring which Archbishop Turpin wore on his finger, and which made Charlemagne run after him, in the same manner as it had made him run after one of his concubines, from whose finger Turpin had taken it after her death!¹⁶ But it is now many years since the only talismans for creating love have been the charms of the loved one, and that foreign enchantments have proved ineffectual. The queen's physicians, men of prudence and sagacity, as they always are, having duly weighed and considered that the cold waters of Tunbridge had not succeeded during the preceding year, concluded that it was necessary to send her to the warm waters—that is to say, the baths which are near Bristol.¹⁷ This journey was therefore fixed for the next season; and in the

¹⁵ In the lampoons of the time frequent allusion is made to the sterility of the queen. One of these—"A Satyr on old Rowley"—contains the following lines:

"Dukes thou creat'st, yet want'st an heir,
Thy Portuguese is barren;
Marry again and ne'er despair,
In this lewd age we are in
Some Harry Jermyn will be found
To get an heir fit to be crowned."

—*State Poems*, vol. 3, p. 122.

Charles, it will be remembered, created half-a-dozen of his bastards dukes.

¹⁶ An allusion to an anecdote in one of the old legends respecting Charlemagne. See the pretended *Chronique* of Archbishop Turpin of Reims printed in 1527 and re-issued in Paris in 1835.

¹⁷ It was to Bath that the Court went. On Aug. 26, 1663, Pepys notes: "To Whitehall, where the court full of waggons and horses, the king and Court going this day out towards Bath." On the occasion of this visit a day was spent by the royal party at Bristol, namely, Sept. 5, when the king and queen, with the Duke and Duchesse of York, and Prince Rupert, &c., "were splendidly received and entertained by the mayor, at a dinner

confidence of its proving effectual, this excursion would have been exceedingly agreeable to the queen, if the most dangerous of her rivals had not been one of the first of those appointed to accompany the Court. The Duchess of Cleveland being then near her time, there was no uneasiness on her account. The rules of decency required a little attention on her part. The public, it is true, was neither more nor less acquainted with the circumstances of her situation, by the care which she took to conceal it; however, her presence at Court in her condition would have been too great an insult to the queen. But Miss Stewart, more handsome than ever, was appointed for this excursion, and openly began to make preparations. The poor queen durst say nothing against it; but she lost all hopes of success. What could the baths, or the feeble virtue of the waters, perform against charms that entirely counteracted their effects, either by reason of the grief they occasioned her, or their influence upon the king, which was still more calculated to render the waters of no avail? ¹⁸

provided on the occasion. They returned to Bath at four o'clock. One hundred and fifty pieces of ordnance were discharged in the Marsh, at three distinct times."—(Barrett's *History of Bristol*, p. 692.) "The king and queen left Bath on the 22nd" (Sept.), writes W. Godolphin, "dined at Badmington with Lord Herbert, who met there with the gentry of the county."—*State Papers: Domestic*: Sept. 28, 1663.

¹⁸ One of the popular outcries against Lord Chancellor Clarendon just before his disgrace was that he had promoted the Portuguese match with the full knowledge that Catherine was incapable of bearing children, his object, of course, being to increase his daughter's chance of becoming queen; and Pepys (June 14, 1667) speaks of a notice being affixed to the gate of the chancellor's house announcing—

"Three sights to be seen;
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren queen!"



CHAPTER XIV.

Departure of the Chevalier with the Court for Bath—His success at play—His advice to George Hamilton—Story of Hamilton's passion for Miss Stewart—To amuse her he makes a lantern of his mouth—He presents her with a horse, which taking fright, displays the lady's hidden charms—Infatuation of the Duchess of Cleveland for young Churchill—The King's distraction at Miss Stewart's coldness—Intervention of the Duchess of Cleveland, and discovery of the Duke of Richmond in Miss Stewart's bed-chamber—Miss Stewart appeals to the Queen, who brings about a reconciliation—Jernyn's dismissal by the fair Jennings—General marrying off of the principal personages of the Memoirs.



HE Chevalier de Gramont, to whom all the pleasures of life were as nothing without the presence of Miss Hamilton, was not able to excuse himself from attending the Court. He was too necessary and too welcome a companion to the king on such a journey as this to fail in taking part in it; and whatever resources his society might have afforded in the solitude occasioned by the absence of the Court, Miss Hamilton did not think it right to accept his offer of staying in town, because she was obliged to remain there. He obtained permission to write to her, and give

her news of the Court. He availed himself of this permission in a manner which may be imagined, and his own concerns took up so much space in his letters, that there was very little room left for other subjects during his stay at the baths. As separation rendered this stay very wearisome, so far as he was concerned, he engaged in everything that might quiet his impatience, until the happy moment of return should arrive.

He had great esteem for the elder of the Hamiltons ; and as much esteem, and far more friendship, for his brother. It was to the latter that he spoke the most confidentially of his passion and attachment for his sister. He was also acquainted with Hamilton's first engagements with his cousin Wetenhall ; but was ignorant of the coldness that had interrupted a commerce so brisk at the outset. He was thus surprised at the attention which Hamilton on all occasions shewed to Miss Stewart : it appeared to him to exceed the civility and deference that are shewn by way of paying court to the favourite of the sovereign. He became attentive, and soon discovered that Hamilton was deeper in love than was consistent either with his fortune or his peace. As soon as his observations had confirmed him in his suspicions, he resolved to prevent the consequences of an engagement which was pernicious in every respect ; but he waited for a proper opportunity of speaking to him upon the subject.

Meanwhile the Court was enjoying every kind of diversion, in places where one eagerly seizes upon whatever offers any chance of amusement. The game of bowls, which in France is the pastime of mechanics and

servants only, is quite the contrary in England, where it is the exercise of gentlemen. It requires both art and address, and is only practised during the fine season. The places where the game is played are delightful enclosures called bowling-greens. They are square grass-plots, the turf of which is as smooth and level as the cloth of a billiard-table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, all the company assemble there : they play deep, and the spectators find an opportunity of betting as much as they please.

The Chevalier de Gramont, long previously initiated in English games and diversions, had engaged in a horse-race, in which, to tell the truth, he had been unsuccessful ; but he at least had the satisfaction of convincing himself by demonstration that a nag can go twenty miles upon the high road in less than an hour. He had been more fortunate at cock-fighting ; and in all the bets he made at the bowling-greens, the party he betted upon never failed to win.

Near all these places of diversion there is usually a sort of tavern, or house of entertainment, with refreshment-rooms, summer-houses, and arbours, in which are sold all kinds of English liquors, such as cider, mead, bottled beer, and Spanish wines. Here the rooks meet every evening to drink, smoke, and to try their skill upon each other—that is to say, endeavour to trick one another out of the winnings of the day. These rooks are, properly speaking, what we call *capons* or *piqueurs* in France ; men who always carry money about them, which they offer to lend to losing gamesters for a consideration—a mere nothing to players, as it only amounts

to two per cent. interest for the loan of the money until the next day.

These gentlemen are so nice in their calculations, and so particularly skilful in all manner of games, that nobody would dare to enter the lists with them, were they even to play fairly: besides, they make a vow, to win four or five guineas a day, and to be satisfied with that gain; a vow which they seldom or never break.

It was in the midst of a band of these rooks, that Hamilton found the Chevalier de Gramont, when he called in one evening to get a glass of cider. They were playing at hazard with two dice; and as he who holds the dice is supposed to have the advantage, the rooks had accorded the Chevalier de Gramont that honour out of compliment. He had the dice in his hand when Hamilton arrived. The rooks, secure of their odds, were betting against him at a high rate, and he accepted all.

Hamilton could hardly believe his eyes, to see a man of the Chevalier's experience and knowledge engaged in so unequal a contest; but it was to no purpose that he informed him of his danger, both aloud in French, and privately by signs. The Chevalier still disregarded his warnings, and the dice, that bore Cæsar and his fortunes, performed a miracle in his favour. The rooks were defeated for the first time, but not without bestowing upon Gramont all the encomiums and praises of being a fine player, which they never fail to lavish upon those whom they wish to engage a second time. However, all their commendations were lost, and their hopes deceived: the Chevalier was satisfied with his experiment.

Hamilton, when the king was at supper, related to him how he had found the Chevalier de Gramont rashly engaged with the rooks, and in what manner he had been providentially preserved. "Indeed, sire," said the Chevalier de Gramont, "the rooks were discomfited for once;" and thereupon he related the adventure to his majesty in his usual way, attracting the attention of all the company to the narrative of a trifling circumstance which he transformed into something interesting.

After supper, Miss Stewart, in whose apartments there was a card party, called Hamilton to her to tell her the story. The Chevalier de Gramont perceived that she listened to him in a somewhat gracious manner, and this fully confirmed him in the truth of his first conjectures. Having carried Hamilton home with him to supper, they began to converse together, at first much in their usual way.

"George," said the Chevalier de Gramont, "are you not in want of money? I know you love play; perhaps it may not be so favourable to you as it is to me: we are at a great distance from London. Here are two hundred guineas, take them, they will do to play with at Miss Stewart's."

Hamilton, who little expected this conclusion, was rather disconcerted. "How! at Miss Stewart's!"

"Yes, in her apartments, friend George," continued the Chevalier de Gramont; "I have not yet lost my eyes: you are in love with her, and if I am not mistaken, she is not offended at it. But tell me how could you resolve to banish poor Wetenhall from your heart, and suffer yourself to be infatuated with a damsel who is, perhaps, not worth the other after all, and who, besides,

whatever favourable dispositions she may have for you, could only bring you to the gallows? Faith, your brother and you are two pretty fellows, with your choices. What! can you find no other beauties in all the Court to fall in love with, except the king's two mistresses? As for your elder brother, that may pass: he only took Lady Castlemaine, when his master would have no more of her, and when Lady Chesterfield would have no more of him: but as for you, what the devil do you think of doing with a creature whom the king at present is more mad about than ever? Is it because that drunkard Richmond has again come forward, and now declares himself one of her professed admirers? You will soon see what he will make by it: I know what the king said to me upon the subject.

"Believe me, my dear friend, there is no playing tricks with our masters, I mean, there is no ogling their mistresses. I myself wanted to play the agreeable in France, with a little coquette, whom the king did not care about, and you know how I paid for it.¹ I confess she gives you fair play, but do not trust to her. All women are delighted when a man whom they do not care for, ostensibly becomes their slave, just to swell their equipage. Would it not be better to pass a week incognito at Peckham with the philosopher Wetenhall's wife, than to give the *Gazette de Hollande* cause to report, 'We hear from Bristol, that such a one is banished the Court on account of Miss Stewart, and that he is going to make a campaign in Guinea on board the fleet that is

¹ Gramont here refers to his banishment from the French Court through the jealousy of the king at the attentions which he paid to Mademoiselle de La Motte-Houdancourt. See *ante*, vol. i., p. 118.

fitting out for the expedition under the command of Prince Rupert ?”²

Hamilton, who was struck by the truth of this discourse, the more he considered it, mused for some time, and then looking as if he had just awakened from a dream, addressed himself with an air of gratitude to the Chevalier de Gramont :

“Of all the men in the world, my dear friend,” said he, “you have the most agreeable wit, and at the same time the clearest judgment with respect to your friends’ interests : what you have told me has opened my eyes : I was beginning to let myself be seduced in the most ridiculous way imaginable, influenced rather by frivolous appearances, than any real inclination : I am indebted to you for stopping me at the very brink of a precipice. I owe you many other acts of kindness ; and, as a proof of my gratitude for this last, I will follow your advice, and go into retirement at my cousin Wetenhall’s to clear my head of the remainder of my delusions ; but so far from going thither incognito, I will take you along with me, as soon as the Court returns to London. Miss Hamilton shall be of the party ; for it is prudent to take all precautions with a man, who besides having a great deal of merit, is not over scrupulous on such occasions, that is, if we may credit your philosopher.”

“Do not pay any attention to that pedant,” replied the Chevalier de Gramont : “but tell me what put it into your head to form a design upon that big idol, Miss Stewart ? ”

² The Guinea expedition was planned in 1664. A full account of it, and how it came to be abandoned, is given in the *Continuation of Clarendon’s Life*, p. 225.

"How the devil should I know!" said Hamilton: "you are acquainted with all her childish amusements. Old Lord Carlingford³ was in her apartments one evening, shewing her how to hold a lighted wax-candle in her mouth, and the grand secret consisted in keeping it there burning for a long time without being extinguished. I have, thank God, a pretty large mouth, and, in order to out-do her teacher, I held two candles in my mouth at the same time, and walked three times round the room without their going out. Everybody present adjudged me the prize of this illustrious experiment, and Killegrew maintained that nothing but a lantern could compete with me. Upon this Miss Stewart was like to die with laughing; and thus was I admitted into the familiarity of her amusements. It is impossible to deny that she is a very charming creature. Since the Court has been in the country, I have had a hundred opportunities of seeing her, which I did not have before. You know that the *déshabille* of the bath is a great convenience for those ladies, who are not sorry to display their charms⁴ without

³ Theobald Taafe, second Viscount Taafe, afterwards created Earl of Carlingford. He was father of the Lord Taafe who had the intrigue with Miss Warminster, and died in 1677.

⁴ It was the fashion then for women to show their breasts, a fashion severely censured by various writers. Among several books published on the subject may be mentioned *The Loathsomeness of long hair with the concurrent judgment of divines against it; with an appendix against painting, spots, naked breasts, &c.*, by Thomas Hall, B.D., 1654; *A Discourse against the fashion of spots, naked breasts and powder for the hair*, by F. Hawkins, 1664; and *A just and seasonable Reprehension of the enormity of naked breasts and shoulders, written by a grave and learned Papist* [the author was actually a Nonconformist divine], and translated by Edward Cooke, Esq., 1678. Another book on the subject called *L'Abus des nudités de Gorge* was published in Brussels in 1675, and went through several editions. Reprints of it were moreover issued at Ghent in 1856, and at Paris in 1858. The work conveys the idea of having been written by some one admitted to Court, and well acquainted with the customs of high society.

offending against the rules of decorum. Miss Stewart is so convinced of the advantages she possesses over all other women, that it is hardly possible to praise any lady at Court for a well-turned arm, and a fine leg, but she is ready to dispute the point by demonstration, and I really believe, that, with a little address, it would not be difficult to induce her to strip naked, without reflecting upon what she was doing. After all, a man must be very insensible to remain unmoved, without feeling any effect, on such happy occasions ; and besides, the good opinion we always entertain of ourselves is apt to make us think that a woman is smitten, as soon as she distinguishes us by habitual familiarity, which very often signifies nothing. This is the truth of the matter with respect to myself : my own presumption, her beauty, the brilliant station that sets it off, and a thousand kind things she had said to me, prevented me from reflecting seriously ; but then, as an excuse for my presumption, I must also tell you, that the facility I found in making her the tenderest declarations by commending her, and the confidential remarks she made to me about certain things which she ought not to have intrusted me with, might well have dazzled another as they dazzled me.

“ I presented her with one of the prettiest horses in England. You know how wonderfully graceful she is on horseback. The king, who hardly cares for any diversion of the chase but hawking, because it is the most convenient for the ladies, went out some days ago to follow this amusement, attended by all the beauties of his Court. He galloped after a falcon, and the whole bright

squadron after him. Now, the rustling of Miss Stewart's petticoats frightened her horse, while it was going at full speed, endeavouring to come up with mine, which had been its stable companion. Thus I was the only witness of a disorder in her clothes, which disclosed a thousand new beauties to my view. I had the good fortune to make such gallant and flattering exclamations upon this charming disorder, as prevented her from losing countenance by it. On the contrary, this admiration of mine has since then been frequently the subject of our conversation, and has not seemed to displease her.

"Old Lord Carlingford, and that mad fellow Crofts⁶ (for I must now make you a general confession), those insipid buffoons, were frequently telling her diverting stories, which passed pretty well with the help of a few old threadbare jests, or some apish tricks in the recital, which made her laugh heartily. As for myself, who know no stories, and do not possess any talent as a narrator, even if I did know any, I was often greatly embarrassed when she asked me to tell her one: 'I do not know any,' said I, one day, when she was teasing me on the subject. 'Invent one, then,' said she. 'That would be still more difficult,' replied I, 'but if you will give

⁶ William, Baron Crofts, groom of the stole, and gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York; captain of a regiment of guards of the queen-mother, and gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king. He went to France on the part of the Duke of York, to congratulate Louis XIV. on the birth of the dauphin. He also accompanied the Earl of Sandwich when the latter went to Lisbon to fetch the Infanta of Portugal, and Pepys chronicles that on their encountering a storm in the Channel, "Lord Crofts did cry, and all the town talked how poorly he carried himself." When the king went to Newmarket, in 1668, Crofts entertained him at Saxham, and Pepys heard that Charles was drunk there with Sedley, Buckhurst, and others, the night that Lord Arlington came thither, and would not give the secretary of state audience. Crofts died in 1677.

me leave, I will relate to you a dream of mine which was very extraordinary, as it had even less appearance of truth about it than dreams generally have.' This excited her curiosity, which I had to satisfy forthwith.

"I, therefore, began to tell her, that the most beautiful creature in the world, whom I loved to distraction, had paid me a visit in my sleep. I then drew her own portrait, with a description of her marvellous beauties; adding, that this goddess, who came to visit me with the most favourable intentions, did not counteract them by any unreasonable cruelty. This was not sufficient to satisfy Miss Stewart's curiosity: I was almost obliged to recount in detail the favours which this tender phantom had shewn me, and Miss Stewart was so very attentive to this concoction of mine that she never once appeared surprised or disconcerted: on the contrary, she made me repeat the description of the beauty, whom I depicted as closely as possible in accordance with her own person, and with what I imagined of the charms that were unknown to me.

"This is, in fact, the very thing that almost turned my head. She knew very well that she herself was the person I was describing: we were alone, as you may imagine, when I told her this story; and my eyes did their utmost to persuade her that it was herself whom I was depicting. I perceived that she was not in the least offended at knowing this: nor was her modesty in the least alarmed by the conclusion of this fiction, which I might have terminated in still less discreet a manner, if I had thought proper. This patient audience made me plunge headlong into the most flattering conjectures. I

no longer thought of the king, or of his passion for her, or of the dangers attendant upon such an engagement : in short, I do not know what the devil I was thinking of : but I realise that if you had not been thinking for me, I might have found my ruin in the midst of these mad visions."

Not long after, the Court returned to London ; and from that time, some malevolent influence intervening in all matters pertaining to the tender passion, everything went cross in the empire of love : vexation, suspicion, or jealousy first entered the field, to set hearts at variance ; next, false reports, slander, and disputes completed the general confusion.

The Duchess of Cleveland had been brought to bed while the Court was at the baths, and never before had she looked so beautiful on recovering from her lying-in. This made her believe that she was in a proper state to retrieve her ancient rights over the king's heart, if she had an opportunity of appearing before him with this increased splendour. Her partisans being of the same opinion, her equipage was prepared for this expedition ; but on the eve of the day when she was to set out, she saw young Churchill,⁴ and was at once smitten with a

⁴ John Churchill, son of Sir Winston Churchill, of Wotton Bassett, Wiltshire, and afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. Bishop Burnet has a short note on the discovery of Churchill's intrigue with the duchess, which commenced in 1668, when the young ensign was only eighteen years of age : "The Duchess of Cleveland," says he, "finding that she had lost the king, abandoned herself to great disorders : one of which, by the artifice of the Duke of Buckingham, was discovered by the king in person, the party concerned leaping out of the window."—(*History of his own Times*, vol. i., p. 370.) The French ambassador wrote to Louvois that the king actually caught Churchill in the duchess's arms, and only showed his resentment by saying to the young man that as he had become her lover to save himself from starving, he forgave him (MS. *Affaires Étrangères : Angleterre*). In after years Churchill asked Louis XIV. for a regiment, and a correspondence on the subject ensued between

complaint which had more than once opposed her projects, and to which she had never offered aught but a feeble resistance.

A man who, from being an ensign in the guards, is

Louis's ambassador at the English Court, and the French minister of war. "Louvois, however, already knew Churchill, and also much about him that was not to his credit. He had a reputation in London which was not to his advantage, and had traded in the debauched Court circles, in which he mixed, on his fine figure and handsome face. That sort of vice had been frequent at the Courts of the Valois kings, where pretty fellows of high birth and light purses received money and jewels, and sometimes estates, from women of wealth and quality. Louvois duly objected that Mr. Churchill was too fond of pleasure to discharge well the duties of colonel in the army of the king of France, but would give more satisfaction to a rich and faded mistress than to a monarch, who did not want to have dishonourable and dishonoured carpet knights in his armies."—*Forneron's Louise de Keroualle*, English edition, pp. 166—8.

In 1672 the Duchess of Cleveland gave birth to a daughter, of whom Churchill was believed to be the father, and whom the king disavowed.

Macaulay brands Churchill as a man "who owed his rise to his sister's dishonour, who had been kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots, and whose public life, to those who can look steadily through the blaze of genius and glory, will appear a prodigy of turpitude." Another and more favourable side of Churchill's character has been skilfully sketched by Lord Chesterfield, who says: "Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well), the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them; and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes to great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate, wrote bad English, and spelt it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called *parts*; that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him, which was page to James II.'s queen. There the graces protected and promoted him; for while he was an ensign of the guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to Charles II., struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather, Halifax; which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible with either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled, during all his wars, to connect the various and jarring powers of the grand alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrong-headednesses. Whatever Court he went to (and he was often obliged to go himself to some resty and refractory ones), he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. . . . He was always cool; and

raised to such a fortune, must certainly possess an uncommon share of prudence, not to be intoxicated with his happiness. Churchill boasted everywhere of the new favour he had received. The Duchess of Cleveland, who in no respect recommended him to show moderation or restraint, did not evince the least concern at his indiscretion. Thus this new intrigue had become a general topic in town, when the Court arrived there. Everyone discussed it according to his fancy: some said the duchess had already presented Churchill with Jermyn's pension, and Jacob Hall's salary, with the more reason as the merits and qualifications of both were united in his person: others maintained that he had too indolent an air, and too delicate a build to maintain himself long in her favour; but all agreed, that a man who was the favourite of the king's mistress, and brother to the duke's favourite, was possessed of great advantages, and could not fail to make his fortune. As a proof, the Duke of York soon after gave Churchill a place in his household⁷: this was in the natural order of things; but the king, who

nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance. He could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied, as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and, in some degree, comforted by his manner."—*Chesterfield's Letters*, No. 136.

The avarice of the duke has passed into a proverb. Mrs. Manley, who had lived as companion to the Duchess of Cleveland, says that she was an eye-witness when the duke, who had received thousands from the duchess, refused the common civility of lending her twenty guineas at basset.—*History of Rivella*, p. 33.

⁷ Macaulay severely remarks on the favours which Churchill accepted from the Duke of York, and the return that he subsequently made him:—"An English gentleman of good family attaches himself to a prince who has seduced his sister, and accepts rank and wealth as the price of her shame and his own. He then repays by ingratitude the benefits which he has purchased by ignominy, betrays his patron in a manner which the best cause cannot excuse, and commits an act not only of private treachery but of distinct military desertion. To his conduct at the crisis of the fate of

did not think that he was called upon to show him any favour, simply because the Duchess of Cleveland showed him a great deal, forbade him to appear at Court.

This good-natured king was beginning to get rather ill-humoured; nor was it altogether without reason: he disturbed nobody in their amours, and yet others often had the presumption to encroach upon his. Lord Dorset, first lord of the bed-chamber, had lately debauched from his service Nell Gwyn,⁶ the actress: the

James, no service in modern times has, as far as we remember, furnished any parallel."—*Essays*, vol. i. p. 194.

⁶ Pepys has the following note on this affair in his *Diary*. (July 13, 1667): "Mr. Pierce tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst [he was not yet Earl of Dorset] hath got Nell away from the king's house, and gives her £100 a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more." And again, July 14. "To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company. And to the town to the King's head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the king's house." Aug. 26. Orange Moll tells Pepys that "Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart, her great admirer, now hates her; and she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend, also; but she is come to the play-house, but is neglected by them all." [Instead of Lord Buckhurst having debauched Nell Gwyn from the king's service, as stated by Hamilton, or abandoned her, as mentioned by Pepys, he is believed to have resigned her to the king in consideration of a pension and the earldom of Dorset.]

On Oct. 7 Knipp takes Pepys into the tiring rooms at the king's house, and "to the woman's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready" [*i.e.*, undressed], and Pepys found her "prettier than he had thought." Later in the same month he hears from Mrs. Pierce, wife of the Duke of York's surgeon, that "Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's mistress. Nell answered her, 'I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel to fill strong water to the gentlemen, and you are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter!'" In May of the following year Nell Gwyn is still at the king's house, where the play being over, Pepys sees "Beck Marshall come dressed off the stage and look mighty fine and pretty, and also Nell in her boy's clothes, mighty pretty. But Lord! their confidence, and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk!"

Nell Gwyn did not leave the stage until long after her second son by the king, and by him created Duke of St. Albans, was born. His birth took place in May, 1670, and the year her first son died, or nearly ten years afterwards Lattrell has this entry in his *Diary* (Feb. 26, 1680): "Mrs. Ellen

Duchess of Cleveland, whom he no longer cared for, did not cease to disgrace him by repeated infidelities with unworthy rivals,⁹ and almost ruined him by keeping paid lovers. However, the worry which most sensibly affected him, was the renewed coldness and threats of Miss

Gwyn being at the duke's playhouse was affronted by a person who came into the pit and called her 'whore;' whom Mr. Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke's brother, vindicating there were many swords drawn and a great hubbub in the house." Nell Gwyn resided in Pall Mall, and Pennant describes the walls of the back-room on the ground floor of her house as "entirely of looking-glass, as was said to have been the ceiling. Over the chimney was her picture; and that of her sister was in a third room," (*London*, p. 101.) Her bedstead was adorned with ornaments in chiseled and repoussé silver.

For an ironical *Panegyric upon Nelly*, by the Earl of Rochester, and Rochester's allusions to Nell Gwyn in the satire said to have been taken out of his pocket by the king, see Appendix, note G.

⁹ M. Gustave Brunet, in his edition of the *Mémoires du Comte de Gramont*, says:—"The innumerable favourites of this feminine Don Juan supplied materials for constant satire. They included the brave Churchill, the handsome Jermyn, witty Wycherley, Hart, the tragedian; Goodman, the comedian; and Jacob Hall, the tight-rope dancer. Perhaps, too, one should include Rochester himself, although some bitter shafts are levelled at him in a satire called *Lais Junior*, probably in view of putting envious people off the scent. However this may be, the poet includes in the list of favourites, Monmouth, Cavendish, Henningham, Carr-Scroope, and others, who are familiarly called by their christian names." With reference to M. Brunet's suggestion that Rochester ought perhaps to be included in the foregoing list, it may be noted that in the works of the latter are the following lines, said to have been spoken extempore upon receiving a fall at Whitehall gate, by attempting to kiss the Duchess of Cleveland as she was stepping out of her chariot:—

"By heavens! 'twas bravely done!
First, to attempt the chariot of the sun,
And then to fall like Phaëton."

Whether or not Rochester was at any time one of the duchess's lovers is not known; but one thing is quite certain, that he mercilessly assailed her on many occasions, and notably in the satire said to have been taken by the king out of Rochester's pocket:—

"Cleveland indeed deserves that noble name	Cleveland, I say, is much to be admired,
Whose monstrous lechery exceeds all fame;	Although she ne'er was satisfied or tired;
The Empress Messaline was cloyed with lust at least,	Full forty men a day provided for this whore,
But you could never satisfy this beast;	Yet like a bitch she wags her tail for more."

—*Works of the Earls of Rochester and Roscommon*, 1709.

Stewart. He had long since offered her all the settlements and all the titles she could desire, until he had an opportunity of doing still more for her. She had at first contented herself with declining them under pretext of the scandal which would follow were she raised to such a high position so calculated to shock the public. However, since the return to London, she had given herself other airs. Sometimes she was for retiring from Court, to appease the incessant uneasiness which her presence gave the queen; at other times, it was to avoid temptations, by which she wished to insinuate that her innocence had not yet been worsted. In short, she was ever giving way to alarm or displaying some fretful

Andrew Marvel, in *Last Instructions to a Painter*, thus lampoons the salacious duchess:—

“Paint Castlemaine in colours that
will hold
Her, not her picture, for she now
grows old.
She through her lacquey's drawers
as he ran
Discerned love's cause, and a new
flame began;
Her wonted joys thenceforth and
Court she shuns,
And still within her mind the foot-
man runs.
His brazen calves, his brawny
thighs (the face
She slights), his feet shaped for a
smoother race.
Poring with her glass she read-
justs
Her locks, and oft-tried beauty now
distrusts;
Fears lest he'd scorn a woman once
assayed,
And now first wished she e'er had
been a maid.

Great Love! how dost thou triumph
and how reign,
That to a groom could'st humble
her disdain!
Stript to her skin, see how she
stooping stands,
Nor scorns to rub him down with
those fair hands,
And washing (lest the scent her
crime disclose)
His sweaty hoofs, tickles him 'twixt
the toes,
But envious fame too soon began to
note
More gold in's fob, more lace upon
his coat;
And he unwary and of tongue too
fleet,
No longer could conceal his fortune
sweet;
Justly the rogue was whipped in
porter's den,
And Jermy straight has leave to
come again.”

The porter's lodge was then the usual place for whipping servants who had given their masters or mistresses cause of offence.

humour by which the king, in his affection, was greatly distressed.

As he could not for his life imagine with whom or what Miss Stewart was dissatisfied, he thought of reforming his establishment of mistresses, to see whether jealousy was not the real occasion of her uneasiness. It was for this reason, that, after having solemnly declared he would have nothing more to do with the Duchess of Cleveland, since her intrigue with Churchill, he began to make a Saint Bartholomew's massacre of all the other mistresses that he had here and there in town. The Nell Gwyns, the Miss Davises,¹⁰ and the joyous train of

¹⁰ Mary Davis was a natural daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Berkshire. Pepys speaks of seeing the earl on the occasion of the king's dining in public, waiting at the king's table, and "serving him with drink, in that dirty pickle as I never saw any man in my life." Pepys, as may be supposed, has also plenty of gossip about the king's connection with the little actress who managed to dance her way to Charles's impressionable heart with her mad jigs. In his *Diary* (March 7, 1666-7) he says—"To the duke's playhouse, where little Miss Davis did dance a jig after the end of the play, in boy's clothes; and the truth is there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day at the king's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other." In August 5, of the same year, Miss Davis's dancing in shepherd's clothes pleases Pepys "mightily." On Jan. 11, 1667-8, he says, "Knipp told me how Miss Davis is for certain going away from the duke's house, the king being in love with her; and a house is taking for her and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already, worth 600*l*." According to Pepys, however, this did not prevent the king from sending several times for Nelly and her going to him. Three days afterwards Pepys chronicles that "Miss Davis is now the most impertinent slut in the world; and the more now the king do shew her countenance; and is reckoned his mistress even to the scorn of the whole world: the king gazing on her, and my Lady Castlemaine being melancholy and out of humour, all the play not smiling once."

Pepys tells us that the actress shewed the ring which the king presented her with to everybody and "owns that the king did give it to her; and he hath furnished a house in Suffolk-street most richly for her," and given her "a mighty pretty fine coach;" all of which is "a most infamous shame." "It seems," he goes on to say, that Moll Davis is "a bastard of Colonel Howard, my Lord Berkshire, and that he hath got her for the king, but Pierce says she is the most homely jade as ever she saw, though she dances beyond anything in the world." Downes, the prompter, remarks that she sang the song of "My lodging is on the cold ground" in Davenant's

singers and dancers in his majesty's service, were all dismissed. All these sacrifices were ineffectual: Miss Stewart continued to drive the king to distraction; but his majesty soon after found out the real cause of this coldness.

The officious Duchess of Cleveland took care to acquaint him with it. Ever since her disgrace she had railed most bitterly against Miss Stewart, whose impertinence she said had caused it, and against the imbecility of the king who, for the sake of a gaily bedecked idiot, had treated her with so much indignity. As some of her grace's creatures were still in the king's confidence, she was informed through them of the condition to which Miss Stewart's new behaviour had reduced him; and as soon as she had found the opportunity she sought for, she went straight into the king's closet, through the apartment of one of his pages called Chiffinch.¹¹ This way was not new to her.

Rivals, so charmingly that it soon raised her from her bed on the cold ground to a bed-royal. At an entertainment at Court towards the end of May, when Mrs. Davis came in to dance her jig, the queen would not remain to see it, which Pepys says, "people do think was out of displeasure at her being the king's mistress." At the duke's playhouse on Dec. 21, Pepys, after the king and the Duke of York had condescended to smile upon him, felt "vexed to see Moll Davis, in the box over the king's and my Lady Castlemaine, look down upon the king and he up to her, and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see who it was, but when she saw Moll Davis, she looked like fire," which sorely troubled Pepys. To revenge herself on the king for consorting with Moll Davis, Lady Castlemaine formed a *liaison* with Charles Hart, the tragedian, with whom, according to Pepys' friend, Mrs. Knipp, she was mightily in love, having been much with him in private and giving him many presents.

¹¹ There were two of the king's pages of the name of Chiffinch: Thomas, who died in April, 1666, and his brother William, who succeeded him in his office of page of the king's bed-chamber and keeper of the private closet, in other words the reserved rooms adjoining the king's apartments, where Charles gave assignations to stray ladies of easy virtue—rooms which the king and Chiffinch had master keys of, and which no other men besides themselves were ever permitted to enter. Chiffinch's wife, who shewed

The king had just returned from visiting Miss Stewart, in a very ill humour: the presence of the Duchess of Cleveland surprised him, and did not in the least diminish it. She, perceiving this, accosted him in an ironical tone, and with a smile of indignation:

"I hope," said she, "I may be allowed to pay you my homage, although the angelic Stewart has forbidden you to see me at my own house. I will not address you any reproaches, which would be altogether unworthy of me: still less will I endeavour to excuse frailties which nothing can justify, since your constancy to me deprives me of all defence, considering I am the only person you have honoured with your tenderness, who has made herself unworthy of it by her conduct. I come now, therefore, to offer you some consolation in the state of prostration to which the coldness, or new-fashioned chastity of the inhuman Stewart has reduced you."

these favoured ladies up the backstairs of Whitehall to the rooms in question and handed them their honorarium, received a pension of £1,200 a year for the performance of these duties. William Chiffinch must be the individual referred to by Gramont, as the brother was dead more than a year before the incident alluded to transpired.

Wood, in enumerating the king's supper companions, says, they meet "either in the lodgings of Lodovisa, Duchess of Portsmouth, or in those of Cheffing (Chiffinch), near the back stairs, or in the apartment of Eleanor Quin (Gwyn), or in that of Baptist May; but he losing his credit, Cheffing had the greatest trust among them."—(*Athenæ Oxon.*) So great was the confidence reposed in Chiffinch, that he was the receiver of the secret pension paid by the Court of France to Charles II.—See the Duke of Leeds's *Letters*, 1710, pp. 9, 17, 33.

Chiffinch's other and equally private duties are alluded to in the satirical poem of the time entitled *Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's Ghost*.

"It happened, in the twilight of the day,
As England's monarch in his closet lay,
And Chiffinch stepped to fetch the female prey,
The bloody shape of Godfrey did appear," &c.

The character of Chiffinch has been drawn by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of *Peveril of the Peak*.

These words were followed by a fit of laughter, as unnatural as it was insulting and immoderate, which brought the king's impatience to a pitch. He had, indeed, expected that some bitter jest would follow this preamble ; but he did not consider that she had a right to give herself such blustering airs, considering upon what terms they were ; however, as he was preparing to answer her, she continued : "Nay, be not offended with me if I take the liberty of laughing a little at the gross manner in which you are imposed upon : I cannot bear to see that such particular affection should make you the jest of your own Court, and that you should be ridiculed with impunity. I know that that precious Stewart has sent you away, under pretence of some indisposition, or perhaps some scruple of conscience ; and I come to warn you that the Duke of Richmond will soon be with her, if he is not there already. Do not trust my mere word, since it might be suggested by either resentment or envy : follow me to her apartment, so that if I accuse her falsely, you may put no further trust in calumny, but honour her with everlasting preference ; or, if my information prove correct, that you may cease being the dupe of a pretended prude, who makes you act so ridiculous a part."

As she ended this speech, she took him by the hand, while he was yet undecided, and drew him towards her rival's apartments. Chiffinch being in her interest, Miss Stewart could have no warning of the visit : and Babiani, who owed all to the Duchess of Cleveland, and served her admirably well upon this occasion, came and told her that the Duke of Richmond had just entered

Miss Stewart's chamber. This occurred in the middle of a little gallery, which, by a private door, led from the king's apartments to those of his mistresses. The Duchess of Cleveland wished him good-night, as he entered her rival's chamber, and retired to wait for the success of the adventure. Babiani, who attended the king, was charged to come and give her an account of it.

It was near midnight : the king, in his way, met his mistress's maids, who respectfully opposed his entrance, and informed him in a low voice, that Miss Stewart had been very ill since he had left her ; but that, having gone to bed, she was, God be thanked, now well asleep.

"That I must see," said the king, pushing back one of the women who had posted herself in his way. He found Miss Stewart in bed, indeed, but she was not asleep: the Duke of Richmond was seated by the head of her bed, and in all probability was less inclined to sleep than herself.

The embarrassment on the one side and the rage on the other, upon such a surprise, were such as may easily be imagined. The king, who was one of the mildest of men, testified his resentment to the Duke of Richmond in such terms as he had never before used. The duke was confused ; in fact, more than that, alarmed. He saw his master and his king justly irritated. The first transports which rage inspires on such occasions are dangerous ; Miss Stewart's window was very convenient for a sudden revenge : the Thames flowed beneath it. The duke cast his eyes upon it ; and, seeing the king's eyes more fired with indignation than he had thought his nature capable of, he made a profound bow, and retired, without



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replying to a number of threats which followed one after the other.

Miss Stewart, having slightly recovered from her first surprise, put on a very haughty air, instead of justifying herself, and said everything that was most calculated to inflame the king's resentment: "that, if she were not allowed to receive visits from a man of the Duke of Richmond's rank, who came with honourable intentions, she was a slave in a free country; that she knew of no engagement that could prevent her from disposing of her hand as she thought proper; however, if this was not permitted her in his dominions, she did not believe that there was any power on earth that could hinder her from going over to France, and throwing herself into a convent, to seek there for the tranquillity which was denied her in his Court." The king, sometimes carried away with anger, sometimes relenting at her tears, and sometimes terrified by her menaces, was so greatly agitated, that he knew not how to answer either the squeamishness of a creature who wanted to act the part of Lucretia under his own eye, or the assurance with which she had the effrontery to reproach him. However, love had almost vanquished all his resentment and had nearly induced him to throw himself upon his knees, and entreat her pardon for the injury he had done her, when she desired him to retire, and leave her in repose, at least for the remainder of that night, without scandalizing those, who had either accompanied him or conducted him to her apartments, by a longer visit. This impertinent request thoroughly incensed him: he went out vowing never to see her more, and passed the most rest-

less night he had ever experienced since his Restoration.

The next day the Duke of Richmond received orders to quit the Court, and never more to appear before the king; but he had not waited for these orders, as it was ascertained that he had set out early that morning for his country seat.¹²

Miss Stewart, in order to obviate all injurious constructions that might be put upon the adventure of the preceding night, went and threw herself at the queen's feet. It was there that, acting the new part of an innocent Magdalen, she entreated her majesty's forgiveness for all the sorrow she might have occasioned her: she told her that a constant and sincere repentance had

¹² On March 19, 1666-7, Pepys heard for certain that a match was concluded between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, "which," observes he, "I am well enough pleased with; and it is pretty to consider how his quality will allay people's talk, whereas had a meaner person married her he would for certain be derided at first dash." On April 16, he hears from gossiping Mrs. Pierce, "how in good earnest the king is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying and Mrs. Stewart's sending the king his jewels again." "It is," says Pepys, excitedly, "the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read in my life." The marriage, which had taken place privately, was about this time publicly announced. Lord Clarendon was believed to have promoted the match so as to frustrate the design, which it was thought the king had of obtaining a divorce from the queen in order to marry Miss Stewart, a proceeding which would have seriously interfered with his daughter's prospects. Whether he actually encouraged the Duke of Richmond's marriage or not, it is certain that the king considered him as the chief promoter of it, and resented it in the highest degree. Some lines referring to the Court, and attributed to Lord Sackville, contain the following allusion to Clarendon's complicity in the affair:—

"By thee fell Wolsey and false Clarendon,
Abandoned by their kings, but here undone;
Both overwhelmed for daring to remove,
Or stem the torrent of their master's love.
The one, fair Boleyn to his prince denied,
The other made loved Stuart Richmond's bride."

—*Works of the Earls of Rochester and Roscommon*, 1709.

induced her to seek all possible means for retiring from Court ; that this reason had inclined her to lend an ear to the Duke of Richmond, who had courted her for a long time ; but since this courtship had caused his disgrace, and an explosion which might perhaps be turned to the prejudice of her reputation, she besought her majesty to take her under her protection, and endeavour to obtain the king's permission for her to retire into a convent, to put an end to all the trouble that her presence had innocently occasioned at Court. All this was accompanied by a fitting quantity of tears.¹³

It is a very agreeable spectacle to see a rival pros-

¹³ Under date April 26, 1667, Pepys notes : " Mr. Evelyn told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from Court, he knowing her well ; and believes her, up to her leaving the Court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world ; and told me, from a lord, that she told it to but yesterday with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the king, and he did the like also ; and that the king did not deny it, and she told this lord that she was come to that pass, as to resolve to have married any gentleman of £1,500 a year that would have had her in honour : for that she could not longer continue at Court without prostituting herself to the king, whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance. She told this lord, that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given to the world, to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not anything but her honour ; and that she will never come to live at Court, more than when she comes to kiss the queen her mistress's hand ; and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her lord so as to reclaim him [the duke was a great sot], that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate.

" She told this lord that all the jewels she ever had given her at Court, or any other presents (more than the king's allowance of £700 per annum out of the privy-purse for her clothes), were, at her first coming, the king did give her a necklace of pearl, of about £1,100 ; and afterwards, about seven months since, when the king had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the king did give her some jewels, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800 ; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300 ; and the King of France would have had her mother (who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world), to

trate at our feet, entreating pardon, and at the same time justifying her conduct. The queen's heart suddenly relented, and she mingled her own tears with those of Miss Stewart. After raising her up, she tenderly embraced her, promised her all manner of favour and protection, either as regards her marriage, or any other cause she might think fit to pursue, and parted from her with the firm resolution to exert all her interest in her support. However, being a person of great judgment, the reflections which she afterwards made induced her to change her views.

She knew that the king's disposition was not capable of stubborn constancy: she therefore judged that absence would cure him, or that a new engagement would by degrees entirely efface the remembrance of Miss Stewart: and that, since she could not avoid having a rival, it was desirable this rival should be one who had given such eminent proofs of her discretion and virtue. Besides, she flattered herself that the king would feel eternally obliged to her, for having opposed the retreat and marriage of a girl, whom for the time he loved to distraction. This fine reasoning determined her conduct. All her industry was employed in persuading Miss Stewart to abandon her schemes; and, what is most extraordinary in this adventure, after having

have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his Court, he would take care that she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewel; so that Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewels about £6,000, and that this is all she hath in the world; and a worthy woman; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. She is gone yesterday with her lord to Cobham."—*Diary*.



Duke of Richmond

prevailed upon her to think no more either of the Duke of Richmond, or of a nunnery, she herself undertook the office of reconciling the two lovers.

It would have been a thousand pities if her negotiation had miscarried : but she did not suffer this misfortune ; for never were the king's addresses so eager and passionate as after this peace, nor were they ever better received by the fair Stewart.¹⁴

His majesty did not however long enjoy the sweets of a reconciliation which brought him into the best good humour possible, as we shall see. All Europe was in a profound peace, since the treaty of the Pyrenees : Spain flattered herself she would be able to breathe again, thanks to the new alliance she had contracted with the most formidable of her neighbours ; but despaired of

¹⁴ Pepys under date Dec. 26, 1667, reports that the new duchess "keeps a great court at Somerset House with her husband, she being visited for her beauty's sake by people as the queen is at nights : and they say also that she is likely to go to Court again, and there put my Lady Castlemaine's nose out of joint." Less than three weeks afterwards Pepys hears from Mrs. Pierce "that the Duchess of Richmond has neither been to Court, nor seen the king, nor will not, nor do he own his desire of seeing her, but hath used means to get her to Court, but they do not take." Three months afterwards Pepys chronicles that the famous beauty is attacked with the small-pox, "by which all do conclude she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncertainty of beauty that could be in this age." On May 8, Lord Crewe tells Pepys that "there are great disputes like to be at Court between the factions of the two women, my Lady Castlemaine and Miss Stewart [*i.e.*, the Duchess of Richmond] who is now well again—the king having made several public visits to her—and like to come to Court." The king, we further learn, was "mighty hot" upon the lady, "insomuch that upon Sunday was se'night at night, after he had ordered his guards and coach to be ready to carry him to the Park, he did on a sudden take a pair of oars, and all alone, or but one with him, go to Somerset House, and there, the garden door not being open, himself clambered over the wall to make a visit to her ; which is a horrid shame." In less than a couple of months afterwards everything is settled, the duchess is sworn of the queen's bedchamber and the king is minding little else besides his mistresses ; and on Aug. 18, Pepys sees "our two great beauties my Lady Castlemaine and Richmond driving in the Park," and had much pleasure therefrom, but thought they were strange to each other.—*Diary*.

being able to support the shattered remains of a declining monarchy, when she considered the age and infirmities of her prince, or the weakness of his successor. France, on the contrary, governed by a king of indefatigable industry, young, vigilant, and ambitious of glory, needed but an inclination for aggrandizement to effect it.

It was about this time, that the King of France who did not wish to disturb the tranquillity of Europe, was persuaded to alarm the coasts of Africa, by an attempt, which even if it had been crowned with success, would have produced little good : however, the king's fortune, ever faithful to his glory, has, by the miscarriage of the expedition to Gigeri, since made it appear, that only such projects as were planned by himself were worthy of his attention.¹⁵

A short time after, the King of England, also desiring to explore the African coasts, fitted out a squadron for an expedition to Guinea, which was to be commanded by Prince Rupert. Those who, from their own experience, had some knowledge of the country, related wonderful stories of the dangers attendant upon this expedition : that it would not only be necessary to fight

¹⁵ Gigeri is about forty leagues from Algiers. The French had a factory there ; but on their attempting to build a fort on the seacoast, as a check upon the Arabs, the latter came down from the mountains, beat the French out of Gigeri, and demolished their fort. Sir Richard Fanshaw, in a letter to the deputy-governor of Tangier, dated Dec. 2, 1664, says, " We have certain intelligence that the French have lost Gigheria, with all they had there, and their fleet come back, with the loss of one considerable ship upon the rocks near Marseilles."—*Letters*, vol. i., p. 347. The French expedition against Gigeri was despatched there early in the previous October, and Pepys on the 11th chronicles a rumour to the effect that the French had retaken the fort, " wherein were five men and three guns, which makes the whole story of the King of France's policy and power to be laughed at."

the inhabitants of Guinea, a people of devils whose arrows were poisoned, and who never gave their prisoners better quarter than to devour them, but that the force would likewise have to endure insupportable heat, and rains, each drop of which was changed into a serpent; that, if they penetrated farther into the country, they would be assailed by monsters a thousand times more hideous and inconceivable than all the beasts mentioned in the Revelations.

But in vain were these reports spread abroad: far from terrifying those who were to form part of this expedition, they rather acted as an incentive to glory, upon those who had no occasion for it. Jermyn was among the first who presented themselves; without reflecting that his indisposition had been the pretence for delaying the conclusion of his marriage with Miss Jennings, he asked the duke's permission and the king's consent to serve in the expedition as a volunteer.

For some time the fair Jennings had begun to recover from the infatuation which had disposed her in his favour. All that now inclined her to this match were the advantages of the settlement. The scant ardour of a lover, who seemed only to pay her attentions from custom or habit, disheartened her; and the resolution he had taken without consulting her, appeared so ridiculous in him, and so offensive to herself, that, from that moment, she resolved to think no more of him. Her eyes opened by degrees to the spurious brilliancy which had dazzled her; and the renowned Jermyn was received according to his deserts when he came to acquaint her with the heroical project we have mentioned. So much indifference and

case of mind appeared in the raillery with which she complimented him upon his voyage, that he was quite disconcerted, and so much the more so, as he had prepared all the consoling arguments he thought capable of sustaining her, upon acquainting her with the baleful news of his departure. She told him that nothing could be more glorious for him, who had triumphed over the liberty of so many women in Europe, than to go and extend his conquests in another part of the world; and she advised him to bring home with him all the female captives that he might make in Africa, in order to replace the beauties whom his absence would bring to the grave.

Jermyn found it amiss that she should be capable of raillery in the condition he had supposed her to be reduced to; but he soon perceived she was in earnest. She told him, that she considered this farewell visit to be a final one, and desired him not to pay her any other before his departure.

Thus far everything went well on her side. Jermyn was not only confounded at having been given his discharge in so cavalier a manner; but this demonstration of indifference on her part redoubled all the love he had felt for her. Thus she had the pleasure of despising him, and of seeing him more attached than he had ever been before. This was not enough for her: very unadvisedly she wished to carry her vengeance beyond all fitting limits.

Ovid's *Epistles*, translated into English verse by the great wits at Court, had just seen the light, and she wrote a letter from a shepherdess in despair, addressed

to the perfidious Jermyn. She took the epistle of Ariadne to Theseus for her model, and the beginning of this letter contained, word for word, the complaints and reproaches of that injured beauty to the cruel man by whom she had been deserted.¹⁶ All this was adapted in an indifferent fashion to the present times and circumstances. It was her design to have closed the piece with a description of the toils, perils, and monsters that

¹⁶ Cunningham points out that "the earliest printed edition of Ovid's Epistles in English verse was published in 1680, sixteen years too late to have suggested to Miss Jennings her parody on the 'Epistle of Ariadne to Theseus,'" and he goes on to say: "perhaps no reference was intended to a printed edition, implying by this remark that the translations of some of these epistles were very likely originally handed about in MS."—*Story of Nell Gwyn*.

Hamilton exaggerates somewhat in attributing the translation of the Epistles to the great wits at Court, as not more than five out of the twenty writers who took part in the work could have claimed to be courtiers, and not even the whole of these are deserving of being styled wits. The five writers that we speak of are the Earl of Mulgrave, Sir Carr Scrope, Mr. Edmund Pooley, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Floyl. The others were mostly authors by profession, and included Dryden (who also wrote the preface), Butler, Otway, Settle, Tate, Flatman, and Mrs. Behn. Assuming Hamilton's statement to be correct, the lines which Miss Jennings adapted to her own particular case were in all probability the following:

"Theseus, I cry, perfidious Theseus,
stay!

(But you are deaf, deaf as the winds
or sea)

Stay your false flight, and let your
vessel bear

Hence the whole number which she
landed here!

In loud and doleful shrieks I tell
the rest,

And with fresh fury wound my
hated breast.

Then all my shining ornaments I
tear,

And with stretched arms wave them
in open air

That you might see her whom you
could not hear.

Look on my torn, and my disordered
hairs,

Look on my robe wet through with
showers of tears,

With the cold blasts see my whole
body shakes,

And my numbed hand unequalled
letters makes.

Ah! see this wounded breast worn
out with sighs

And these faint arms stretched to
the seas and skies;

See these few hairs yet spared by
grief and rage,

Some pity let these flowing tears
engage—

Turn back, and if I'm dead when
you return,

Yet lay my ashes in their peaceful
urn."

—*Ovid's Epistles*: translated
by several hands.

awaited him in Guinea, for which he quitted so tender a mistress, who was overwhelmed with grief ; but not having had time to finish her work, or to get what she had written, transcribed, in order to send it to him under a feigned name, she inconsiderately put this fragment, written in her own hand, into her pocket, and, still more giddily, dropped it in the middle of the Court. Those who picked it up, recognised her writing, and made several copies of it, which were circulated all over the town. However, her former conduct had so well established the reputation of her virtue, that nobody made any difficulty about believing that the circumstances of the case were such as we have related. Some time after, the Guinea expedition was laid aside for reasons that are universally known,¹⁷ and Miss Jennings's subsequent

¹⁷ The facts in connection with the Guinea expedition may be thus summarized. Under the auspices of the Duke of York a Royal Company had been founded for the purpose of trading on the African coast where the Dutch settlers were desirous of keeping all the commerce in their own hands. Frequent disputes arose, and early in 1664 the company despatched a fleet of twenty-two ships to Guinea, commanded by Sir R. Holmes, who destroyed several Dutch factories and seized Cape Corse castle, the settlements of Cape Verde, and the isle of Goree. The States of Holland complained of these high-handed proceedings, and Holmes on returning to England was sent to the Tower but speedily released. The ill-feeling between England and Holland increasing, it was decided to send a new fleet to Guinea under the command of Prince Rupert. The Dutch thereupon took alarm and requested, says Clarendon, "that Prince Rupert's fleet might stay in harbour, as theirs likewise, that was prepared for Guinea, should do, till some means might be found for the accommodation of difficulties." Meanwhile, however, De Ruyter, who was in the Mediterranean, had secretly received orders to set sail for Guinea, and in July and September, 1664, he expelled the English from all their recent acquisitions excepting Cape Corse. This led to reprisals, resulting in the capture of over 150 Dutch vessels laden with wine from Bordeaux, La Rochelle, and other French ports. The outcome of the affair was that Prince Rupert's Guinea expedition never sailed; war broke out with Holland, and the vessels which were to have been despatched to Africa took part in the engagements fought in view of our own coasts. Clarendon : *Continuation of Life*, 1827, vol. ii., pp. 298-9 ; Hume, 1854, vol. vi., p. 137 ; Lingard, 1849, vol. ix., pp. 99-100.

proceedings fully justified her letter; for despite all the efforts that Jermyn made, what with his accomplishments and with renewed attentions, she would never more hear of him.

But he was not the only man who felt the effects of the whimsical fatality, that seemed to delight in disuniting hearts, in order to engage them soon afterwards to altogether different objects. One would have imagined, that the God of Love, moved by some new caprice to deliver all who recognised his empire over to the sway of Hymen, had, at the same time, placed his own bandage before the eyes of that god, in order to cross-match most of the lovers we have mentioned.

The fair Stewart married the Duke of Richmond; the invincible Jermyn, a conceited country girl; Lord Rochester, a melancholy heiress; young Temple, the serious Lyttelton; Talbot, without knowing why or wherefore, took to wife the languishing Boynton; George Hamilton, under more favourable auspices, married the lovely Jennings; and the Chevalier de Gramont, as the reward of a constancy he had never before known, and which he has never since practised, found Hymen and Love united in his favour, and at last beheld himself the possessor of Miss Hamilton.¹⁸

¹⁸ For the after careers of the above and other personages who figure prominently in the Memoirs the reader is referred to the subjoined Epilogue.





EPILOGUE.

I.

The Duchess of Richmond disfigured by small-pox—Her frolic in company with the Queen at Audley End—Her death and will—The invincible Fermyn, his wife and his peerage—Miss Mallet, the melancholy heiress and her admirers—She is carried off by Lord Rochester, and marries him—Rochester's last years—Sir Charles Lyttelton's career; his numerous family by the sprightly Temple—Early death of the languishing Boynton—George Hamilton is killed in Flanders—Marriage of his widow, the lovely Fenningt, with Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel—The Duke's viceroyalty in Ireland, and death from poison—The Duchess as a milliner at the New Exchange—Her miserable death in Dublin—Return of the Count de Gramont to France—French opinions on the Counters—Gramont's visits to England in 1671 and 1676—His praises sung by Saint-Evremond—He poses as a connoisseur of wines—His last visit to London—His ugly daughters, the Countess of Staffora and the Abbess of Poussay—The Count's old age, illnesses and death—Saint-Simon's disparaging sketch of his character.



RAMONT'S Memoirs terminate in much the same fashion as the orthodox comedy; the principal characters are married off, and the curtain falls. Most readers, however, will feel a certain curiosity respecting the subsequent careers of the pleasure-pursuing gallants and coquettes under the restraining influence of their matrimonial bonds—a curiosity which in some measure we shall endeavour to satisfy.

The "fair Stewart," who has the first claim on our attention,

after being duly sworn of her majesty's bed-chamber, and formally acknowledged one of the king's mistresses, removed with her husband to what Pepys terms "very fine apartments in the little building on the bowling green at Whitehall." Her beauty seems to have been considerably impaired by an attack of small-pox, from which at this time she had only recently recovered; for we find Count de Rouvigny, the then French ambassador, and a connection of the Russells, writing to Louis XIV., informing him that the Duchess of Richmond was nearly blind of one eye, while Pepys walking one Sunday afternoon in August (1668) in the king's garden, when the queen and her ladies were promenading there, saw Lady Richmond, as he styles the duchess, with "her face worse than it was considerably, by the small-pox."

The duchess, whose amiable temper was proverbial, seems to have kept upon good terms with the queen; for they are described in a letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, dated Oct. 13, 1670, as jointly taking part in a somewhat strange frolic. "There being a fair near Audley-end," writes Mr. Henshaw, "the queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham, had a frolic to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, waistcoats, &c., and so go to see the fair. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart jade, rode before the queen; another stranger before the Duchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond. [That is to say, the queen and the two duchesses rode on pillions behind the gentlemen in question.] They had all so overdone it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques [stage-players] than country folk, that, as soon as they came to the fair, the people began to go after them; but the queen going to a booth, to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves stitched with blue, for his sweetheart, they were soon, by their gibberish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them. One amongst them had seen the queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of her knowledge. This soon brought all the fair into a crowd to stare at the queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the fair as had horses got up, with their

wives, children, sweethearts, or neighbours, behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolic turned into a penance."¹

In 1672 the Duke of Richmond was sent on a special mission to Denmark, "to give," as Burnet says, "lustre to the negotiation, which was chiefly managed by Mr. Henshaw," possibly the writer of the letter just quoted. The duchess did not accompany her husband, to whom the mission proved unfortunate, as he died at Elsinore before the year was out. No issue had resulted from the marriage; and the widow, although under thirty, never married again. A Mr. Mountstevens, writing to Henry Sidney (on Sept. 2, 1679) seven years after the duke's death, informs Sidney that Jack How, Sir Jervois How's brother, "a young amorous spark of the Court," has been paying his addresses to the Duchess of Richmond, and "bragging of having had her favours." The lady complained to the king, who appointed the Duke of Monmouth, and the Earls of Essex, Halifax and Sunderland, to investigate the matter. How was only able to produce one letter in support of his statements; and as the king recognised that this was neither in the duchess's handwriting, nor in her style, he forbade How from coming to Court in future—Sidney's sister, the Countess of Sunderland, writing to him on the same day, fully confirmed the above account.²

The king had long before wearied of the duchess's inanity, and had thrown himself at the feet of a new concubine, the Breton beauty, Louise de Keroualle, whom he afterwards created Duchess of Portsmouth. "La belle Stewart" found herself discarded, with a paltry pension of £150 a year; and Charles, on the importunities of his new mistress, conferred the dukedom of Richmond on a son which the latter had presented him with, whilst Louis XIV., with the view of rendering himself agreeable, granted the lady the late duke's French estate of Aubigny, which had reverted to the crown in default of male issue, with the reversion of it to any illegitimate child of the English king's which the latter might appoint to suc-

¹ Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 39.

² Sidney's *Diary*, 1843, vol. i. pp. 100—122.

ceed her. As a matter of course Charles appointed the new Duke of Richmond, who, when he had grown up, turned out a low rake, and who, when it suited his interest, changed his religion and his allegiance with equal facility. "From being one of the handsomest young men in England," says Forneron, "he became a hardened old debauchee."

The widowed duchess seems to have divided the latter years of her life between cards and cats. When she died in 1703 she bequeathed the bulk of her property to her nephew, Walter Stewart, Master of Blantyre, for the purchase of certain estates, to be called "Lennox's love to Blantyre," in memory of the donor. She apportioned her favourite cats among various female friends, to whom she left legacies for their support. Pope's well-known line—

"Die and endow a college—or a cat,"

has reference to this clause of the duchess's will.

The "conceited country girl" whom the "invincible Jermyn" married was a Miss Gibbs, daughter of some Cambridgeshire squire, of whom nothing appears to be known. There were no children born of this marriage. Jermyn was created Baron Dover in 1685, and eventually retired to Cheveley, in Cambridgeshire, where he died in 1708. Saint-Evremond, who visited him there, speaks of being "very kindly received by a person, who, though he has taken his leave of the Court, has carried the civility and good taste of it into the country."³

The "melancholy heiress," linked to whom Rochester, by fits and starts, acted the part of a reformed rake, was Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallet, of Enmere, Somersetshire, though Pepys speaks of her as "the great beauty and fortune of the North," who was "worth, and will be at her mother's death, £2,500 per annum." This was bait sufficient to attract a crowd of suitors, of whom she said, "that my Lord Herbert [son of the Earl of Pembroke] would have her, that my Lord Hinchinbroke [son of the Earl of Sandwich] was indifferent to her [meaning, of course, that she felt indifferent towards him], that my Lord John Butler [younger son of

³ Saint-Evremond's *Works*, 1728, vol. ii. p. 223.

the Duke of Ormond] might not have her, that my Lord Rochester would have forced her, and that Sir Francis Popham would do anything to have her."

Of all these suitors Rochester proved to be the boldest, for he seized and carried off the prize. It seems that on May 26, 1665, Miss Elizabeth Mallet had been supping at Whitehall with Miss Stewart, and "was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Hawley, by coach, and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and footmen, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord of Rochester (for whom the king had spoke to the lady often, but with no success) was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the king mighty angry, and the lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my lady [Sandwich] did confess to me," says Pepys, "as a great secret, her being concerned in this story. For if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchinbroke stands fair, and is invited for her."⁴

Lady Sandwich's concern in the affair was, of course, in connection with Lord Rochester's arrest, and not with the abduction of Miss Mallet. Pepys saw the couple some time afterwards at the Duke's play-house, which led him to remark that in marrying Rochester the lady performed a great act of charity, as the earl had no estate; "but," continues he, "it was so pleasant to see how everybody rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son, came into the pit towards the end of the play, who was a servant [*i.e.*, suitor] to Mrs. Mallet, and now smiled upon her, and she on him."⁵

The Earl of Rochester, after fifteen years of married life, died in 1680, aged thirty-three, a victim to drink and loose living. Bishop Burnet says: "He fell into an ill habit of body, and in set fits of sickness had deep remorse, for he was guilty both of much impiety and great immoralities. But as he recovered he threw these

⁴ Pepys' *Diary*, May 28, 1665.

⁵ *Ibid.*, Feb. 4, 1666-7.

off, and turned again to his former ill courses. In the last year of his life I was much with him, and have writ a book of what passed between him and me : I do verily believe, he was then so changed, that if he had recovered he would have made good all his resolutions.”⁶

The “sprightly Temple” and the “serious Lyttelton,” ex-governor of Jamaica, appear to have been well matched, although the one was only eighteen and the other close upon forty, and a widower to boot. They had a numerous progeny, comprising five sons and no less than eight daughters. Lyttelton was appointed governor of Sheerness and Landguard Fort in 1673, and on the accession of James II. he was made a brigadier-general. At the Revolution he resigned all his appointments on account of the oaths he was required to take. When his brother, Sir Henry Lyttelton, died in 1693, he succeeded to the baronetcy, and lived with his wife in retirement at Hagley until his death, in 1716, at the age of eighty-seven. His wife outlived him only by a couple of years.

Their son, Sir Thomas Lyttelton, married in his turn a Miss Temple, who was also a maid of honour. There was no blood relationship, however, between the mother and her daughter-in-law, the latter being the daughter of Sir Richard Temple of Stowe, an ancestor of the present Duke of Buckingham.

The “languishing Boynton,” who married “stalwart Dick Talbot,” died early, and George Hamilton, who had carried off “the lovely Jennings” from a couple of redoubtable rivals, after being knighted by Charles II., went abroad with his wife, entered the service of Louis XIV., and eventually got killed while fighting in Flanders. Evelyn, who some years afterwards accompanied the Earl of Berkeley, ambassador to the Court of France, as far as Dover, notes that “there was in my lady ambassadress’s company my Lady Hamilton, a sprightly young lady, much in the good graces of the family, wife of that valiant and worthy gentleman, George Hamilton, not long after slain in the wars [this is thought to mean not

⁶ Burnet’s *History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 372.

long after his marriage]. She had been a maid of honour to the duchess, and now turned papist."⁷

Lady Hamilton being a widow, and Talbot, her former admirer, a widower and resident in France, the pair frequently met, and their marriage was the result. Talbot was childless, but Lady Hamilton had three daughters. After a time they returned to England, when Talbot resumed his old office of groom of the chamber to the Duke of York, while his wife was taken into favour by the new duchess, the beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena. On the death of Charles II., Talbot having been created Earl of Tyrconnel, was sent over to Ireland to take the command of the army there, on which occasion his wife accompanied him.

At the Revolution Tyrconnel refused to take the oaths of allegiance to William III., and placed himself at the head of James's party in Ireland. He was rewarded with the vice-royalty and a patent creating him Duke of Tyrconnel. He and his duchess were now installed in Dublin Castle, and the latter, while holding court there, managed to marry off her three handsome daughters by George Hamilton to three of the wealthiest Irish nobles. Elizabeth, the eldest, became the wife of Lawrence, first Viscount Rosse; Frances, the second, married Henry, eighth Viscount Dillon; and Mary, the youngest, married Nicholas, Viscount Kingsland. The ladies after their marriage came to be distinguished in Ireland as "the three viscountesses."

Lord Melfort, one of James's most accredited agents in Ireland, appears to have formed far from a favourable opinion of the Duchess of Tyrconnel. In a letter addressed to James, and dated Oct., 1689, he is exceptionally severe on the lady whom Anthony Hamilton had compared to the goddess of Spring, and whose charms, he said, pierced the heart with a thousand darts. Lord Melfort says, "There is one other thing, if it could be effectuated, were of infinite use; which is the getting the Duchess of Tyrconnel, for her health, to come into France. I did not know she had been so well known here as she is; but the terms they give her, and

⁷ Evelyn's *Diary*, Nov. 12, 1675. Lodge says that George Hamilton died in 1667.

which, for your service, I may repeat unto you, is, that she has *l'ame la plus noire qui se puisse concevoir*. I think it would help to keep that peace so necessary for you, and prevent that caballing humour which has very ill effects."^a

After the battle of the Boyne, at which as many as fifteen Talbots belonging to Tyrconnel's family were slain, James and Tyrconnel reached Dublin on the evening of the same day. To receive the mud-stained, weary, and dispirited fugitives, the duchess assembled all her household in state, and in rich attire advanced to welcome the king, before whom she humbly kneeled with all the ceremoniousness of Court etiquette. How different this was to the time when she scornfully scattered James's love billets about "like hailstones for whoever that pleased to take them up." At a council held the following day, James, acting on the advice of his French followers, determined upon seeking refuge in France. Tyrconnel, however, continued to maintain his cause in Ireland, though from this time forward "he sank prodigiously, having become," says the Duke of Berwick, "as irresolute in his mind as he was unwieldy in his person." The end, however, was not far distant. When preparing to defend Limerick a second time against William III. he died suddenly on Aug. 5, 1691, from poison administered to him in a cup of ratafia.

On the death of her husband the duchess retired to France, where she resided until the dispersion of the Saint-Germain's Court and the marriage of the two daughters she had had by Talbot. The elder of these was wedded to the Prince di Vintimiglia, but the name of the husband of the younger daughter has not been recorded. At this time it would appear that Talbot's widow was in greatly reduced circumstances, as in a letter from the Earl of Manchester to Lord Jersey, written in 1699, she is spoken of as one of the needy Jacobites of James's Court to whom 3000 crowns had been given out of the pension which the king received from the Pope. The duchess came over to England in 1705, and had a private interview with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough, with whose family she was on terms the reverse of cordial. As the

^a Macpherson's *State Papers*, vol. i.

duke was then carrying on an intrigue with the exiled Court and the leading Jacobites, it is surmised that this interview was of a political nature. Pennant, in his *London*, tells a strange story of the condition to which the duchess was reduced at this period. He says : "Above stairs at the new Exchange in the Strand sat, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James II., a bigoted papist, and fit instrument of the designs of the infatuated prince, who had created him earl before his abdication, and after that Duke of Tyrconnel. A female, suspected to have been his duchess, after his death supported herself for a few days (till she was known and otherwise provided for) by the little trade of this place: having delicacy enough not to wish to be detected, she sat in a white mask and a white dress, and was known by the name of the white widow."

To the foregoing anecdote Mrs. Jameson adds : "The Duchess of Tyrconnel afterwards obtained the restoration of a small part of her husband's property, with permission to reside in Dublin. To that city, perhaps, endeared to her as the scene of past happiness, and power, and splendour, she returned in 1706, a widow, poor, proscribed, and broken-hearted. While her high-spirited sister, the Duchess of Marlborough, was ruling the councils of England, or playing a desperate and contemptible game for power, the Duchess of Tyrconnel withdrew from the world: she established on the site of her husband's house, in King Street, a nunnery of the order of Poor Clares, and she passed in retreat, and the practice of the most austere devotion, the rest of her varied life. Her death was miserable: one cold wintry night, during an intense frost, she fell out of her bed; and being too feeble to rise or call for assistance, she was discovered next morning lying on the floor in a state of insensibility. It was found impossible to restore warmth or motion to her frozen limbs; and after lingering a few hours in a half-lethargic state, she gradually sank into death. She expired on Feb. 29, 1730, in her eighty-second year: and on March 9 following, she was interred in the cathedral church of St. Patrick."⁹

⁹ *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*, p. 220.

We have now to speak of the Count de Gramont, who returned to France, accompanied by his wife, during the month of October, 1669. We learn this from a letter written by Charles II. to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, dated Oct. 24 in that year. In it the king says, "I writt to you yesterday, by the Compté de Gramont, but I beleeve this letter will come sooner to your handes ; for he goes by the way of Diep, with his wife and family ; and now that I have named her, I cannot chuse but againe desire you to be kinde to her ; for, besides the meritt her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived. I beleeve she will passe for a handsome woman in France, though she has not yett, since her lying-inn, recovered that good shape she had before, and I am afraide never will."¹⁰

The countess was very favourably received by Louis XIV., who appointed her lady-in-waiting to the queen, and showed her numerous marks of regard, one of which was the presentation to her of Le Moulineau, near Meudon, as mentioned in the Memoir of Hamilton.¹¹ "The king had a liking for her," says Dangeau, "which neither Madame de Maintenon's jealousy, nor the Jesuits, to whom she paid little heed, could overcome."¹² Madame de Caylus confirms this account of the favour with which the Countess of Gramont was treated by the king, and adds that "Madame de Maintenon found her more pleasing in appearance than amiable. It must be confessed also that she was often insupportably English—flattering and detracting, haughty and fawning by turns." This last statement would appear to have been inspired by jealousy, for Dangeau, who was certainly one of the most impartial writers of his time, declared that Madame de Gramont had "a most lively wit, the most extensive information, the greatest dignity, the utmost ease, and the most polished elegance at Court. Her haughtiness was tempered by refined and elevated piety, and her good sense was so great that she implanted it in others, and made the duties

¹⁰ Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 26.

¹¹ See vol. i. p. xviii.

¹² *Journal*, vol. i. p. 241.

of a wife compatible with the follies and irregularities of her husband."¹³

Gramont on his part came in for a share of the royal favour after his return to France. He received the *ordon bleu*, and was appointed governor of Aunis. He seems to have paid a visit to England in 1671, if a passage in Evelyn's diary, dated May 10, is to be relied upon: "At my lord treasurer's," says Evelyn, "where dined Monsieur de Gramont, and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent bold fellow, who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower." Most probably this dinner took place at some later date, as May 10 was the day following that on which Blood had made his felonious attempt, and he was then in close confinement.

Gramont was again in England in January, 1676, when the Duchess Mazarin arrived in London. He acted as her social pilot, and was quite enraptured with her, telling the Count de Ruvigny, then French ambassador at Whitehall, that all the royal mistresses were eclipsed by her.¹⁴ In March of that year Gramont escorted the Duchess of Cleveland, and her two young sons, the Earls of Southampton and Grafton, on their visit to France,¹⁵ and from that time, with the exception of a visit to England in 1688, he appears to have continued at the French Court until the close of his career, keeping up a constant intercourse with his friends in England, partly through the medium of Anthony Hamilton, who frequently crossed the Channel to visit his sister, the countess. Saint-Evremond's correspondence contains numerous letters addressed to Gramont after his return to France, together with various pieces of verse composed in his honour. In one of these, after alluding to the altered circumstances of his hero, he thus apostrophises him:—

"Count, who art lover, spouse, and father too,
Who dost display—more than men often do—
As many gifts as would superfluous be
For twenty quarters of nobility;

¹³ Dangeau's *Journal*, vol. i., p. 241.

¹⁴ Forneron's *Louise de Kéroualle*, Eng. trans., p. 131.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 133.

Delightful Count, to whom the Fates in truth
 Have left the spirit of the brightest youth ;
 What quality do you possess of age
 But to be somewhat calmer and more sage ?
 You from your days of youth have only brought
 A tender heart that easily is caught,
 And, joined to that, an eagerness for play
 Which Cupid's light in vain would lure away ;
 Because Morin¹⁶ enjoys the sleepless care
 You cruelly refuse to ladies fair,
 You have done enough for play, enough for love ;
 Let ripened wit assume the place above ;
 From time to time a certain solemn air
 Which politicians growing old should wear,
 A serious, thoughtful attitude appears,
 The only mark of your advancing years.
 If still my hero for more glory sighs,
 Than to be Lover, Gamester, and yet Wise,
 Then let me add The Original
 Who has no match, nor ever shall,
 The life of perfect nobleness,
 So much admired—but copied less—
 Until all praise, present and past,
 Be gathered round his name at last.”¹⁷

On a subsequent occasion Saint-Evremond, reverting to his favourite “eternal theme,” thus addresses his hero :—

“ Life may with love be crowned,
 And, if to love the soul too be not bound,
 Censors the most discreet
 Will scarce condemn a sentiment so sweet.
 At first it is a pure esteem
 Where, unperceived, a beam
 Of warmer feeling by degrees will dart ;
 We vaunt what touched us, in a thousand ways,
 Until the hidden charm that won the heart
 Gains from the lips a ceaseless meed of praise.
 Esteem a tender friendship next will be ;
 Friendship will soon become an amorous care ;

¹⁶ A French gambler who had come to try his fortune in England.

¹⁷ *Œuvres de Saint-Evremond*, Amsterdam, 1706.

A pleasing torment ; joy that brings despair,
 And, like a sorrow, asks for sympathy.
 Though such a sentiment no fault I hold,
 Gallantry's smile becomes not age's face ;
 And, of all men I have seen growing old,
 A Gramont only can make love with grace.
 It is not for him that the Fates
 Give order to the Seasons on the wing ;
 His Autumn is an actual Spring,
 And his gay look makes light of dates.
 A rover always, and yet never strange,
 From Court to Court a beauty he'll pursue,
 Always agreeable, and never true,
 He may die—but will not change.
 May he each summer, for his country's good,
 Teach our French Marshals all the art of war,
 Or—if the combat keeps afar—
 Bring back to love his second masterhood !
 Courtray, Mardyck, Arras, ten sieges full of glory
 That death of many thousands yields,
 Twenty engagements, seven stricken fields,
 Shall tell posterity our story.
 He who saw both banks of the conquered Rhine,
 Fribourg and Nordlingen—those days of grief—
 Might well have hoped in enterprise to shine
 By bringing Philipsburg relief : ¹⁸
 But pleasure over glory will prevail,
 Count ! And we owe ourselves our life's repose ;
 Why should we seek to swell the boastful gale,
 While still for others' benefit it blows ?
 What do our heroes gain if fame we give ?
 Death comes to them ere they in fame can live,
 Futurity, that waits them, waits for thee :
 But, for that same futurity,
 Thou mightest pay a life
 So rare, with praise so rife,
 That he who looked on all beneath the sun
 Saw no one like thee—none :
 With all his proverbs, who but he,
 With all his skill in botany,

¹⁸ Philipsburg, when held by the French in 1676, was besieged and taken by the Germans.

And all that in the tale appears,
 Had he been poor as thou he scarce had lived two years :
 He had eight hundred concubines at least,
 Yet more than that you on your list can bring ;
 And, though he had the riches of the East,
 He robbed his queen ; and you endow your king.
 'Tis true, when preachers in the pulpit rise
 To quote him, he is always called ' The Wise ;'
 Some small advantage thence to him may flow—
 So far as sermons go—
 But these discourses make the audience snore ;
 While all, rejoicing in your smallest word,
 Repeat what from Saint-Evremond they've heard,—
 ' There is one Count of Gramont, and no more.'
 Sages in Memory's shrine who feed the flame,
 And make a business of dispensing fame,
 Who in your wisdom give our vanity
 A spurious immortality,
 With all your mighty ones draw near,
 And make your humble adoration here,
 And be not vexed to see your heroes fine
 Confounded by these words of mine ;—
 ' There ne'er was life, you must confess,
 Admired more or copied less.'"¹⁹

In September, 1679, Gramont, as previously mentioned,²⁰ became possessed of a large fortune, owing to the death of his elder brother, the Count de Toulangeon. The Marshal de Crequy having imparted this news to Saint-Evremond, the latter thus addressed his friend on the event :—

"If riches, which soften courage, and lay industry asleep, have done no injury to the good qualities of my hero, I rejoice with all my heart at the alteration of your fortune ; but if they have ruined the virtues of the Chevalier, and the merit of the Count, I repent of not having executed the design I have had so often of killing you, to secure the honour of your memory. What a vexation will it be to me to see you renounce play, and abandon the ladies ! To see you heap up filthy mammon for the marriage of your daughter ; to desire dirty acres, and talk of lands and tenements as necessary things for the establishment of a family ! What a

¹⁹ *Œuvres de Saint-Evremond*, Amsterdam, 1706.

²⁰ See vol. i. p. xxxii.

strange alteration will it be in you to make such a fuss about land—vile paltry land—after you have so often despised it as unworthy of you, and abandoned it to the rooks, the crows, and the magpies ! What a strange alteration, if nothing will serve your turn but to be made my Lord Baron of Saint-Méah, to have the nobility of Bigorre every morning at your *levée*, and to entertain the neighbours with that pretty, winning way, which gains all the hearts of Gascony :—

‘ So much admired, and followed by so few,
Will you your former glories then undo ? ’

“ What will become of all those advantages which I gave you in preference even to Solomon ?—

‘ That mighty prince, who knew the hidden power
Of every verdant plant and smiling flower,
While he had vigour left shot pleasure flying,
And showed his heavenly wisdom by enjoying. ’

“ A very fine commendation truly, my Lord, for you to be effaced out of the memory of your old friends ; while all the satisfaction you can expect will be to hear your trusty Gascons, and the good people of Bearn cry, ‘ My Lord the Count keeps a most noble house ; they eat out of the plate of Monsieur de Toulangeon ; everything is managed in excellent order. If things go on at this rate, Mademoiselle de Gramont²¹ will be one of the greatest fortunes at Court. ’ Let not any wicked discourses of this nature tempt you, my Lord. He that has promised to take care of the larks, will also take care of your children. You have nothing to do but consult your reputation and pleasure :—

‘ Be rich, my Lord, and let both Indies meet,
And lay their brightest treasures at your feet.
Be rich ; but why should wealth alone employ
Your precious hours, and rob your mind of joy ?
Take my advice, Love’s dainty game pursue,
Love, sure, will find you something still to do ?
You yet have charms enow to please the fair,
Vigour to win ’em, rhet’ric to ensnare :
Nay, from the root, though all the sap were gone,
Be counselled by your friend, and still love on !
King Solomon, almost as wise as you,
With constant homage to Love’s altars flew ;

²¹ Claude Charlotte de Gramont, see *fast*, p. 253.

His vows were answered, and his setting sun
 Shone with a fiercer lustre than his noon.
 Waller,²² in whom no signs of age appear,
 Who rivals all our youth in wit and air,
 Derives new wit from Celia, while he sips
 Eternal youth on her ambrosial lips.
 Dull sots may call it weakness, if they please ;
 But isn't a weakness to consult one's ease ?
 Love all defects with generous care supplies,
 And beauty gives what envious age denies.

Me, too, who hourly with Time's malice strive,
 The fair, the kind Hortensia,²³ keeps alive ;
 Her heavenly rays the drooping plant revive,
 No sullen damps of heaviness and care,
 No black reflections, fraught with wild despair,
 Approach my breast whilst my Hortensia's there !
 Her charming looks, while they vouchsafe a smile,
 Into life's glimmering lamp pour mortal oil ;
 Her sovereign glances silently impart
 Joy to my soul, and transports to my heart !
 Devouring Time whets his sharp teeth in vain,
 While she the tottering fabric doth sustain.
 Thus I, preserved by a reflecting fire,
 Live by the warmth Hortensia's rays inspire :
 Youth from her eyes shoots down into my blood,
 And with its beams unthaws the icy flood ;
 Like clockwork—by her winding up—I move,
 And owe my motions to almighty love.

Blame me not then if I such helps employ
 To sooth my pains and flatter me with joy.
 In vain, alas ! from books we seek relief—
 Books ! that can scarce oppose a common grief.
 In vain philosophers our ills engage :
 Love is the best elixir for old age !'

"I would, indeed, wish you a century's life, did I not know that extraordinary persons like yourself have a greater regard for their glory than for length of days.

²² Edmund Waller, the poet.

²³ Hortensia Mancini, Duchess Mazarin.

‘To the last scene your glorious course maintain,
 Joy of the maids, and envy of the men !
 Of all the rarest talents, wond’rous fount,
 You’ve shone as Abbé, Chevalier and Count :
 First, as an Abbé, Richelieu’s heart you gained ;
 Then, as Chevalier, Condé’s arms sustained ;
 Now, as a Count, near Louis placed, you bask,
 Blest with each favour that your lips may ask
 Of that dread prince, at whose impressive nod
 All Europe trembles as before a God !’ ”²⁴

We learn from Madame de Sévigné’s correspondence that, shortly after Gramont had come into possession of his brother Toulangeon’s property, he solicited the post of first equerry to the Dauphiness in competition with M. de Saint-Géran, who took the matter greatly to heart, and was almost inconsolable when the king bestowed the post upon the Marshal de Bellefonds. Gramont diverted the Court by the manner in which he consoled with Saint-Géran and advised him to seek heavenly consolation in his disappointment.²⁵

Gramont, while retaining his partiality for play and gallantry, would appear in his later years to have imbibed a taste for good wine. In Hamilton’s Works is a letter written on his behalf to Fabien Brulart de Sillery, Bishop of Soissons, thanking him for some excellent wine which the Count had found greatly to his taste, and had declared to be veritable nectar. Judging from the bishop’s name, the wine referred to was probably “still” champagne, which at that time enjoyed a high reputation. Artful Saint-Evremond, aware no doubt that his hero was posing as a connoisseur of wines, wrote him this letter :—

“When the Count de Gramont accuses me of not answering his letters, he gives me a just occasion to reproach him for not making a good use of mine. I sent him word that his health would have been solemnly drunk by the Duchess Mazarin, my Lord Montagu, nay, even by his own philosopher, if the company could have got wine that was fit to drink. Now, would not a person of his penetration have easily guessed what it was that we wanted to carry out this solemnity? Some ages ago a gallant

²⁴ Saint-Evremond’s *Works*. London, 1728. The “philosopher” here shows himself to be an adept at flattery.

²⁵ *Correspondance de Madame de Sévigné*. Letter, 695. (Dec., 1679.)

might have excused himself—that he was no more a judge of wine than his mistress. But since the ladies take snuff, and sell their rings to buy snuff-boxes—since they have learnt to eat and drink with as good a grace as men—how can he retrieve the honour of his understanding, unless he finds out our meaning, and sends us what we require. However, nothing shall hinder me from giving him part of the praise that is his due :—

‘ Whilst our youths, infirm or cold,
Affect a boorish sullen air,
And live morosely like the old,
As though they would be thought severe ;
Our Count, in mind and body strong,
Tastes all the pleasures of the young :
With gambling, banqueting and plays,
Fresh ventures too in am’rous strife,
He so adorns his later days,
They prove the finest of his life ! ’ ” ²⁶

Saint-Evremond’s letter appears to have had the desired effect ; for we find him subsequently writing to the Count :—

“ Your letter alone would have sufficed ; a letter with some excellent wine is too much for the gratitude of a philosopher, who has but reason and wisdom to offer in return—things that are apt to bore, and can be of no utility to those who still retain a taste for pleasure.” ²⁷

In 1688, on the eve of the “glorious Revolution,” Gramont again paid a visit to England, and in all probability this was his last one, as the war which shortly afterwards broke out between the two countries, put a stop to all friendly intercourse for several years to come. On June 10, 1688, two days after the bishops had been committed to the Tower for their refusal to countenance James II.’s declaration of indulgence, the queen—Mary of Modena—who had had several previous miscarriages, gave birth to a son, subsequently known as the old Pretender ; and on this occasion Louis XIV. despatched the Count de Gramont to London to present his congratulations.

Gramont must have found everything greatly changed at White-

²⁶ Saint-Evremond’s *Works*. London, 1700.

²⁷ *Ibid.* Des Maizeaux says in a note that the wine referred to was a basket of fine Burgundy.

hall, where anxiety and confusion prevailed, and where but few of his former acquaintances assembled to pay their Court. Negotiations were already on foot to invite the Prince of Orange over with an armed force; and Count Zuleystein, the envoy of the States of Holland, who, like Gramont, had come over to congratulate King James on the birth of a prince, was busy with Henry Sidney—the whilom lover of the late Duchess of York—collecting the signatures of aggrieved noblemen and gentlemen. Among the old friends with whom Gramont resumed intercourse on this occasion was Saint-Evremond, who in honour of the Count's visit, penned these lines:—

“ Upon this great event,
 To manifest its limitless content,
 The French Court doth the man employ
 Who makes, at home, its chiefest joy,
 Who drives both sighs and tears away
 From every scene of passing sorrow,
 And from whom happier moments borrow
 A keener sense, a brighter ray.
 'Tis true, his efforts were almost refused
 When, lately, an Archduke his host would be;
 The good Prince was not easily amused;
 That somewhat solemn gravity
 Was very little used
 To mirth and merit shown by such as he.

But, Count, you will not find an Archduke here;
 The true refinement of the queen
 Gives you a warrant fair;
 Your charms will be acknowledged when they are seen.
 Add to Court-talents, over and above,
 That all the world you have wandered o'er
 For thirty summers followed war,
 For forty winters love.
 Needs there a chief—experience is his;
 Ambassador—he will suffice for this;
 And, without wasting time in long discourse,
 The Envoy follows on the hero's force;
 He who once delighted in the din of arms,
 And stood intrepid, under war's alarms,

(As everything to time must yield)
 Now lets his sovereign take the field,
 Waits his return, to speak a word of power
 In the demanding hour ;
 The martial ardour I behold no more
 That hero-soul would once display ;
 Nuncio, Minister, and Ambassador,
 These are his mates to-day." ²⁸

Soon after this visit to England, Gramont seems to have occupied himself with the interests of his friend Saint-Evremond, and to have obtained permission for him to return to France, with the assurance that he would be well received by Louis XIV. War was then imminent between the two countries, and it was feared that Saint-Evremond might find himself in danger in London. He had, however, won the friendship of all who knew him, and, advanced in years as he then was, decided not to avail himself of the Count's good offices.²⁹

The fall of James II. brought Richard and Anthony Hamilton to France ; and the latter, as his correspondence indicates, spent much of his time in the society of his sister, his brother-in-law, and their children. In addition to the son, born in England, in 1664,³⁰ and who in all probability died when young, Gramont by his marriage with Miss Hamilton, had two daughters, to the elder of whom some allusion has been previously made. Dangeau remarks that both the girls were very ugly, and great intriguers, and better known in society than many belles.³¹ In 1694, the elder of them, Claude Charlotte, was married to Henry, Earl of Stafford, and the younger girl, Mary Elizabeth, became abbess of St. Marie de Poussay in Lorraine. Some verses addressed to her are to be found in Hamilton's Works. Lord Hervey was acquainted with Lady Stafford in her old age, and describes her as displaying "as much wit, humour, and entertainment as any man or woman he ever knew, with a great justness in her way of think-

²⁸ *Œuvres de Saint-Evremond*, Amsterdam, 1706.

²⁹ Saint-Evremond's *Works*, London, 1728, vol. i. p. cxxxii.

³⁰ See *ante*, p. 174, note 20.

³¹ Dangeau's *Journal*, vol i. p. 241.

ing, and very little reserve in her manner of giving her opinion of things and people." ³²

Gramont spent most of his old age at Versailles, where he was received on a certain footing of intimacy by Louis XIV. Dangeau described him at this period as resembling an old ape; but Ninon de l'Enclos, in a letter to Saint-Evremond, declared that the Count was the only old man at Court who did not appear ridiculous; and in another note she mentioned that "he is still so young I think him as volatile as when he hated sick people and loved them after they had recovered their health."

He had several severe illnesses during his later years; and at each recovery Hamilton and Saint-Evremond celebrated his "resurrection," and declared him to be immortal.³³ The most serious of these illnesses was in 1696, when Louis XIV. sent Dangeau to him, to advise him to think of God.³⁴ During this illness his wife taught him, says Dangeau, the first principles of religion; and one day, whilst she was reading the Lord's Prayer to him, "Countess," said he, "that prayer is very fine: who made it?" This anecdote, if not true, is, at least, as the Italians say, *ben trovato*, for it will be remembered that Gramont had been an abbé in his youth. At one time it was reported that the Count was dead, whereupon Saint-Evremond wrote most anxiously to Ninon de l'Enclos, to inquire whether the news was true. Saint-Evremond himself died in 1703; and four years later, on Jan. 10, 1707, the Count followed the philosopher to the tomb. Gramont was then eighty-six years of age. Shortly after his death, Anthony Hamilton, writing from Paris to La Chapelle, who was in Switzerland at the time, remarked:—"You will have heard of the death of poor Count de Gramont, and I am convinced that you were touched by the news, as much as is allowable to a man who frequents the least tender-hearted philosophers in the world, that is the Swiss. However, on hearing of the Count's death, you did not learn,

³² Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 116.

³³ *Œuvres Mêlées du Comte Antoine Hamilton*, 1749; and *Œuvres de Saint-Evremond*, Amsterdam, 1706.

³⁴ See vol. i. p. 16, note 19.

perhaps, that the Muses here remained in such shameful silence, that only the sacristan of St. Thomas du Louvre tried his skill with an epitaph two hundred lines long. This epitaph, it is true, was far more suited to the memory of Marshal d'Ancre than to that of Count de Gramont: however, the poor ecclesiastic did his best." ²⁵

If trust is to be placed in what Saint-Simon says, most of the members of the Versailles Court were well pleased at Gramont's death. It should be remembered, however, that Saint-Simon often makes exaggerated statements, and that he was, moreover, of an extremely jealous disposition, and hated all who enjoyed the royal favour. His portrait of Gramont is certainly one of the most acrimonious that he ever limned. "The Count," he says, "was a man of great wit, but mainly of the wit which shows itself in pleasantry and repartee, and which is bold and skilful enough to detect each one's failing, weakness, or ridiculous characteristic, and to describe it in two irreparable and ineffable sentences; with the daring also to do this in public, and in presence of the king, indeed then rather than otherwise; merit, rank, favour, and office alike being unable to shield any man or woman whatever. In this way he amused the king, and informed him of a thousand cruel things, having acquired the liberty to speak to him of everything, even of his ministers. He was like a mad dog from whom none escaped. His cowardice placed him beneath the consequence of his bites, and at the same time he was an impudent swindler, and openly cheated at play. Possessed of all these vices, unmixed with any kind of virtue, he libelled the Court, and held it in respect and fear of him. Thus by his death it felt delivered of a scourge which the king had favoured and distinguished nearly all his life."

²⁵ *Œuvres Mélangées d'Hamilton*, 1749, p. 107.

II.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Countess of Shrewsbury tire of each other—The Countess's second marriage and death—The brilliant Buckingham's miserable end—The Duke of York in quest of a second wife—The discarded Duchess of Cleveland marries Beau Fielding—Her death—Louise de Keroualle captivates Charles II.—Mock marriage between the King and his new mistress—The Breton beauty is created Duchess of Portsmouth—Rivalry between her and Nell Gwyn—Advent of the Duchess Mazarin—Her matrimonial grievances and strange escapades—Her personal charms and composite vices—The King's coldness towards the Duchess of Portsmouth—His secret intercourse with the Duchess Mazarin—Accidental reunion of the royal mistresses—Nell Gwyn's fine underclothing—The two French duchesses reconciled at a supper-party—Mrs. Middleton proffers her daughter to the King—The Duchess of Portsmouth's pension and presents—Charles II.'s bribes from France—Flutter in the seraglio at the pretended Popish plot—The Duchess Mazarin denounced by Titus Oates—Her gay life and amorous intrigues—Fatal duel between two of her lovers—The King becomes jealous of the Grand Prior—Louise de Keroualle's magnificent surroundings—The end at hand—Illness and death of Charles II.—Return of the Duchess of Portsmouth to France and retirement of the Duchess Mazarin to Chelsea.



HERE still remain a few individuals who figure more or less prominently in the Memoirs, to be alluded to; notably the Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury, the Duke of York, and the king, the Duchess of Cleveland, and others of the king's mistresses. And first in regard to Buckingham. About two years after Gramont's return to France we find Andrew Marvel writing (Aug. 9, 1671): "Buckingham runs out all with the Lady Shrewsbury, whom he believes he had a son [by,] to whom the king stood godfather: it died young, Earl of Coventry, and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers."¹

If during this *liaison* the countess, as stated by Hamilton, dis-

¹ Andrew Marvel's *Works*, vol. i. p. 406.

played unwonted constancy, as much can scarcely be said for Buckingham, for the French ambassador mentions having heard that the duke going one day to the king's reserved apartments to talk about state affairs chanced to find Nell Gwyn there instead of the king, and that pressing her hard to grant him the same favours which she accorded to his royal master, and rumpling her starched collar during the impetuosity of his attack, she gave him a sound box on the ears for his presumption.²

In Buckingham's Works are some feeble lines, entitled "The Lost Mistress: a complaint against the Countess of ———," which, on very insufficient grounds have been suggested to refer to the duke's intrigue with Lady Shrewsbury, whereas it is far more likely that the latter was the abandoned one. She retired for a time to a convent at Dunkirk, but having had a pension of £1,600 a year conferred upon her by Charles II., in all probability at Buckingham's instigation, it is not to be wondered at that she soon secured herself a second husband in the person of George Rodney Bridges, Esq., a younger son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynsham, Somersetshire. Although the countess's son by the Earl of Shrewsbury was created a duke by William III., the latter seems to have stopped the countess's pension, as we find her husband complaining in March, 1697, of its not having been paid since 1688.³ The countess, who died in 1702, left another son, the issue of this second marriage. Her paramour, Buckingham, died aged 61 in 1688, a few months before the Revolution, at the house of one of his tenants at Kirby Moorside, near Helmesly, Yorkshire. Pope's well-known lines upon this event may here be reproduced, although the surroundings pictured by the poet are believed to be a good deal exaggerated:

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

² Colbert to Pomponne, Jan, 23, 1672.

³ *State Papers: Domestic* (Petition book, No. 20).

Great Villiers lies :—alas ! how changed from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
 Gallant and gay, in Clieveden's proud alcove,
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
 Or, just as gay, at council, in a ring
 Of mimicked statesmen, and their merry king,
 No wit, to flatter, left of all his store !
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends, "
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends." ⁴

The Duke of York appears to have continued constant to the bony and pale-faced Arabella Churchill, until he succeeded in finding a new mistress in the person of the coarse and impudent Catherine Sedley, Sir Charles Sedley's daughter, whom the Earl of Dorset was fond of lampooning. The Duchess of York having died about eighteen months after Gramont left England, and the duke being anxious to marry again, "all the belles of the Court bedizened themselves in their precious stones and other finery to make a conquest of the heir presumptive to the throne. The duke, however, preferred a French princess to whom Louis XIV. might be disposed to give a dowry." So wrote the French ambassador, and the widow of the Duke of Guise was in consequence suggested. "If the Duke of York," replied Louvois, "wants a wife who is almost certain to bear him children, he can't do better than take Madame de Guise, who laid-in thrice in two years, and whose birth, wealth, and hopes of fecundity should make up for her want of beauty." The unattractive widow, however, was not at all to the duke's taste ; he desired a young beauty of virginal attractions, and Charles's new mistress, Louise de Keroualle, intrigued to get one of the Mesdemoiselles d'Elbœuf, nieces of Turenne, chosen. She had their portraits hung up in her room, in order to captivate the Duke of York with their charms, but he pretended to consider the ladies too young, though in all probability their poverty was the great obstacle, for he eventually fixed upon the beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena, who was then only seventeen. Among the new duchess's maids of honour was the handsome Sarah Jennings,

⁴ *Moral Essays*, Epist. iii.

whom Churchill was courting, and the duke was always ogling, though he met with as little encouragement from her as he had formerly received from her sister, the lovely Frances, now the widow of George Hamilton.

Although in the latter part of the *Memoirs* Anthony Hamilton bestows on the Countess of Castlemaine the title, which was subsequently accorded her, of Duchess of Cleveland, this dignity—if there can be aught of dignity in connection with the advancement of such a notorious harlot a step in the peerage—was not conferred upon her until nearly a year after Gramont had quitted the English Court. The countess's star had paled long before this, and whatever influence she continued to exercise was due rather to her overbearing temper, before which the king quailed, than to any other cause. Her easy-going husband died in 1675, and she soon afterwards married a man of desperate fortune, known as Beau Fielding, who sought to curb her temper by violent means, the result being that she appealed to the law for protection. Luckily for her it was discovered that Fielding had already a wife living, so that the duchess was enabled to free herself from his authority. She lived, however, only about two years longer, dying of dropsy on Oct. 9, 1709, in her 69th year.

After Charles had given up the duchess, and while Miss Stewart continued coy, he solaced himself with "that impertinent slut," Moll Davis, or "pretty witty Nell," as Pepys styles the two actress mistresses. Soon, however, a new rival for royal favour presented herself. Some eight months after the king had written to his sister, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, asking her to show kindness to the Countess de Gramont, the duchess arrived in England on a political mission, and Charles went to meet her at Dover. On this occasion—designedly to ensnare her brother and render him more amenable to the French king's influence—she had brought in her suite Louise de Keroualle, a baby-faced Breton beauty of ancient lineage, with melancholy eyes, the charming freshness of twenty, and all the high delicate breeding which at that time distinguished the French Court. Charles could not help being struck with the contrast between the refinement and retiring nature of the young maid

of honour and the lively yet vulgar familiarity of Moll Davis and Nell Gwyn. The Duchess of Orleans having died soon after her return to France, Charles, conveniently associating the beautiful maid of honour with an assumed tender regard for his deceased sister's memory, sent a yacht to convey the young lady to England, and named her maid of honour to his patiently-enduring queen. A few weeks afterwards the French ambassador wrote: "The king is always finding opportunities to talk with this beauty in the queen's room. But he has not, contrary to what is reported, gone yet to chat with her in her own room." Next year the ambassador notified that the influence of the Duchess of Cleveland continued to wane, and that the king's fancy for Mademoiselle de Keroualle was growing stronger, and he further reported that a finely furnished set of lodgings had been given to her at Whitehall. "His majesty," continues he, "goes to her rooms at nine o'clock every morning, never stays there for less than an hour, and often remains until eleven o'clock. He returns after dinner, and shares at her card-table in all her stakes and losses, never letting her want for anything. . . . It was better to have dealings with her than with lewd and bouncing orange girls and actresses, of whom no man of quality could take the measure. . . . I can assure you that she has so got round King Charles as to be of the greatest service to our sovereign and master if she only does her duty." On the same day (Oct. 8, 1671), the ambassador wrote to Louis XIV. himself: "I am going to the Arlingtons' place at Euston, and as the king's [Charles's] inclination for Mademoiselle de Keroualle, who is to go there with me, is rising, I foresee that he will often run across from Newmarket to see her."

All happened as the ambassador had predicted. "The king," he reported, "comes to Euston for his repasts, and after eating passes several hours with Mademoiselle de Keroualle. Those small attentions which denote a great passion are lavished upon her, and as she shows by her expressions of gratitude that she is not insensible to the kindness of a great king, we hope she may so behave that the attachment will be durable and exclude every other."⁵

⁵ Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle*, Eng. trans., pp. 60 et seq.



Sir J. Lely pinx

Duchess of Portsmouth

"It may be," says M. Forneron in his life of Louise de Keroualle,⁶ "that the Countesses of Arlington and Sunderland [the last-named was Henry Sidney's sister], under pretext of killing the tedium of October evenings in a country house, got up a burlesque wedding, in which Mademoiselle de Keroualle was the bride and the king the bridegroom, with all the innumerable ceremonies which marked, in the good old times, the retirement of the former into the nuptial chamber. The Countess of Sunderland undressed the bride and cut up her and the king's garters for distribution among the guests. The events of that night were the talk of the whole Court and the subject of the pamphlets of the day. . . . Evelyn, who was a guest of the Arlingtons' on this occasion, states that Louise remained in her undress for a whole day, whilst everyone was trying to amuse or pet her." The lady had a son born exactly nine months after this mock marriage, and Louis XIV., on being informed of what had taken place, ordered the ambassador to present his congratulations to the pretended bride.

Various political results favourable to France followed upon this *liaison*. Charles declared war against Holland, and the French king set out on a conquering tour through Flanders. Some months afterwards Mademoiselle de Keroualle petitioned Louis XIV. for permission to become an English subject, which being granted, the titles of Baroness of Petersfield, Countess of Farnham, and Duchess of Pendennis—immediately changed to that of Duchess of Portsmouth—were conferred upon her. Later on she secured the ducal fief of Aubigny for herself, and the lapsed title of Duke of Richmond for her son by Charles, as has been already mentioned.⁷

In the height of her exultation, however, she was a mark of

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 72-3.

⁷ See *ante*, p. 236. On this occasion Louis XIV. wrote to the Count de Keroualle as follows: "In consequence of the all-important services which the Duchess of Portsmouth has rendered to France, I have decided to make her a peeress with the title of Duchess d'Aubigny for herself and all her descent. I hope that you will not be more severe than your king, and that you will withdraw the curse which you thought fit to inflict upon your unhappy daughter. I beg this as a friend and request it as a king. Louis." M. Walckenaer's *Mémoires sur Madame de Sévigné*, vol. iii. p. 364.

The Count de Keroualle had openly cursed his daughter when he learnt that she had become the mistress of Charles II.

scorn for at least one of her rivals. "Mademoiselle de Keroualle," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "saw her way well, and has made everything she wished for come to pass, and has not been disappointed in anything she proposed. She wanted to be mistress to the king, and she is so : and he shares her couch in the face of all the Court : she has had a son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with two duchies : she amasses treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that her path would be crossed by a low actress, whom the king dotes on ; and she is powerless to detach him from her. He divides his money, his time, and his health, between the two. The actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle : she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the king from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, of madcap gaiety, bold, brazen, debauched, and ready-witted : she sings, dances, and frankly makes love her business. She has a son by the king, and hopes to have him acknowledged. As to Mademoiselle, she reasons thus : 'This duchess,' says she, 'pretends to be a person of quality : she says she is related to the best families in France : whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts herself in mourning. If she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan ? She ought to die with shame. If I had been reared a lady I should blush for myself. As for me, it is my trade to be a doxy : I do not pretend to any thing better. The king has a son by me, and ought to acknowledge him, as I am well assured he will, for he is as fond of me as of his French miss.' This creature gets the upper hand in an extraordinary manner, and embarrasses and disconcerts the newly-fledged duchess extremely."^a

The newly fledged duchess had not merely to put up with Nell Gwyn's lively sallies and coarse jokes ; she suffered seriously in her health from the miscellaneous nature of Charles's amours, and was placed under the treatment of his physician Crimp. "I tell you privately," wrote ambassador Courtin to the French Minister

^a *Correspondance de Madame de Sévigné*, vol. iv. p. 128.

Louvois, "and in the hope that it will not travel further, how three days ago the Duchess of Portsmouth in my presence attacked the king about his infidelities. She did not hide from me what she had suffered from his misconduct with trulls; and he himself then described to me how his head doctor had prescribed for her."

Louise's sister, Henriette, came to England in 1674, and was at once pensioned by Charles II., who also gave her a wedding portion on her marriage with the Earl of Pembroke shortly afterwards. The old Count and Countess de Keroualle visited London to see their daughters, and during their stay a less welcome visitor made her appearance, the splendid Duchess Mazarin whom Charles, captivated by her beauty, had been anxious to marry in the days of his exile. "The destiny which has rendered me the most unhappy of my sex," observes she in the Memoirs which she got her lover, the Chevalier de Saint-Réal, to write for her, "began by dangling a crown before my eyes. It is notorious that the King of England passionately loved me and wanted me to be his wife." We have mentioned how negotiations with this object were renewed by Cardinal Mazarin on his niece's behalf after Charles came to the throne and were then summarily rejected, the result being that Hortensia Mancini was given in marriage to the son of the Marshal de Meilleraye, who received from the cardinal the title of duke and a dowry of twenty-eight millions of livres.

Duke Mazarin was witty, well read, affable and polite, but excess of religious devotion spoiled his other qualities, and he became the prey of monks, bigots, and hypocrites, who profited by his weakness to draw upon his millions. He had a horror of the nude in art and caused the finest pictures and statues to be mutilated, forbade the women on his estates to milk cows for fear it might suggest lewd thoughts, and wished to pull out his daughters' front teeth to guard them from becoming coquettes.⁹ For the health of his wife's soul he had her immured when she was in the full bloom of matronly beauty in a kind of Magdalen's asylum, the convent of Les Filles de Sainte Marie at Paris. Thence she was transferred to the

⁹ Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle*, Eng. trans., p. 120, and Saint-Evremond's *Works*, 1728, vol. iii., p. 20.

abbey of Chelles, and after a decree of the courts had been given in her favour, according her an allowance of twenty thousand livres a year and residence apart from her husband, she took up her abode at the Palace Mazarin, where her sojourn was but a brief one. Dreading, as she pretended, that the decree might be reversed on appeal, she quitted Paris secretly, accompanied by her maid, both being in men's attire, and proceeded to Italy under the escort of the Chevalier de Rohan and a Monsieur Courbeville. Eventually she returned to France, when her husband had her confined in the abbey of Lys near Melun. The king, however, whose playmate she had been in her girlhood, sent Madame Bellinzani with an officer and eight dragoons to set her at liberty. She re-entered Paris triumphantly and made her appearance at Court. One day, whilst she was showing her friends at Saint-Germain some verses which her brother, the Duke de Nevers, had written to her, and which turned her husband into ridicule, the Count de Gramont snatched the paper out of her hand and maliciously carried it to the king. The verses were read out before Louis XIV., and were subsequently used as evidence in the suit which the Duke Mazarin had instituted against his wife.

After a time the duchess proceeded to Rome to join her sister Maria, the wife of the Connétable de Colonna, and a former flame of Louis XIV., who in the days of his youth had promised to marry her. This lady having grown tired of her husband, took it into her head to separate herself from him, and persuaded Hortensia to accompany her in her flight. The pair, with their two maids, all wearing men's clothes under their own garments, quitted Rome for Civita Vecchia, whence they embarked for France, and eventually took up their residence at Aix. There Madame de Grignan was so charitable, the duchess tells us, as to send them some shifts, saying, that they travelled like true heroines of romance, with abundance of jewels but no clean linen.¹⁰ Ere long the Aix ladies became furiously jealous of the two sisters, and protested that they ought to be locked up to keep them out of mischief. Madame de Scudéry was for whipping them, while their sisters, Olympia

¹⁰ Saint-Evremond's *Works*, 1728, vol. iii. p. 166: *Memoirs of the Duchess Mazarin*.

Countess de Soissons and Mariana Duchess de Bouillon thought the proper place for them was a lunatic asylum.

Their giddy behaviour soon turned the aristocracy of Aix against them, and they quitted the town suddenly, the duchess finally proceeding to Savoy, where engaging in an intrigue with the reigning duke, she succeeded in making his wife dreadfully jealous. She now spent three years with one César Vicard, a gallant who passed himself off as the Abbé de Saint-Réal, although he was not tonsured and had no benefice. He was a young man of sparkling conversation, and violently in love with the duchess, but was of such utter and refined depravity of habits that Louvois, the French Minister, a connoisseur in such matters, was horror-stricken when he read his letters, which had been seized and brought to him. "They had," says M. Forneron, "the effervescence of hot animal spirits, and showed their author to be steeped in the infamous vices which then prevailed in Italy."

The Duchess Mazarin was followed to England by her gallant, the so-called abbé. She went to London in the secret hope of reviving the old flame which Charles II. had entertained for her. Of the fourteen years which had rolled over since her marriage, she had spent seven with her husband and her four children. The rest of the time had been passed in convents, on highways dressed as a man, and in the small Courts of Italy. Of Roman origin, she was accused of indulging in ancient Roman vices, and in the course of her travels is believed to have picked up new modes of sinning. Still she remained youthful looking and fresh. Ruvigny, annoyed at the wonderful preservation of her charms, wrote, "She is to all appearance a finely developed young girl. I never saw anyone who so well defies the power of time and vice to disfigure."¹¹

The duchess, on the occasion of her coming to England, had embarked in Holland, and the ship was driven by stress of weather to Torquay. From there the lady rode up to London, dressed as a gentleman of fashion, having with her, also on horseback, two women and five men-servants, and a little blackamoor page. She was received at Whitehall as a triumphant goddess. Gramont

¹¹ Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle*, Eng. trans., p. 130-1.

confided to the French ambassador that all the royal mistresses were eclipsed by her. The men spoke of her to express admiration, and the women to exhale their jealous uneasiness. Saint-Evremond described her as "one of those lofty Roman beauties, free from anything like doll-pretiness and in whom unaided Nature triumphs over all the arts of the coquette. Painters could not say what was the colour of her eyes. They were neither blue, nor grey, nor black, yet had the sweetness of the first, the liveliness of the second, and the fire and sparkle of the third. They had, however, nothing languishing or passionate about them, as though Nature had maliciously designed them only to express love and veneration while being susceptible of neither. Although her mouth could not be styled large still it was not little, while the motion of her lips was charming, and her smile gave an air of sweetness to a naturally grave face. Her complexion was soft-toned, yet warm and fresh. It was so harmonious that, although dark, she appeared to be of beautiful fairness. Her jet-black hair rose in strong waves above her forehead as if proud to shade and adorn so lovely a head. I had almost forgotten to speak of her neck and arms and hands, but suffice it to say that they appear to have been made for the rest of her handsome person. If we may judge by what we see of what we do not see we may certainly conclude that her husband after having been the happiest of men must now have become the unhappiest."¹²

The pecuniary troubles of the Duchess Mazarin when she arrived in England were great. Charles, whom her beauty overcame anew, wrote with his own hand to the French king asking him to force her husband to make her a suitable allowance, without which it would be impossible for her to live. He moreover presented her with a thousand gold jacobuses, and is said to have subsequently granted her a pension of £4000 per annum.¹³ Louis, who was always averse to meddling in the family affairs of his subjects, wrote to the duchess explaining why he could not do what was asked of him, although his then ambassador, Count de Ruigny,

¹² Saint-Evremond's *Works*, 1728, vol. iii. p. 169, *et seq.*

¹³ *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. xc. : *Life by Des Maircaux.*



Duchess Mazarin

urged that it was "dangerous to vex a woman whose star was in the ascendant." The young Duchess of York was at this time in an interesting condition, and she kept Hortensia Mancini, who was a first cousin of hers, whole days together beside her bed. The king often went to his sister-in-law's bedroom on purpose to meet the Duchess Mazarin. "Sire," wrote Ruvigny to Louis, in alarm at the consequences which might ensue to his master's *protégée*, Louise de Kéroualle, "I have just learnt that there is certain and secret intelligence between the King of England and the Duchess Mazarin. . . . The king exhibits a deepening interest in the lady, and it may be that her distressful condition will intensify the passion which now evidently overmasters him."

Louis XIV. had determined upon Ruvigny's recall, and appointed Courtin, formerly a councillor of the Rouen parliament and governor of Picardy, to succeed him. Courtin, before setting out for London, called on the Duke Mazarin to try and persuade him to do something for his wife. His efforts were fruitless, however, and after his arrival in England he earnestly advised the French king to exercise his authority and force the duke to pay the annuity of fifty thousand livres a year which his wife demanded, otherwise the lady might use her influence in a way that the king would not approve of. Courtin had sounded Charles with a view to discovering the extent of the influence which the duchess had over him, and had extracted from him the admissions, first, that he considered her a great beauty, and secondly, that he found no pleasure equal to that of conversing with her. He plainly showed that he liked to talk about her and to hear her praised, whereas he appeared to have grown indifferent to the Duchess of Portsmouth, who had become delicate and had many enemies in England. It would be a miracle if the King of England did not fall under the empire of the Duchess Mazarin, as the entire Court was making a dead set at him in her behalf.¹⁴

The Duchess of Portsmouth went to Bath to take the waters, in

¹⁴ Forneron's *Louise de Kéroualle*, Eng. trans., pp. 142-3. Most of the remaining particulars of the two duchesses' careers have been derived from this work.

the hope of picking up flesh. She returned looking better, but still thin and worn, and Charles visited her a day or two afterwards, when the French king's chamber musicians, who were on a tour in England, played and sang in her apartments. She greatly amused the company by asking to have sung, "Mate me con no mirar, mas no me mate con zelos" (Make me die of grief but not of jealousy), and Charles joined in the laughter provoked by her request. He continued to show her marks of friendship and regard in public, but there was little renewal of their former intimacy. The Duchess Mazarin evidently pleased him better.

A daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland's by the king, married to the Earl of Sussex, conceived a passionate attachment for Louise de Keroualle's rival. Her apartments, which were the same that her mother occupied in the heyday of her triumph, were immediately over the king's private cabinet, and could be readily reached by a private staircase. The Duchess Mazarin was constantly at Lady Sussex's, where she met the king, her *tête-à-têtes* with whom were prolonged far into the night. "The Duchess of Portsmouth," wrote ambassador Courtin to Louis XIV.'s chief minister, "has the king often at her rooms, but I have ascertained beyond a doubt that he passes the nights much less oftener with her than with Nell Gwyn; and if those who are most about with him are to be believed, his relations with the Duchess of Portsmouth have subsided into a platonic friendship. As to the Duchess Mazarin, I know he thinks her the finest woman that he ever saw in his life. Although I go every day to her apartments in St. James's Palace, I see plainly enough that she hides all she can from me, and I am greatly deceived if she is not intriguing here against us, and in favour of some of our enemies. . . . Every evening I witness scenes at her rooms so astounding that a description of them could not fail to set even a great minister like you laughing. . . . On Sunday, after piously attending mass, Madame Mazarin dined with me, and played the rest of the afternoon in my withdrawing room at battledore and shuttlecock with Lady Sussex."

The watchful ambassador subsequently informed the French minister that Charles went regularly through the ceremony of going

to bed at Whitehall, and that when all his gentlemen had retired, he dressed himself again and stole off to St. James's, arriving there after the duchess's card-parties were over and not returning to Whitehall until five o'clock the next morning. Courtin made himself useful to Charles in getting his two French mistresses and their respective partisans to agree better together, and in one of his letters he describes a diverting scene in the rooms of the Duchess Mazarin, which occurred while he was present. The Duchess of Portsmouth called to pay a visit of ceremony, and shortly afterwards Lady Harvey,* who hated Louise de Keroualle intensely, made her appearance, accompanied by Nell Gwyn. The latter had come to thank the Duchess Mazarin for her compliments on the occasion of Charles having recognised her son and created him Earl of Burford. Everything passed off with politeness and good taste, but after the Duchess of Portsmouth had left, Nell Gwyn turning to Courtin, bluntly asked him why the King of France did not send presents to her instead of to the weeping willow who had just departed. He would find it, she said, more profitable, as the King of England slept oftener with her and liked her much the best of the two. After this speech the other ladies who had heard speak of the fineness of Nell's underclothing wished to satisfy themselves upon the point and were allowed to raise and examine her undergarments one after the other in presence of the entire company. "I never in my life," wrote Courtin, "saw such thorough cleanliness, neatness, and sumptuosity. I should speak of other things that we were all shewn if M. de Lionne were still foreign secretary, but with you, Monsieur, I must be grave and proper, and so I conclude my letter."¹⁵

On another occasion Lady Harvey and Mrs. Middleton notified to

¹⁵ Courtin to Pomponne.—A few years later, in March, 1681, these two irreconcilable beauties—the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwyn—accompanied the king to Oxford when the parliament was being held there. Nell Gwyn's life was in some measure a short and a merry one, for she could not have been more than forty years old when she died on Oct. 14, 1687. From an entry in Luttrell's *Diary*, we learn that her mother being in drink had been drowned in a ditch at Westminster about eight years before. Rochester alludes to this circumstance in his *Panegyric on Nelly*. See *post*, p. 291.

Courtin their intention of coming to sup with him, each of them being accompanied by a female friend. Lady Harvey mentioned the matter to the Duchess Mazarin and Mrs. Middleton spoke of it to the Duchess of Portsmouth, with the result that the two duchesses determined upon joining the invaders. Lady Beauclerc was also of the party, although she and Lady Harvey were at daggers drawn, while the Duchess Mazarin had frequently vowed that she would never break bread at the same table with the Duchess of Portsmouth. But Courtin managed not only to keep the ladies from openly quarrelling, but so arranged matters that they enjoyed themselves immensely. He playfully locked up in couples, in different rooms, those who were regarded as most violently antagonistic, and when he liberated the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Mazarin they came out of the room, in which they had been confined, hand in hand, laughing heartily, and went dancing and jumping down stairs. Afterwards Louise pushed the spirit of conciliation so far as to ask the Duchess Mazarin to dinner, and then took her in her coach to the Mall to the astonishment of the town gossips.

Lady Harvey and Mrs. Middleton, however, were not in a humour to put up with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and were indefatigable in goading on the Duchess Mazarin against her. They even urged her to prevail on the king to honour Mrs. Middleton's daughter with his attentions, so as to spite the Duchess of Portsmouth, who had succeeded in getting access to the king's cabinet refused to Mrs. Middleton after the latter had taken Miss Middleton there with the professed object of "pleasing" his majesty. Still, spite of the cabal formed against her, which counted amongst its members the Duchess of York, Lady, formerly Mrs., Hyde, and the Countess of Sunderland, the latter of whom spoke of her as "that abominable harlot and cheat," the Duchess of Portsmouth retained her old influence over the king. Charles was regular in his visits to her, talked to her of everything that was on his mind, and listened to all her crafty insinuations to Louis XIV.'s advantage. At this time her regular pension from Charles was £12,000 a year, but it was commonly swollen by supplementary gifts to £40,000, and in the year 1681 she drew as much as £136,668 from the English treasury.

While "the French slut," as envious women-kind about the Court styled her, was bleeding Charles at this rate, she was aiding him to the best of her ability to extract all he could from the French king.

"Yesterday," wrote Barrillon the new French ambassador, who had been sent over to bribe English members of Parliament, "I saw Madame de Portsmouth, from whom the King of England keeps nothing hidden. She came to tell me that if your majesty would give him four millions of livres a year for three years he would enter into any engagement your majesty might propose. But without this sum he could not avoid assembling parliament. The king himself told me later in the day that he was mortified to be reduced to driving a bargain with your majesty." There were soon, however, other things of more moment than driving bargains with the French king to be thought of. "The long neutrality of England in the affairs of Europe," says M. Forneron, "had allowed of Louis XIV. almost completing his plan of conquest, and the English people beheld with rage the crippling of Protestant Holland by a Catholic power. They allowed themselves to be carried away by one of those frenzies of contagious hatred which at times seize upon a nation like an epidemic," and designing men were not wanting to turn the popular fury against the Catholics to account. The result was the pretended discovery of a Popish plot, whereupon Charles cowered down to the lowest depths of abasement and abandoned everyone whom he was in honour bound to protect. At this critical juncture his mistresses gave over quarrelling and gathered round him in dismay. Titus Oates denounced the Duchess Mazarin as an accomplice in all the plots against the Protestant religion, and the Duchess of Portsmouth who had a Catholic chaplain in her household, and to whom the poor queen clung in their common danger, felt that at any instant she might become the mark of popular fury. She thought her wisest course would be to leave England, which the Duke of York had already quitted. The hurricane, however, passed over, leaving the rival duchesses unscathed.

At the commencement of March, 1682, the Duchess of Portsmouth went over to France to endeavour to secure the honours of the *tabouret*, or the privilege to be seated in the French queen's

presence, as well as certain more substantial benefits from Louis XIV. She was received at the French Court on this occasion as though she were a royal personage, and was invited to all the *fêtes* that were given there. After a few months' sojourn in France she returned to England, where those in power, dazzled by the reception she had met with abroad, treated her as a person of the greatest consequence. Her influence was incontestable, and it was thought dangerous to cross the path of the woman who was the recognized link between the kings of two great nations. The Duchess Mazarin was too observant to remain unconscious of the meridian height to which Louise's star had mounted, and she descended with good grace to a secondary rank in the seraglio. She sought compensation in a gay life with persons of easy morals. Saint-Evremond says of her that "additional years have given wit to that miracle of beauty and taken away none of her charms. . . . But if I lay my head close to hers, smell her hair or kiss the tip of her ear, I am presently asked whether I knew Madame Gabrielle d'Estrées."¹⁶ The circumstance of the duchess being the king's mistress did not in the least prevent her from becoming the object of much passionate adoration.¹⁷ "After the Prince de Monaco, who had proposed to spend merely two days in London and had remained two years absorbed in her worship—after Dom Luis de Vasconcellos, who failed to see that the blindness of his love made

¹⁶ Saint-Evremond's *Works*, 1728, vol. ii., p. 260.

¹⁷ The duchess, who is frequently alluded to in the lampoons of the time, is thus savagely satirized by Rochester in his *Farewell*.

"Thy well-known merits claim that thou should'st be First in the glorious roll of infamy. To thee they all give place and homage pay, Do all thy lecherous decrees obey ; Thou Queen of lust, the bawdy sub- jects they. While Sussex, Broughall, Betty Ful- ton come Thy whores of honour to attend thy throne.	But thou to our admiring age dost show More sin than innocent Rome did ever know ; And having all her lewdnesses out- ran Tak'st up with devil, having tired of man ; For what else is that loathsome ugly black Which you and Sussex in your arms did take ?
* * * * *	

him an object of ridicule—after Montagu, who neglected for her sake the political intrigues on the success of which he had staked his head—there appeared among her worshippers a Swedish hero, and a young Frenchman, the son of her own sister.”¹⁹

The duchess's nephew, the Chevalier de Soissons, afterwards Prince Philip of Savoy, on coming to London, fell straightway in love with his aunt, who had already captivated the young Baron de Bainer, son of one of Gustavus Adolphus's generals. These young men soon became jealous of each other and fought a duel, in which Bainer was killed. At Versailles the courtiers were amazed at the eyes of a grandmother being capable of such amatory execution, for the Duchess Mazarin at this time was the mother of a son and three grown-up daughters, the eldest of whom had recently run away from her husband, the Marquis de Richelieu. The duchess, mortified at her daughter's elopement and at the fatal termination of the duel, talked of embracing a conventual life, which Saint-Evremond, who had already in a long epistle sought to console her for the death of this particular lover, energetically dissuaded her from, and she eventually found solace in drink. A passion for gambling, moreover, took possession of her, and she passed her nights at the card-table, where she held the bank. Her rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, did the same, but the excitement of cards failed to entirely absorb her, and she sought to vary it by engaging in an amorous intrigue with Philip de Vendôme, grand prior of France, then on a visit to England. Charles took umbrage at this *liaison*, and asked the French ambassador, through the Earl of Sunderland, to forbid the grand prior visiting the duchess. The interdiction being disregarded, expulsion from the kingdom was threatened, unless the offender departed voluntarily. The grandson of Henri Quatre and La Belle Gabrielle declared, however, that he would only leave when ordered by the king himself by word of mouth, and it was not until he had been threatened with arrest and forcible con-

¹⁹ This refers to the year 1684, when Montagu had long given over courting the duchess. On Mar. 22, 1680, the dowager-countess of Sunderland wrote to Henry Sidney—"Mr. Montagu goes no more to Madame Mazarin's. The town says he is forbid, whether his love or his politics were too pressing I know not."—Henry Sidney's *Diary*, 1843, vol. ii., p. 11.

veyance on board ship, that the grand prior thought it prudent to leave of his own accord, and proceeded to Holland.

The splendid furniture, the valuable pictures, the tapestries, and the gold and silver plate heaped together in the duchess's apartments scandalized all who saw them. We get a glimpse of Louise de Keroualle's magnificent surroundings from a passage in Evelyn's *Diary*, dated Oct. 4, 1683: "Following his majesty this morning," writes he, "through the gallery, I went, with the few who attended him, into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room, within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed; his majesty and the gallants standing about her¹⁹; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice and thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies' in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything

¹⁹ By way of contrast to Evelyn's description of the duchess's morning toilet, Rochester's satire, *Portsmouth's Looking-glass*, may be here quoted:

"Methinks I see you newly risen
From your embroidered bed and—,
With studied mien and much grimace,
Present yourself before your glass,
To varnish and smooth o'er those
 graces,
You rubbed off in your night's embraces;
To set your hair, your eyes, your teeth,
And all those powers you conquer with;
Lay trains of love and state intrigues,
In powders, trimmings, and curled wigs.
And nicely choose and neatly spread
Upon your cheeks the best French red.
And tho' her highness much delights
To laugh and talk about your whites,

I never could perceive your grace
Made use of any for your face.
Here 'tis you practise all your art
To triumph o'er a monarch's heart,
Tattle and smile and wink and twink
on't
It almost makes me spew to think
on't.
These are your master-strokes of beauty,
That keep poor Rowley to hard duty;
And how can all these be withstood
By frail and amorous flesh and blood?
These are the charms that have bewitched him
As if a conjuror's rod had switched
him;
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and tumble here with you."

—*Works of the Earls of Rochester and Roscommon*, 1709.

I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, Saint-Germains, and other palaces of the French king, with huntings, figures and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massy silver and out of number, besides some of her majesty's best paintings."

Voluptuousness reigned in the royal apartments at Whitehall, where, "listening to French melodies, or to erotic songs sung by children, the sleepy king," says M. Forneron, "was to be seen in the grand gallery reclining between his three favourites, all in the full bloom of womanhood. He, on the other hand, was decrepit and prematurely aged. The ladies with whom he toyed and chatted were dazzlingly fresh and magnificently attired; gold flowed with a soft chink on the basset-tables, lighted up with wax candles. It was in the Whitehall gallery that Charles passed his evenings with the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Mazarin in the winter of 1684-5. There had been premonitory signs of a breakdown of constitution, and a more than ordinary aversion to mental effort. His Breton mistress spared him more than ever the trouble of transacting state business with the corrupt intriguers who at last accepted her as queen in all but name. She held the reins of such government as there was, and the King of France no longer felt that Great Britain was an obstacle to his ambitious plans. . . . On the evening of Feb. 12, Charles, in rising to withdraw from the grand gallery and its dissipations, suddenly lost consciousness and fell. His face was contorted, and he gave no sign of recognition to the courtiers who pressed around him. Blisters were clapped on his head, his arms, and his legs. He was cupped between the shoulders, bled, and emetics were poured down his throat; but nothing roused him from his torpor, and he remained still unconscious until one o'clock the next day. A hot warming-pan was then placed on his head and his jugular vein was opened. He was again bled at four o'clock and the blood flowed abundantly."

The Duchess of Portsmouth summoned the French ambassador to her. "Monsieur," said she, "I am going to tell you a secret

although its public revelation would cost me my head. The King of England is in the bottom of his heart a Catholic, and there he is surrounded by Protestant bishops. There is nobody to tell him of his state, or to speak to him of God. . . . Go and tell the Duke of York that I have conjured you to warn him that the end is approaching, and that it is his duty, without loss of time, to save his brother's soul." The ambassador, however, preferred to hasten at once to the queen, and a priest was found and taken to Chiffinch, the minister of the king's amorous affairs, and by him introduced up a back stair and along a secret corridor to the bedside of the dying monarch. The priest took for granted everything that the church required of the king, and gave him absolution. On the fifth day of his illness the king died.

The Duchess of Portsmouth returned to France possessed of an English estate worth £5,000 a year, besides £2,000 a year assured to her during her son's minority, out of the confiscated estates of Lord Grey, and a quarter of a million francs in gold which she had drawn from the English treasury, as soon as the breath was out of Charles's body. She had, moreover, a large sum of money invested in France, as well as her splendid furniture and valuable jewels, yet with all this, ere fifteen years had passed, the King of France on her petition issued a decree, which he renewed annually, "forbidding all creditors of the duchess to make seizure of her furniture, carriages, or other chattels belonging to her, under pain of nullity of proceedings and the payment of all costs and damages."²⁰ Louise outlived her royal lover for half a century, dying during the reign of Louis XV., among a generation who knew her not.

The Duchess Mazarin shed floods of tears for the deceased king, to the astonishment of Saint-Evremond, who wondered why she troubled herself more about him than she had done for any of her other lovers. She appears to have retired to Chelsea, whither her admirers followed her to pay their court. About this time she wrote to some French gentleman who had interested himself in her affairs, complaining of the straits to which she was reduced.

²⁰ Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle*, Eng. trans., p. 300.

"Not a day," she remarks, "went over my head, but I was threatened to be thrown into prison: I was not safe even in privileged places; and when I went from my lodgings I was not sure of returning to them. Being reduced to this hard necessity, some of my friends and even some merchants obliged themselves for part of my debts to those tyrants, and were soon forced to pay them. But by this means I only changed my creditors; for these new ones take as great precaution to get paid as others would have done. However, I am obliged to them for the small liberty I enjoy, and for the subsistence which I have hitherto found and which I find every day harder to get."²¹ She survived Charles fourteen years, dying in 1699, consoled by Bacchus as she descended to the grave. The duchess transmitted her sovereign charms to her five grand-daughters, who, with the Mancini blood, inherited the power of captivating royalty. The eldest was declared the mistress of Louis XV. in 1735, shortly after the Duchess of Portsmouth's death, and was a little later cut out by the second, who was in time eclipsed by the third, who in her turn had to make way for the fifth.

²¹ Saint-Evremond's *Works*, 1728, vol. ii., p. 413.



APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

NOTE C.

THERE is no authentic account of the circumstances which led Marion de l'Orme to follow an immoral life. It is believed, however, that her first lover was James Vallée, *Sieur des Barreaux*, a councillor of the Parliament of Paris. Her best-known amour is that with the *Marquis de Cinq-Mars*, the favourite of Louis XIII., who was executed with his friend De Thou, in 1642, for conspiring to effect the overthrow of Cardinal de Richelieu. The cardinal is also stated to have been Marion's lover; and Guy Patin, in a letter dated Nov. 3, 1649, formally asserted that she was the cardinal's mistress, and "in high favour." Tallemant des Réaux, however, declares that her connection with Richelieu was but a passing affair: he sent her a present, whereupon she went to see him, disguised as a page. According to the same authority, she originally had a very beautiful figure, but her face was marred by the redness of her nose. To cure this defect she was wont to sit for hours at a time with her feet in warm water. Tallemant also asserts that she would never take money from her lovers, who recompensed her favours by presenting her generally with silver plate, and sometimes with jewelry.

Towards the close of her life she declared that of all her lovers there were but seven or eight for whom she had really had any liking. These were Des Barreaux and Cinq-Mars, already mentioned; Francis, *Marquis de Rouville* (brother-in-law of Bussy-Rabutin), who on her account fought a duel with the Count de La Ferté-Senterre; Peter Arnauld, general commander of the carbiniers and governor of Dijon; Gaspard de Coligny, Marshal de Châtillon (grandson of the admiral); and Louis de Cossé-Brissac, son of the duke of that name. Whenever she was at a loss for a wealthy protector, says Tallemant, she was wont to fall back upon M. de Chevy, the son of Charles Duret de Chevy, comptroller-general of the finances. Her last protector of any note appears to

have been Michael Particelli, Sieur d'Esmery, superintendent of the finances, who was very corpulent, but Marion declared that she liked him on account of his amorous qualities. He presented her with numerous gifts, among which was a very valuable necklace, which in her last days she was constrained to sell in order to raise money. A financier, who purchased it, at first intended to present it to her again, but finally decided that her favours were not worth the sacrifice.

The Marshal de la Meilleraye would also appear to have been one of Marion's lovers. In a couplet of the period he is described as taking her to the Marais in Paris and lodging her there. It may therefore be presumed that she was indebted to him for her residence in the Place Royale, referred to by Gramont. M. de la Meilleraye, according to Tallemant, was also an admirer of Marion's sister, Madame de Maugerou, wife of the treasurer of the artillery. She, however, resented his overtures and boxed his ears, whereupon in revenge he deprived her husband of his office, and did "all the harm he could to the rest of the family." This statement is confirmed by the *Mémoires de l'Abbé Arnauld*, which contain the following passage (vol. i., p. 182): "We passed with M. Arnauld, the commander (previously mentioned as one of Marion's lovers), by Baye, the house of Madame de l'Orme, where we stayed one day in very good company, whereof the celebrated Marion de l'Orme was not the least agreeable. She was then in her great beauty; but all her charms had not shielded her from the fury of the Marshal de la Meilleraye, whose story she told me as we walked beside the canal of Baye. If she had been as well-conducted as her sister, Madame de Maugerou, was, in regard to this marshal, she would have left a better reputation behind her."

This passage shows that Marion kept up a connection with her family; indeed it appears that her relatives tolerated her conduct in the hope of deriving pecuniary advantage from it. It is certain that she frequently assisted them. On one occasion, when her spendthrift brother, the Baron de Baye, was in prison for debt, she applied for his release to the old President de Mesmes, who, in ecstasy at the sight of her charms, exclaimed, "Is it possible that I have lived so long and never seen the like of you?" When she withdrew he escorted her to her carriage like a young gallant, and had her brother set at liberty the same day.

As in the case of Ninon de l'Enclos, there are various legendary accounts of Marion living till she was a centenarian, but according

to Tallemant she was only thirty-nine years of age at the time of her death. This certainly took place in 1650. Loret, in his *Muse Historique*, under the date June 30, 1650, mentions it as an event of recent occurrence, and it is chronicled at the same period by Sauval in an unpublished MS. in the possession of M. de Monmerqué. Sauval states that Marion lay in state on a superb bed as if she had professed great virtue all her life, and had risen to fame by something else than debauchery. Tallemant also mentions that she lay in state for twenty-four hours, "with a virgin's crown of orange-blossoms upon her head, until the priest of the church of St. Gervais arrived and declared that the crown was ridiculous." The same writer asserts that Marion's last illness only lasted two or three days. Being of a very lascivious nature, she frequently became pregnant, and was then accustomed to take antimony to provoke a miscarriage. It was this practice, says Tallemant, that killed her.

NOTE D.

According to a MS. note by Sir William Musgrave in a copy of Gramont's Memoirs, the Marquis de Flamarens here referred to was François de Grossoles, who died unmarried in 1706. He appears to have taken part in the political intrigues at Charles II.'s Court, and in 1669 he suggested to the French ambassador the sending of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, to England, with the view of influencing Charles in favour of a French alliance.

The following is the narrative of the duel, in which the Marquis de Flamarens was concerned, as given in the *Mémoires du Comte de Rochefort*.

"The eldest M. de la Frette happened to be present at a ball given at Court, and on the company leaving the ball-room, this haughty individual, who owed a grudge to M. de Chalais on account of some mistress, pushed purposely against his rival; M. de Chalais turning round to ascertain the cause, and discovering La Frette, loaded him with the most opprobrious epithets. In order that the ball etiquette might not be infringed, La Frette made no reply, but waited until they were outside, when he demanded satisfaction. It was thereupon agreed that they should fight three against three; and a spot being fixed upon, the next morning was appointed for the rencontre, it being then too late. In the meantime, the quarrel having occurred too publicly to remain a secret, the king was in-

formed of it, and immediately despatched the Chevalier de St. Aignan, to inform La Frette that he forbade his having recourse to the means he proposed, to avenge himself, and that if he still persisted in them he should lose his head. The Chevalier de St. Aignan, who was his first cousin, upon meeting with him, acquainted him with the commands of the king ; to which La Frette made answer, that he considered him too much his friend, to suppose that he would be instrumental in preventing the intended meeting, which was only delayed until daybreak : he added that he had better be himself a party in the contest, and that Chalais would not fail to provide a match for him. The Chevalier de St. Aignan, without considering that he was sent by the king, and that even allowing duels had not been so strictly prohibited as they were, he was still involving himself in a difficulty from which he could not hope to extricate himself, agreed to the request, and Chalais had notice given to him to provide an antagonist. The Marquis de Noirmoustier, his brother-in-law, who was to assist him, being acquainted with the affair which had taken place betwixt La Frette and myself, bethought of me, and sent for me ; but luckily I had been engaged at play at a friend's house until it grew late, and as it was reported that robbers were then much abroad, I was prevailed on to take a bed with him, which circumstance saved me.

"The eight combatants were, La Frette, Ovarti, his brother and lieutenant in the guards, the Chevalier de St. Aignan, the Marquis de Flamarens, the Prince de Chalais, the Marquis de Noirmoustier, the Marquis d'Antin, brother of Madame de Montespan, and the Viscount d'Angelieu. The duel proved fatal only to the Marquis d'Antin, who was killed on the spot ; but notwithstanding the others escaped his fate, they were all severely wounded. The king's anger was excessive, particularly against the Chevalier de St. Aignan, who was, in fact, more blameable than all the rest. Their fate, however, was equal ; their immediate object was to fly the kingdom disguised, the king having sent orders for their arrest to the seaports and confines of his dominions. Some of them went to Spain, others to Portugal, the remainder elsewhere, as best suited their views. No one bestowed any pity on the Chevalier de St. Aignan, thinking he had come off much better than he deserved ; neither did MM. de la Frette attract much compassion, having always evinced so quarrelsome a disposition, that they could not be better compared than to horses of a vicious character, who will suffer no others in the same stable with themselves. Respecting the others,

public opinion took a different turn: their misfortune was much pitied; and it was hoped it would have been possible for the king to have relaxed of his severity towards them. But no person durst mention it to the king; even the Duke de St. Aignan, who was a good deal about his person, was the first to tell his majesty, that his son's misconduct was of a nature never to be pardoned; that if he were acquainted with his place of retreat, he should be the first to discover it, in order to bring him to justice; that he should not, therefore, trouble his majesty with intercessions in his behalf, and he believed that everyone would incline to his way of thinking. The relations of MM. de la Frette acted differently; they did not dare themselves to speak to the king, but made use of every possible means to move his compassion. The Duchess de Chaulnes prevailed on her husband, who was ambassador at Rome, to mention it to the Pope, and however much the Holy Father might approve of the king's conduct in this affair, he, nevertheless, promised his assistance; accordingly, a few years after, having occasion to send a legate to France, on different business, the latter was charged to speak to the king on that subject, and to say that the Holy Father took an interest in it. The duchess could not have employed an agent whose recommendation would have turned out more efficacious; the Pope had it in his power to absolve the king from his oath, which was supposed to render him so rigid; but he made answer to the legate, that in every other circumstance he would joyfully oblige the Holy Father, but in this affair, he had so bound himself, that God only could discharge him from so solemn an oath."

NOTE E.

The circular issued by Rochester in his capacity of quack doctor was as follows:—

"To all gentlemen, ladies, and others, whether of city, town, or country, Alexander Bendo wisheth all health and prosperity.

"Whereas this famed metropolis of England (and were the endeavours of its worthy inhabitants equal to their power, merit, and virtue, I should not stick to denounce it, in a short time, the metropolis of the whole world); whereas, I say, this city (as most great ones are) has ever been infested with a numerous company of such, whose arrogant confidence, backed with their ignorance, has enabled them to impose on the people, either by premeditated cheats, or at best, the palpable, dull and empty mistakes of their

self-deluded imagination in physic, chymical and Galenic; in astrology, physiognomy, palmistry, mathematics, alchymy, and even in government itself, the last of which I will not propose to dis-course of, or meddle at all in, since it in no way belongs to my trade or vocation, as the rest do; which (thanks to my God) I find much more safe, I think equally honest, and therefore more profitable.

"But as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practised by many unlearned wretches, whom poverty and neediness, for the most part (if not the restless itch of deceiving), has forced to straggle and wander in unknown parts, that even the professions themselves, though originally the products of the most learned and wise men's laborious studies and experience, and by them left a wealthy and glorious inheritance for ages to come, seem, by this bastard race of quacks and cheats, to have been run out of all wisdom, learning, perspicuousness, and truth, with which they were so plentifully stocked; and now run into a repute of mere mists, imaginations, errors, and deceits, such as, in the management of these idle professors, indeed they were.

"You will therefore, I hope, gentlemen, ladies, and others, deem it but just that I, who for some years have with all faithfulness and assiduity courted these arts, and received such signal favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest secrets, should with an earnestness and concern more than ordinary, take their parts against those impudent fops, whose saucy, impertinent addresses and pretensions have brought such a scandal upon their most immaculate honours and reputations.

"Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul play myself, I would have given you so fair warning, by my severe observations upon others. '*Qui alterum incusant probri, ipsum se intueri oportet,*' says Plautus. However, gentlemen, in a world like this, where virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and hypocrisy so generally taken notice of, that every one, armed with suspicion, stands upon his guard against it, it will be very hard, for a stranger, especially, to escape censure. All I shall say for myself on this score is this:—if I appear to any one like a counterfeit, even for the sake of that, chiefly, ought I to be construed a true man. Who is the counterfeit's example? His original; and that, which he employs his industry and pains to imitate and copy. Is it therefore my fault, if the cheat by his wits

and endeavours makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling him? Consider, pray, the valiant and the coward, the wealthy merchant and the bankrupt, the politician and the fool; they are the same in many things, and differ but in *one* alone.

"The valiant man holds up his head, looks confidently round about him, wears a sword, courts a lord's wife, and owns it; so does the coward: *one* only point of honour excepted, and that is courage, which (like false metal, *one* only trial can discover) makes the distinction.

"The bankrupt walks the exchange, buys bargains, draws bills, and accepts them with the richest, whilst paper and credit are current coin: that which makes the difference is real cash; a great defect indeed, and yet but *one*, and *that*, the last found out, and still, till then, the least perceived.

"Now for the politician:—he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying man: pray are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying fools?

"If then the difference betwixt all these (though infinite in effect) be so nice in all appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false physician, astrologer, etc., and the true? The first calls himself learned doctor, sends forth his bills, gives physic and counsel, tells and foretells; the other is bound to do just as much: it is only your experience must distinguish betwixt them; to which I willingly submit myself. I will only say something to the honour of the MOUNTEBANK, in case you discover me to be one.

"Reflect a little what kind of creature it is:—he is one, then, who is fain to supply some higher ability he pretends to with craft; he draws great companies to him by undertaking strange things, which can never be effected. The politician (by his example no doubt) finding how the people are taken with specious miraculous impossibilities, plays the same game; protests, declares, promises I know not what things, which he is sure can never be brought about. The people believe, are deluded, and pleased; the expectation of a future good, which shall never befall them, draws their eyes off a present evil. Thus are they kept and established in subjection, peace, and obedience; *he* in greatness, wealth, and power. So you see the politician is, and must be, a *mountebank* in state affairs; and the *mountebank* no doubt, if he thrives, is an errant politician in physic. But that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the things in which I pretend chiefly, at this time, to serve my country.

"First, I will (by the leave of God) perfectly cure that *labes Britannica*, or *grand English disease, the scurvy*; and that with such ease to my patient, that he shall not be sensible of the least inconvenience, whilst I steal his distemper from him. I know there are many, who treat this disease with mercury, antimony, spirits, and salts, being dangerous remedies; in which, I shall meddle very little, and with great caution; but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible medicines, together with the observation of some few rules in diet, perfectly cure the patient, having freed him from all the symptoms, as looseness of the teeth, scorbutick spots, want of appetite, pains and lassitude in the limbs and joints, especially the legs. And to say true, there are few distempers in this nation that are not, or at least proceed not originally from the scurvy; which, were it well rooted out (as I make no question to do it from all those who shall come into my hands), there would not be heard of so many gout, aches, dropsies, and consumptions; nay, even those thick and slimy humours, which generate stones in the kidneys and bladder, are for the most part offsprings of the *scurvy*. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still informed by me of the nature of their distempers, and the grounds I proceed upon to their cure: so will all reasonable people be satisfied that I treat them with care, honesty, and understanding; for I am not of their opinion, who endeavour to render their vocations rather mysterious than useful and satisfactory.

"I will not here make a catalogue of diseases and distempers; it behoves a physician, I am sure, to understand them all; but if any one come to me (as I think there are very few that have escaped my practice) I shall not be ashamed to own to my patient, where I find myself to seek; and, at least, he shall be secure with me from having experiments tried upon him; a privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the hands of the grand doctors of the court and Tower, or in those of the lesser quacks and mountebanks.

"It is thought fit, that I assure you of great secrecy, as well as care, in diseases, where it is requisite; whether venereal or others; as some peculiar to women, the green-sickness, weaknesses, inflammations, or obstructions in the stomach, reins, spleen, &c.; for I would put no word in my bill that bears any unclean sound; it is enough that I make myself understood. I have seen physician's bills as bawdy as *Aretine's Dialogues*, which no man, that walks warily before God, can approve of; but I cure all suffocations, in

those parts, producing fits of the mother, convulsions, nocturnal inquietudes, and other strange accidents, not fit to be set down here; persuading young women very often that their hearts are like to break for love, when God knows, the distemper lies far enough from that place.

"I have, likewise, got the knowledge of a great secret to cure barrenness (proceeding from any accidental cause, as it often falls out, and no natural defect; for nature is easily assisted, difficultly restored, but impossible to be made more perfect by man, than God himself had at first created and bestowed it), which I have made use of for many years with great success, especially this last year, wherein I have cured one woman that had been married twenty years, and another that had been married one and twenty years, and two women that had been *three times* married; as I can make appear by the testimonies of several persons in London, Westminster, and other places thereabouts. The medicines I use cleanse and strengthen the womb, and are all to be taken in the space of seven days. And because I do not intend to deceive any person, upon discourse with them, I will tell them whether I am like to do them any good. My usual contract is, to receive one-half of what is agreed upon, when the party shall be quick with child, the other half when she is brought to bed.

"Cures of this kind I have done, signal and many; for the which, I doubt not but I have the good wishes and hearty prayers of many families, who had else pined out their days under the deplorable and reproachful misfortunes of barren wombs, leaving plentiful estates and possessions to be inherited by strangers.

"As to astrological predictions, physiognomy, divination by dreams, and otherwise (palmistry I have no faith in, because there can be no reason alleged for it), my own experience has convinced me more of their considerable effects, and marvellous operations, chiefly in the directions of future proceedings, to the avoiding of dangers that threaten, and laying hold of advantages that might offer themselves; I say, my own practice has convinced me, more than all the sage and wise writings extant, of those matters; for I might say this of myself (did it not look like ostentation), that I have very seldom failed in my predictions, and often been very serviceable in my advice. How far I am capable in this way, I am sure is not fit to be delivered in print: those who have no opinion of the truth of this art, will not, I suppose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample satisfaction.

"Nor will I be ashamed to set down here my willingness to practise rare secrets (though somewhat collateral to my profession), for the help, conservation, and augmentation of beauty and comeliness; a thing created at first by God, chiefly for the glory of his own name, and then for the better establishment of mutual love between man and woman; for when God had bestowed on man the power of strength and wisdom, and thereby rendered woman liable to the subjection of his absolute will, it seemed but requisite that she should be endued likewise, in recompense, with some quality that might beget in him admiration of her, and so enforce his tenderness and love.

"The knowledge of these secrets, I gathered in my travels abroad (where I have spent my time ever since I was fifteen years old, to this my nine and twentieth year) in France and Italy. Those that have travelled in Italy, will tell you what a miracle art does there to assist nature in the preservation of beauty; how women of forty bear the same countenance with those of fifteen; ages are no way distinguished by faces; whereas, here in England, look a horse in the mouth, and a woman in the face, you presently know both their ages to a year. I will, therefore, give you such remedies, that, without destroying your complexion (as most of your paints and daubings do), shall render them perfectly fair; clearing and preserving them from all spots, freckles, heats, pimples, and marks of the small-pox, or any other accidental ones, so the face be not seamed or scarred.

"I will also cleanse and preserve your *teeth* white and round as pearls, fastening them that are loose: your gums shall be kept entire, as red as coral; your lips of the same colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful kisses.

"I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of breaths, provided the lungs be not totally perished and impostsu-mated; as also certain and infallible remedies for those whose breaths are yet untainted; so that nothing but either a very long sickness, or old age itself, shall ever be able to spoil them.

"I will, besides (if it be desired) *take away* from their fatness, who have over much, and *add* flesh to those that want it, without the least detriment to their constitutions.

"Now, should Galen himself look out of his grave, and tell me these were baubles, below the profession of a physician, I would boldly answer him, that I take more glory in preserving God's image in its unblemished beauty, upon one good face, than I

should do in patching up all the decayed carcasses in the world.

"They that will do me the favour to come to me, shall be sure, from three of the clock in the afternoon, till eight at night (at my lodgings in Tower-street, next door to the sign of the Black Swan at a goldsmith's house), to find

"Their humble servant,

"ALEXANDER BENDO."

NOTE F.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS: A SATIRE.

By THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

AT five this morn when Phœbus raised his head
 From Thetis' lap, I raised myself from bed,
 And mounting steed I trotted to the waters,
 The rendezvous of fools, buffoons, and praters,
 Cuckolds, whores, citizens, their wives and daughters.
 My squeamish stomach I with wine had bribed
 To undertake the dose that was prescribed ;
 But, turning head, a sudden cursed crew,
 That innocent provision overthrew,
 And without drinking made me purge and spew ;
 From coach-and-six a thing unwieldy rolled
 Whom lumber-cart more decently would hold,
 As wise as calf it looked, as big as bully,
 But handled proved a mere Sir Nich'las Cully ;¹
 A bawling fop, a natural Nokes, and yet
 He dared to censure to be thought a wit.
 To make him more ridiculous, in spite,
 Nature contrived the fool should be a knight.

Endeavouring this irksome sight to baulk,
 And a more irksome noise, their silly talk,
 I silently slunk down to th' lower walk ;
 But often, when one would Charybdis shun,
 Down upon Scylla 'tis our fate to run ;

¹ One of the characters in *Etherege's Love in a Tub*.

For there it was my cursed luck to find
As great a fop, tho' of another kind,
A tall stiff fool that walked in Spanish guise;
The buckram puppet never stirred his eyes,
But grave as owl he looked, as woodcock wise.
He scorns the empty talk of this mad age,
And speaks all proverb, sentence and adage :
Can, with as much solemnity, buy eggs
As a cabal can talk of their intrigues ;
Master of ceremonies, yet can't dispense
With the formality of talking sense.
From thence unto the upper walk I came
Where a new scene of foppery began.
A tribe of curates, priests, canonical elves,
Fit company for none beside themselves,
Were got together ; each his distemper told—
Scurvy, stone, strangury ; some were so bold
To charge the spleen to be their misery,
And on that wise disease lay infamy ;
But none had modesty enough to explain
The want of learning, honesty or brain,
The general diseases of that train.
These call themselves ambassadors of Heaven,
And saucily pretend commissions given.

Amidst the crowd, next I myself conveyed,
For now there comes, whitewash and paint being laid,
Mother and daughter, mistress and the maid,
And squire with wig and pantaloons displayed.
But ne'er could conventicle, play, or fair,
For a true medley with this herd compare.
Here lords, knights, squires, ladies and countesses,
Chandlers and barren women, sempstresses
Were mixed together, nor did they agree,
More in their humours than their quality.
Here, waiting for gallant, young damsel stood,
Leaning on cane and muffled up in hood :
The would-be wit, whose business was to woo,
With hat removed and solemn scrape of shoe,
Advances bowing, then genteelly shrugs,
And ruffled foretop into order tugs,

And thus accosts her : " Madam, methinks the weather
 Is grown much more serene since you came hither ;
 You influence the heavens, but should the sun
 Withdraw himself to see his rays outdone
 By your bright eyes, they could supply the morn
 And make a day, before the day be born."
 With mouth screwed up, conceited winking eyes,
 And breast thrust forwards, " Lord, sir," she replies,
 " It is ~~your~~ goodness and not my deserts,
 Which makes you show this learning, wit and parts."
 He puzzled, bites his nails, both to display
 The sparkling ring and think what next to say,
 And thus breaks forth afresh : " Madam, egad,
 Your luck at cards last night was very bad,
 At cribbage fifty-nine, and the next show
 To make the game and yet to want those two.
 G—d—me, madam, I'm the son of a whore
 If in my life I saw the like before."
 To pedlar's stall he drags her, and her breast
 With hearts and such like foolish toys he drest,
 And then more smartly to expound the riddle
 Of all his prattle, gives her a Scotch fiddle.

Tired with this dismal stuff, away I ran
 Where were two wives, with girl, just fit for man,
 Shortbreathed with pallid lips and visage wan.
 Some courtesies passed, and the old compliment
 Of being glad to see each other, spent,
 With hand in hand they lovingly did walk,
 And one began thus to renew the talk :
 " I pray, good madam, if it mayn't be thought
 Rudeness in me, what cause has hither brought
 Your ladyship ? " She, soon replying, smiled,
 " We've got a good estate but have no child ;
 And I'm informed these wells will make a barren
 Woman as fruitful as a coney-warren."
 The first returned : " For this cause I am come,
 For I can have no quietness at home ;
 My husband grumbles, though we have got one,
 This poor young girl, and mutters for a son.
 And this is grieved with headache, pangs, and throes,
 Is full sixteen, and never yet had those."

She soon replied : " Get her a husband, madam,
 I married about that age, and ne'er had had 'em,
 Was just like her, steel waters let alone,
 A back of steel will better bring them down.
 And ten to one but they themselves will try
 The same means to increase the family."

Some warlike men were now got into th' throng,
 With hair tied back, singing a bawdy song :
 Not much afraid, I got a nearer view,
 And 'twas my chance to know the dreadful crew
 They were cadets, that seldom can appear,
 Damned to the stint of thirty pounds a year :
 With hawk on fist and greyhound led in hand,
 The dog and footboys, sometimes to command ;
 And now having trimmed a cast of spavined horse
 With three halfpence for guineas in their purse,
 Two rusty pistols, scarf about their ———,
 Coat lined with red, they here presume to swell ;
 This goes for captain, that for colonel.

— *Works of the Earls of Rochester and Roscommon, 1709.*

NOTE G.

A PANEGRIC ON NELLY.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

OF a great heroine I mean to tell,
 And by what just degrees her titles swell,
 To Mrs. Nelly grown from Cinder Nell.
 Much did she suffer first on bulk and stage
 From the black guard and bullies of the age ;
 Much more her growing virtue did sustain
 While dear Charles Hart and Buckhurst sued in vain ;
 In vain they sued, cursed be the envious tongue
 That her undoubted chastity would wrong ;
 For, should we Fame believe, we then might say
 That thousands lay with her as well as they :
 But Fame thou li'st, for her prophetic mind
 Foresaw her greatness ; fate had well designed,

And her ambition chose to be, before
 A virtuous countess, an imperial whore.
 E'en in her native dirt, her soul was high
 And did at crowns and shining monarchs fly ;
 E'en while she cinders raked, her swelling breast
 With thoughts of glorious whoredom was possessed ;
 Still did she dream (nor did her birth withstand)
 Of dangling sceptres in her dirty hand.
 But first the basket her fair arm did suit,
 Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit ;
 This first step-raised, to th' wond'ring pit she sold
 The lovely fruit smiling with streaks of gold.
 Fate now for her did its whole force engage
 And from the pit she's mounted to the stage ;
 There in full lustre did her glories shine
 And, long eclipsed, spread forth their light divine :
 There Hart's and Rowley's soul she did ensnare
 And made a king the rival of a player ;
 The king o'ercomes, and to the royal bed
 The dunghill offspring is in triumph led.

Nor let the envious her first rags object
 To her, that's now in tawdry gayness decked ;
 Her merit does from this much greater show,
 Mounting so high that took her rise so low.
 Her virtue, loyalty, wit and noble mind
 In the foregoing doggrel you may find ;
 Now for her piety one touch, and then
 To Rymer I'll resign my wit and pen :
 'Twas this that raised her charity so high
 To visit those that did in durance lie ;
 From Oxford prisons many did she free ;
 There died her father, and there gloried she
 In giving others life and liberty :
 So pious a remembrance still she bore
 E'en to the fetters that her father wore.
 Nor was her mother's funeral less her care
 No cost, no velvet did the daughter spare
 Fine gilded 'scutcheons did the hearse enr ch
 To celebrate this martyr of the ditch ;²

² See *ante*, p. 269, note 15.

Burnt brandy did in flaming brimmers flow,
 Drunk at her funeral ; while her well pleased shade
 Rejoiced e'en in the sober fields below,
 At all the drunkenness her death had made !

Less famed that Nelly was whose cuckold's rage,
 In ten years' war did half the world engage.
 She's now the darling strumpet of the crowd,
 Forgets her state and talks to them aloud,
 Lays by her greatness and descends to prate
 With those 'bove whom she's raised by wond'rous fate :
 True to th' Protestant interest and cause,
 True to th' established government and laws,
 The choice delight of the whole mobilè,
 Scarce Monmouth's self is more beloved than she.
 Was this the cause that did their quarrel move,
 That both are rivals in the people's love ?
 No, 'twas her matchless loyalty alone
 That bid Prince Perkin pack up and begone.
 "Ill-bred thou art," says prince. Nell does reply :
 "Was Mrs. Barlow³ better bred than I ?"
 Thus sneaked away the nephew overcome,
 By's aunt-in-law's severer wit struck dumb.
 Was ever child with such a mother blest
 Or ever mother such a child possessed ?
 Nor must her cousin be forgot ; preferred
 From many years' command in the black guard⁴
 To be an ensign —————
 Whose tattered colours well do represent
 His first estate i' th' ragged regiment.

Thus we in short have all the virtues seen,
 Of the incomparable Madam Gwyn.
 Nor wonder others are not with her shown ;
 She who no equal has, must be alone !

—*Works of the Earls of Rochester and Roscommon, 1709.*

³ By Prince Perkin the Duke of Monmouth is intended, and Mrs. Barlow is one of the names that his mother is known by.

⁴ The black guard were the lowest menials attached to the Court and to the establishments of the nobility, and were employed in carrying coals and wood and as scullions and turnspits.

FROM A SATIRE BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Said to have been taken by the King out of the Earl's pocket.

How poorly squander'st thou thy seed away,
Who should get kings for th' nation to obey !
But thou, poor prince, so uselessly hast sown it
That the creation is ashamed to own it.
Witness the royal lives sprung from the belly
Of thine anointed princess, Madam Nelly,
Whose first employment was, with open throat,
To cry fresh herrings, even ten a groat ;
Then was by Madam Ross exposed to town,
I mean to those who would give half-a-crown ;
Next in the playhouse she took her degree,
As men commence at university :
No doctors 'till they've masters been before ;
So she no player was 'till first a whore.
Look back and see the people mad with rage,
To see the bitch in such an equipage ;
And every day that they the monster see
They let ten thousand curses fly at thee :
Aloud in public streets they use thee thus,
And none dare check 'em they're so numerous.

—*Works of the Earls of Rochester and Ruscommon, 1709*

INDEX.

- Abbeville, Gramont's adventure at, ii. 178-181.
- Ambassadors, Muscovite, reception of, ii. 23 n.; their wives, 27.
- Andoins, Diana d', her parentage and marriage, i. xxv; her amours with Henri IV., xxvi-viii, 36 n.; alluded to, i. 36.
- Anne of Austria, her policy, i. 91; her character, her marriage to Mazarin, 91 n.; embraces Gramont, 109; her lovers and vices, 109 n.
- Arenberg, Prince d', at Arras, i. 99.
- Arlington, Earl of, his character and person, i. 184-5; fails to influence Miss Stewart, 185; his marriage, 186.
- Arlington, Countess of, her tastes, i. 186 n.; plans Charles II.'s mock marriage with Louise de Keroualle, i. 186 n., ii. 261.
- Arras, Earl of, his address, i. 129; notice of, 129 n.; consulted by the Duke of York, ii. 4; his adventure with Miss Hyde, 5; plays the guitar, 21-2; accused of favouring Lady Chesterfield's intrigue, 24.
- Arras, besieged by Condé, i. 93-4; the siege raised, 104-5.
- Arscot, Duke d', met by Gramont, i. 99.
- Audley End, frolic at, ii. 235.
- Aure. *See* Menaud d'Aure.
- Babiani, betrays Miss Stewart to the Duchess of Cleveland, ii. 221.
- Bagot, Miss, maid to the Duchess of York, ii. 83; her virtue and beauty, 89; marries Lord Falmouth, 90; her parentage, second marriage and intrigue with Charles II., 90 n.; her personal defects, 100.
- Baiting, bear. *See* Bear garden.
- Bapaume, Gramont's ride to, i. 105, 108; its situation, 105 n.
- Bardou, Mlle., her person and dancing, ii. 74; leaves the Court, 80-1.
- Barlow, Mrs. *See* Walters.
- Barrillon, is sent to England to bribe members of Parliament, ii. 271; in-
- forms Louis XIV. of Charles II.'s desire for money, *ibid.*; forbids the Grand Prior to visit Louise de Keroualle, 273; informs the Queen that Charles II. is dying, 275-6.
- Barry, Mrs., wrongly identified as Miss Sarah, ii. 121-22 n.
- Basques, the, origin and homogeneity of, i. xxiii; their partiality for dancing, 200 n.
- Batteville, Baron de, defends Trino, i. 54-5; claims precedence, 54 n.; Clarendon's opinion of, *ibid.*
- Bath, Court journey to, ii. 199 n.
- Baye, Baron de, brother to Marion de l'Orme, ii. 59 n., 280.
- Bear garden, the, baiting at, ii. 12 n.
- Bellenden, Miss, her person and disposition, ii. 73; quits the Court, 80.
- Belts of chastity, their invention, form, sale in France, lawsuit concerning one, ii. 40-1 n.
- Bendo, Alexander, Rochester as a quack, ii. 133 *et seq.*, 283-9.
- Bennet, "Lady," a brothel keeper, ii. 193 n.
- Benserade, I. de, allusion to, notice of, i. 18.
- Berkeley, Sir George (Charles). *See* Falmouth.
- Berwick, Duke of, his genius and friendship for A. Hamilton, i. xvii.
- Betterton, Mrs., as Roxalana, ii. 102 n.
- Bidache, château of, its situation, sieges, embellishments, destruction, i. xxxi; Gramont's campaign there, 39.
- Blague, Margaret, alluded to, i. 160 n.
- Blague, Mary, or Henrietta-Maria, her person and infatuation for Brissac, i. 160, 163; notice of, 160 n.; receives a letter and presents, 165; her appearance at the masquerade, 174; her belief in Brissac's perfidy confirmed, ii. 84; her marriage, 84; leaves the Court, 100; alluded to, 115.
- Blancfort. *See* Feversham.
- Blasphemy, punishment for, ii. 175

- Blood, Colonel, dines with Gramont, ii. 244.
- Boileau, lines on, i. 4; his letter to Hamilton, 4, n.
- Bowls, game of, ii. 202-3.
- Boynton, Miss, maid to the Queen, ii. 83; admires Talbot, 122; her parentage and marriage, 122 n., 233; her fainting fits, 123, 167-8; her death, 239.
- Breasts, naked, fashion of, ii. 208 n.
- Bretby, Lady Chesterfield at, ii. 37 n.; its appearance, 57 n.
- Brice, Gregorio, his character, i. 197; defends Lerida, 197-9; sent before the Inquisition, 199, 202.
- Bridges, George Rodney, marries Lady Shrewsbury, ii. 257.
- Brinon, Gramont's valet and governor, i. 37; is despoiled by him, 40; tries to dissuade him from gaming, 44; lectures him and extricates him from his plight, 46-7.
- Brisacier, Marquis de, intrigues with Miss Blague, i. 160; his talents, 163; flirts with Miss Price, 174; Miss Blague's belief in his perfidy, ii. 84.
- Brissac, Duke de, is tricked by Gramont, ii. 60-3; notice of, 60 n.; a favourite with Marion de l'Orme, 279.
- Bristol, the Court at, ii. 199 n.
- Bristol, Earl of, tries to win Charles II.'s favour, ii. 16-7; intrigues with the Duchess de Châtillon, 16 n.; opposes Clarendon, his career, 17 n.; his entertainments, 18.
- Brooks, the Miss, shine at Court, i. 133; attend Bristol's entertainments, ii. 18.
- Brooks, Margaret (Lady Denham), intrigues with the Duke of York, ii. 16, 18, 20, 47; makes advances to Charles II., 18; her marriage, 18-9 n.; rails against Lady Chesterfield, 20; detects the Duke of York's intrigue with her, 32-3; freely bestows her favours, 43-4; her death, 48-9 n.
- Brounker, Henry, his passion for women, ii. 139; is pimp to the Duke of York, is dismissed by him and expelled from Parliament, 140 n.; frightens Miss Price and Miss Jennings, 140-3.
- Buckhurst, Lord, satirizes Lord Chesterfield, ii. 41-2; his character, trial for manslaughter, and freak with Sir C. Sedley, 41-2 n.; marries Lady Falmouth, 90 n.; gets drunk, 210 n.; intrigues with Nell Gwyn, 215 n., 292.
- Buckingham, George Villiers, 1st Duke of, intrigues with Anne of Austria, i. 109 n.
- Buckingham, George Villiers, 2nd Duke of, his character and extravagance, i. 127; makes sport of Silva, 134; is disturbed in an intrigue, 141; praises Brisacier, 163; intrigues with Miss Stewart, 182-3; satirized by Dryden, 183 n.; by Butler, 215-6; his couplet on Miss Wells, ii. 82-3; takes an inn, 132 n.; makes fun of Lady Muskerri, 158; intrigues with the Duchess of Orleans, 186; his dinner-hour, 193; intrigues with Lady Shrewsbury, 194-5, 197 n., 256; beats Killebrew, 195 n.; his duel with Lord Shrewsbury, 196-7; is satirized by Rochester, 197 n.; assaults Nell Gwyn, 257; his death, 257-8.
- Buckingham, Duchess of, her person, ii. 197-8, n.; her parentage and treatment by her husband, 197 n.; goes with the Queen to Audley End, 235.
- Bulkeley, Charlotte, Henrietta, and Laura, intimate with A. Hamilton, i. xvii.
- Bussy-Rabutin, Roger de, his portrait of Gramont, i. 25; his intrigue with Mme. de Montglat, imprisonment and exile, ii. 16-7 n.
- Cameran, Count de, fleeced by Gramont, i. 49-52.
- Carlingford, Lord, holds a lighted candle in his mouth, ii. 208; notice of, 208 n.; tells Miss Stewart diverting stories, 210.
- Carnegy. See Southesk.
- Carleton, Mary, her coach, frauds and execution, i. 193 n.
- Castlemaine, Countess of, makes a bishop, i. 124 n.; intrigues with

- Jermyn, 132; her parentage, marriage and beauty, becomes Charles II.'s mistress, quarrels with her husband, is disliked by the Queen, patronizes Dryden, 132-4 n.; shines at court, 133; assists the King with Miss Stewart, 147-8; intrigues with Hall, 150-1 n.; tries to regain the King's heart, 189; sups with him, 189 n.; is neglected at the promenade, 189 n.; contends for Charles II.'s new coach, 194-5; intrigues with Chesterfield and James Hamilton, 206-7; is the finest woman of the age, 212; her appointment at Court, 214-5; her jealousy of Miss Brooks, ii. 18; quarrel and reconciliation with Charles II., 127-8; is created Duchess of Cleveland, 129, 259; turns papist, 174 n.; makes advances to Monmouth, 190-1; tries to eclipse Miss Stewart, 192; is *encainte*, 200; brought to bed, 212; her passion for Churchill, 212-5; her favourites, 216 n.; is lampooned by Rochester and Marvel, 216-7 n.; her rupture with Charles II., 218; her intrigue with Hart, 219 n.; denounces Richmond and Miss Stewart, 219-221; visits France, 244; her after-life, second marriage and death, 259.
- Catherine of Braganza, her arrival in England, i. 123, 211; her retinue, 134, 211; her appearance at Court, 135; promotes amusement, 159; her first words in English, 159 n.; her illness and recovery, 188-9; her appearance on horseback, 189 n.; rides in the King's new coach, 194; impression that she produces on Charles II., 212-3; her marriage and dowry, 213-4; her delay in leaving Lisbon, 214; her aversion for Lady Castlemaine, 214-5; sends for Lord Chesterfield, ii. 22; receives the Muscovite embassy, 23; her maids of honour, 73, 79, 81-3; masquerades in private houses, 136 n.; her life at Tunbridge, 153; sends for the players, 154; envies Lady Muskerrey, 157; is disappointed with the Tunbridge waters, 172; condoles with the Duchess of Bucking-
- ham, 197; her short legs, 197 n.; her sterility, 198-9 n., 200 n.; goes to Bath, 199-200; forgives Miss Stewart, reconciles her to Charles II., 225-7; her frolic at Audley End, 235; her alarm at the Popish plot agitation, 271.
- Cerise, hotel-keeper at Lyons, imposes on Gramont, i. 42-3.
- Chapelain, J., allusion to, notice of, i. 19.
- Chapelle, C. E. Lhuillier, *alias*, allusion to, notice of, i. 18.
- Chapelle, J. de la, commends Gramont, i. 20; is informed of Gramont's death, ii. 254-5.
- Charles II., asks Hortensia Mancini in marriage, i. 9 n.; his toils and perils, 121; restoration, 122; appearance and character, 123-4; satires on, 123 n.; his intrigue with Lady Castlemaine, 133 n., 189 n.; admires Miss Stewart, 147-8, 163, 181; his conduct during the Queen's illness, 188-9; rides out with the maids of honour, 189 n.; offers Gramont a pension, 191-2; is presented with a coach, 193-4; his opinion of the Queen, 212-3; his marriage, 213; forces Lady Castlemaine on the Queen, 214-5; tolerates Killgrew's free speech, ii. 6 n.; is consulted by the Duke of York, 7; his favour coveted by Bristol, 16-7; intrigues with Miss Brooks, 18; receives the Muscovite envoys, 23 n.; praises Miss Stewart's legs, 27; is informed of J. Hamilton's adventure, 58; pensions Flamarens, 67; contemns the Duke of Richmond, 75; his caprice for Miss Wells, 81-3; intrigues with Lady Falmouth, 90 n.; resolves to attack Miss Jennings, 95; banishes Rochester from Court, 120; is lampooned by him, 120-1 n.; is jealous of Jermyn, 126; his quarrel and reconciliation with Lady Castlemaine, 127-9; refuses Brounker protection, 140 n.; dismisses his Catholic officers, 149 n.; his affections possessed by Miss Stewart, 153; jests about the lords' wives, 169 n.; detains Gramont in London, 174 n.; marries off Monmouth, 191; treats the Duchess

- of Cleveland coldly, 191-2; tries to prevent the Buckingham-Shrewsbury duel, 196 n.; his amours with Nell Gwyn, 215 n., 259, 262, 268-9; is disgraced by the Duchess of Cleveland, 216; tries to win Miss Stewart, 216-9; intrigues with Moll Davis, 218-9 n., 259; surprises Richmond and Miss Stewart, 220-2; is reconciled to Miss Stewart, 227; visits her by night, 227 n.; has designs on Guinea, 228; forbids How the Court, 236; his amours with Louise de Keroualle, 236, 259, 260-3, 268-9, 270, 273-5; commends Miss Hamilton, 243; intrigues with the Duchess Mazarin, 263, 266-9, 272-5; his bribes from Louis XIV., 271; is jealous of Philip de Vendôme, 273; his evenings at Whitehall, 275; his death, 275-6.
- Châtillon, Duchess de, tries to ensnare Charles II., intrigues with Digby and Fouquet, ii. 16 n.
- Chaulieu, lines on, notice of, i. 7.
- Chesterfield, Earl of, his appearance, disposition, and marriage, i. 206; notice of, 206 n.; is jealous of his wife, 207-9; is alarmed by the Duke of York's visit, ii. 22-4; denounces his wife to J. Hamilton, 24-8, 32-3; breaks her guitar, 30; removes her to Brethby, 34-7; general surprise at his conduct, 37-8; satires upon his proceeding, 41-4; alarms Hamilton, while hunting, 55.
- Chesterfield, Countess of, shines at Court, i. 133; her person, 187; her intrigue with J. Hamilton, 187, 207; with the Duke of York, 205, 208-9; her treatment by her husband, 206-7; her advances to the Duke of York, ii. 20; his visit to her, 22; her feet and legs, 26-7; hoodwinks Hamilton, 28-31; her faithlessness discovered, 32-3; is carried to Brethby, 35-7; allures Hamilton thither, 51-5; exults in having tricked him, 56.
- Chiffinch, William, his private duties as page, ii. 219 n.; favours Lady Cleveland, 221; takes a priest to Charles II., 276.
- Churchill, Arabella, attracts the Duke of York, ii. 161; her parentage, children, and marriage, 161 n.; her fall from horseback and its result, 171-2, 258.
- Clarendon, Edward, Earl of, rises to power, i. 125; judged by Walpole and Macaulay, 126 n.; negotiates for Lady Castlemaine with the queen, 215; his conduct in reference to his daughter's marriage, ii. 3 n. 7; his conflict with Bristol, 17 n.; his unpopularity, 200 n.; promotes Miss Stewart's marriage with Richmond, 224 n.
- Clarendon, Henry, Earl of, commends A. Hamilton, i. xv.
- Cleveland. *See* Castlemaine.
- Coaches, introduction of glass, i. 193 n.; Mary Carleton's coach, *ibid.*; Gramont presents one to Charles II., 194-5.
- Colbert de Croissy informs Louis XIV. of Lady Arlington's desire for presents, i. 186 n.; reports the attempt to murder H. Killegrew, ii. 195 n.; reports Buckingham's assault on Nell Gwyn, 257; applies for a French princess for the Duke of York, 258.
- Comminges, Count de, his character, i. 121 n.; his reports:—Gramont's arrival in England, 121 n.; refusal of a pension, 192; financial worries and departure from England, ii. 174-5 n.
- Commonwealth, the English, i. 120.
- Condé, Prince de, Gramont's attachment to, i. 89-90; notice of, 89 n.; besieges Arras, 93-4; meets Gramont, 101-3; is defeated, 104-5; besieges Lerida, 197-9.
- Cooke, Sarah (niece to the governess of the maids); Miss Hobart attached to her, ii. 88; falls into Rochester's hands, 89; hears him denounced, and reports to him, 107-110; spies upon Miss Hobart and Miss Temple, 112; surprises them, 118; is dismissed the Court, 119; becomes an actress, 121; her theatrical career, 122 n.
- Corbetta, Francesco, his skill with the guitar, ii. 21-2; his portrait, 21 n.

- Corisanda. *See* Andoins.
- Cornwallis, Lord, his extravagance and losses at play, ii. 71-2; his marriage, 71 n.; his memory refreshed, 72, and *Addenda*, ii. iv.
- Court (The), during Charles II.'s exile, i. 122; its politeness and splendour, 123; the beauties of, 133; the Queen's, 134-5; the Duchess of York's, 135-6; masquerade at, 159, 173; promenade of Court beauties, 189 n.; water-parties of, 190-1; characteristics of, ii. 21; guitar-playing at, 20; the Muscovite embassy at, 23; ladies' shoes and stockings at, 26 n.; immorality at, 43-4; suppers at, 76; a confinement at, 78-9; the Queen's new, 83; a child dropped during a ball at, 83 n., 158 n.; Miss Hobart's account of, 99, 100; masquerading of, 136 n.; journeys of (Tunbridge), 151, 172; (York), 165-172; (Bath and Bristol), 199-212; entertainment at, 219 n.; frolic of, 235.
- Courtin, eulogises Mrs. Middleton, i. 144-5 n.; commends the shoes and stockings of the Court ladies, ii. 26 n.; observes the Duke of York and Sarah Jennings, 94 n.; reports on Charles II.'s intrigue with Louise de Keroualle, 260, 262-3, 267; succeeds Ruvigny, 267; reports on Charles II. and the Duchess Mazarin, 268; on Neil Gwyn's underclothing, 269; reconciles the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Mazarin, 270.
- Cravates, a cavalry corps, i. 106 n.; pursue Gramont, 106-8.
- Crofts, Lord, influences Charles II., intrigues with the Duchess de Châtillon, ii. 16 n.; praises the wives of the Muscovite envoys, 27; tells Miss Stewart diverting stories, 210; his offices, voyage to Lisbon, and hospitality to Charles II., at Saxham, 210 n.
- Croissy. *See* Colbert.
- Cromwell, Oliver, seen by Gramont, i. 119-120.
- Dangeau, Marquis de, sent by Louis XIV. to Gramont, i. 16 n., ii. 254; his opinion of Gramont and his family, ii. 243, 253-4.
- Davenport, Frances or Elizabeth, the real Roxalana, ii. 101-2 n.
- Davis, Mary, her career, her intrigue with Charles II., and talents, ii. 218 n., 259.
- Denham, Sir John, his disposition and wit, ii. 18; his marriage, 19; notice of, 19 n.; his jealousy, 47-8; accused of poisoning his wife, 48-9; becomes insane, 49 n.
- Denham, Lady. *See* Brooks.
- Digby, Lord. *See* Bristol.
- Dongan, rivalry of Miss Davis and Miss Price for, i. 168; his identity, 168 n., ii. 86 n.; death, ii. 86; discovery of Miss Price's letters to, 87.
- Dorset, Earl, afterwards Duke, of. *See* Buckhurst.
- Duels:—Gramont and Chabot, i. 143; Howard and Jermyn, 153-4; Flamarens, La Frette, etc., ii. 65, 281-3; Buckingham and Shrewsbury, 196; Soissons and Bainer, 273.
- Duncan. *See* Dongan.
- Duras. *See* Feversham.
- Enclos, Ninon de l', corresponds with St.-Evremond, i. 16 n., ii. 254; sleeps with Mme. de Maintenon, i. 148 n.; her opinion of Gramont, ii. 254.
- Epistles, Ovid's, translated by the Court wits, ii. 230-1.
- Etherege, Sir George, satirizes Lord Chesterfield, ii. 41-2; his diplomatic posts and death, 43 n., and *Addenda*, ii. iv.
- Euston, Charles II.'s mock marriage at, i. 186 n., ii. 260-1.
- Facardins, The Four*, Hamilton's story of, i. xix.
- Falmouth, Earl of, his influence, i. 127-8; his bad qualities and death, 128 n.; offers Gramont a pension, 191-2; declares the Duke of York's marriage null and void, ii. 3; produces witnesses against Miss Hyde, 4; she is presented to him as Duchess, 7-8; his intrigues against her, 8 n.
- Fashions:—Martial's gloves, i. 165;

- green stockings, ii. 26 n.; bare breasts, ii. 208 n.
- Fervaques, Marquis de, his amours, i. 142 n.
- Feuquières, Marchioness de, her marriage, i., xxxiii-iv.
- Feversham, Louis de Duras, Earl of, as Blancfort at the masquerade, i. 173 n.; succeeds Dongan in the Duke of York's guards, ii. 86; notice of, 86 n.
- Fielding, Beau, marries the Duchess of Cleveland, ii. 259.
- Fielding, Miss, maid of honour, ii. 83.
- Fiesque, Countess de, intrigues with Gramont, i. 142; her person and accomplishments, 142 n.; dismisses Gramont, 143 n.
- Flamarens, Marquis de, inspires M^{me}. de la Suze, ii. 63; introduces the minuet, 65; forced to leave France by a duel, 65, 281-3; is pensioned and consoled, 67; dances at Court, 74; his political intrigues, 281.
- Fox-hall. *See* Vauxhall.
- Fox, Sir Stephen, his wealth and gains, 71 n.; his worries with his son-in-law, 71-2.
- France, under Louis XIII., i. 28-9; under Mazarin, 91-112; changes under Louis XIV., 114-5; Gramont's return to, ii. 172, 174-5, 176-184, 244-255; reception of Louise de Keroualle in, 272.
- Garde, M^{lle}. de la, her person and disposition, ii. 74; informs Miss Stewart of Richmond's passion, 75; her parentage, marriage, and death, 75 n., 81, and *Addenda*, ii., iv.
- Gendarmes, English, in France, i., xiv, ii. 149 n.
- Gibbs, Miss, marries Jermyn, ii. 233, 237.
- Gigeri, French expedition to, ii. 228.
- Gloucester, Duke of, his death, i. 122.
- Gloves, Martial's. *See* Fashions.
- Gramonts, the, their origin, i., xxiii; influence, xxiv; modern line of, xxiv.
- Gramont, Agénor, Duke de, minister of Napoleon III., i., xxxvi.
- Gramont, Anthony I. de, his attempt to re-establish Catholicism in Bearn, i., xxv.
- Gramont, Anthony II. de, kills his equerry, i., xxviii; poisons his wife, xxix; his death, xxx.
- Gramont, Anthony III., Marshal de, his favour, marriage, and disposition, i., xxx; is created duke and marshal, his death, xxxi; embellishes Bidache, *ibid.* n.; presents his brother at court, 37-38; negotiates Louis XIV.'s marriage, 113 n.; threatens his brother, 143 n.; his views on the defence of fortresses, 197-8; informs his brother he must return to England, ii. 184; derides the Marchioness de Saint Chaumont, 185-6.
- Gramont, Clara de, marries Menaud d'Aure, i., xxiv.
- Gramont, Diana, Countess de. *See* Andoins.
- Gramont, Elizabeth, Countess de. *See* Hamilton, Miss.
- Gramont, Francis de, last of the old line, i., xxiv.
- Gramont, Gabriel de, envoy in England, i., xxiv.
- Gramont, Mary Elizabeth de, becomes an abbess, ii. 253.
- Gramont, Philibert, Chevalier, afterwards Count de, his share in the Memoirs, i. xix-xx. 26; his parentage, birth and career, xxix-xxx; inherits Toulangeon's property, xxxii; resolves not to die, 11; his *bons mots*, 12 n.; his epitaph by St.-Evremond, 13 n.; his talents and exploits, 13-4; illness and recovery, 16; successes, 25; his portrait by Bussy, 25 n.; by St.-Evremond, 27 n.; verses in his praise, 26 n.; is popular in the army, 31; his luxurious entertainments, 32; discusses ways and means with Matta, 33-4; his genealogy and schooldays, 36; his abbacy and presentation at Court, 37; elects to be a soldier, 38-9; leaves home and despoils his valet, 40; plans the ruin of a horse-dealer but is fleeced by him, 42-5; is extricated from his plight, 47; fleeces the Count de Cameran, 48-52; wins

fifteen horses at play, 53-4; assails the Turin beauties, 56-7; becomes Mlle. de Saint-Germain's admirer, 59; displays his gallantry, 61; tries to reconcile Matta and Mme. de Senantes, 65; courts Mlle. de Saint-Germain, 70; his designs upon Mme. de Senantes, 71-2, 75-6; promotes a quarrel between Matta and Senantes, 82; secures their arrest, 83-6; hoodwinks Matta, 87; succeeds with Mme. de Senantes, 88; returns to France, 89; supports Condé, 90; repairs to Court, 91; cheats Mazarin at play, 92; decides to join Turenne, the queen's promise to embrace him, 96; arrives at Turenne's camp, 97-100; interviews Condé and reports to Turenne, 101-104; assists Turenne and is despatched to announce the victory of Arras, 105; is pursued but escapes, 106-7; deceives Marshals Du Plessis and Villeroy, 108; is embraced by Anne of Austria, 109; his reception by Mazarin, 110; speaks his mind to the latter, 111; his fortune in love and gaming, 112; his conduct towards Richelieu and Mazarin, 115; attaches himself to Louis XIV., 116; becomes his rival in love, is banished and proceeds to England, 116-118; his visits to London, 119, 121; becomes acquainted with the Court ladies, 135; is popular and plays high, 136-7; treatment he receives, his supper parties, 138; is advised by St.-Evremond to avoid love, 138-144; robs the Princess Palatine's courier, disturbs Buckingham in an intrigue and spies upon Countess d'Olonne, 141; his intrigues with Mesdames de Mercœur, Villars and Fiesque, 142; his rivalry with Guiche and his quarrel with Chabot, 143 n.; pays his addresses to Mrs. Middleton and Miss Warmester, 144-147; his rivalry with Ralph Montagu, 154; falls in love with Miss Hamilton, 155; strives to please her, 157-8; his valet, 158; is invited to the Queen's masquerade, 163; is to appear in a splendid coat,

164; loss of the coat in a quicksand, 169-171; meets a phantom outside Whitehall, 171; is lectured by St.-Evremond concerning Miss Hamilton, 177-181; entertains the Court, 190-1; refuses a pension and displays his money, 191-2; presents a coach to Charles II., 193-4; the story of his link-boy, 195-6; describes the siege of Lerida, 197-9; story of his chaplain, 200-1; is concerned at J. Russell's rivalry, 203-4; does not fear W. Russell, 205; is informed of the Duke of York's passion for Lady Chesterfield, 205; inveighs against Lord Chesterfield, ii. 38; remarks upon the immorality of the Court, 43-4; his verses upon jealousy, 44-5; expostulates with J. Hamilton, 58; relates how he tricked Brissac, 58-63; his position as Court entertainer disputed, 63; hears of Tambonneau's proposal to Miss Hamilton, 66; is alarmed by Talbot's attentions to her, 68-9; wins money of Talbot at play, 70; his devices for refreshing his debtors' memories, 71; his letter to Cornwallis, 72, and *Addenda*, ii. iv.; mediates between Charles II. and Lady Castlemaine, 128; obtains permission for Jermyn to return to Court, 129; meets Miss Hamilton near London, 147; entertains the Court, 148; promises to visit Mrs. Wetenhall, 150; is informed he may return to France, 172; imparts this news to Miss Hamilton, 173-4; his departure and marriage, is pursued to Dover, birth of his son, his losses at play, 174-5; his reflections on reaching France, 176-7; discovers his lost coat at Abbeville, 178-181; his explanation with Termes, 182-3; is ordered to return to England, 184-5, is allowed to stay at Vaugirard, 186; administers the sacrament, 186-7; disturbs the amours of Saucourt and President de Maisons, 187-8; returns to England, 188; goes to Bath with the Court, 201; his intimacy with the Hamiltons, 202; his wagers, 203; fleeces the rooks, 203-5;

- advises G. Hamilton concerning Miss Stewart, 205-7; secures possession of Miss Hamilton, 233; returns to France, 243; visits England, escorts the Duchess of Cleveland to France, 244; St-Evremond sings his praises and congratulates him, 244-250; solicits the post of equerry to the Dauphiness, 250; appreciates good wine, 250; is sent to London to congratulate James II. 251-2; St-Evremond's verses on this occasion, 252-3; his daughters, 253; his old age, illness and death, 254; his epitaph by a sacristan, 254-5; his portrait by St-Simon, 255.
- Gramont, Philibert de, seneschal of Bearn, his marriage, duels, and death, i. xxv-vi.
- Guiche, Armand, Count de, intrigues with Mme. de Fiesque and Henrietta of England, is exiled, i. xxxiv; his bravery and death, xxxv; intrigues with Mme. d'Olonne, 142; is dismissed by Mme. de Fiesque, 143 n.
- Guiche, château of, its situation, importance, i. xxvii.
- Guinea, expedition to, projected, ii. 207, 228; its dangers, 229; laid aside, 232; its origin and abandonment, 232 n.
- Guise, Henri, Duke de, orders a coat for Gramont, i. 170; a coach for Charles II., 194; his career, 194 n.; his wife's fecundity, ii. 258.
- Gwyn, Nell, introduced to the stage, ii. 86 n.; styled a beggarly little actress, 128; goes to Tunbridge, 154; some of her performances, 154-5 n.; her intrigue with Monmouth, 191 n.; with Lord Buckhurst and Charles II., 215 n.; leaves the stage, *ibid.*; her house in Pall Mall, 216 n.; Charles II. solaces himself with, 259; contends with the Duchess of Portsmouth, 262; sleeps with Charles II., 268-9; her underclothing, 269; her death, 269 n.; lampooned by Rochester, 292-5.
- Hall, Jacob, fascinates Lady Castlemaine, i. 150; his person and agility, 150 n.; Lady Castlemaine advised to favour him, ii. 127; alluded to, 214.
- Hamilton, Anthony, his parentage, i. xiii; enters the French army, xiv; becomes acquainted with Gramont, visits St. Germain, enters the Irish army, is recommended by Henry, Earl of Clarendon, xv; becomes governor of Limerick, is badly wounded at Newton Butler, retires to France, xvi; his connections at St. Germain, his fairy tales, xvii; his story *The Ram*, xviii; writes *The Memoirs of the Count de Gramont*, xix; opinions upon his literary merits, xii, xx; his relations with the Duchess de Maine, his translation of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, xxi; his death, xxii; is praised by Boileau, 4 n.; corresponds with La Chapelle, 20 n.; his design and share in writing the *Memoirs*, 23-7; pursues Gramont to Dover, ii. 174 n.; visits France, 244; celebrates Gramont's resurrections, 254; informs La Chapelle of Gramont's death, 254-5.
- Hamilton, Miss, Louis XIV. presents her with Le Moulineau, i. xviii; is an ornament of the English Court, 133; fascinates Gramont, her parentage and suitors, 155; her charms and gifts, 157-8; plans a trick on Lady Muskerri and Miss Blague, 159; sends Lady Muskerri an invitation to the Queen's masquerade, 161; her presents to Miss Blague, 165; is visited by Lady and Lord Muskerri, 166-7; her presents to Miss Price, 168; success of her plot against Lady Muskerri and Miss Blague, 171-5; is ogled by the Duke of York, 175; is courted by the Russells, 176; by Richmond, Jermyn, Howard, and Falmouth, 179-180; Gramont vows to win her, 181; is proposed to by J. Russell, 203-4; her portrait by Lely, ii. 46; is again ogled by the Duke of York, 47; her reception of Tambonneau, 66; her indifference to Talbot, 69; visits Mrs. Wetenhall, 144-7; is met by G. Hamilton and Gramont, 148; stays at Summer-hill, 153; repairs to

- Court, 156; takes Lady Muskerrey to Tunbridge, 157; urges Gramont to start for France, 173-4; her marriage, son, handsome cousin, and departure for France, 174-5, n.; stays in London while the Court goes to Bath, 201; is recommended by Charles II., and favourably received by Louis XIV., 243; her disposition, elegance, and piety, 243-4; her daughters, 253-4; instructs Gramont in religion, 254.
- Hamilton, Sir George, his parentage and migration to France, i. xiii; his stay at Caen, xiv; loses his commission, xiv, n.
- Hamilton, Count George, introduces English gendarmes into France, i. xiv, ii. 149 n.; meets his sister, ii. 147-8; honours conferred upon him, 147 n.; falls in love with Mrs. Wetenhall, 148-150; dances with Lady Muskerrey, 157; pursues Gramont to Dover, 174 n.; pays attention to Miss Stewart, 202; finds Gramont with the rooks, 204; the story of his passion for Miss Stewart, 205-212; marries Miss Jennings, 233; his death, 239; his daughters, 240.
- Hamilton, James, alluded to, i. xiv; his appearance and talents, 129, 130; his parentage, appointments, and death, 129 n.; responds to Lady Chesterfield's advances, 187; his passion for her and Lady Castlemaine, 207; tricks Lord and suspects Lady Chesterfield of deceiving him, 208; watches her, ii. 20; is informed of her intrigue with the Duke of York, 25-7; writes her a letter, 28; receives her reply, 29, 30; is reconciled to her, 31; is convinced of her infidelity, 32-4; advises Chesterfield to carry her into the country, 34; refuses to help or enlighten her, 35-6; regrets her, 49; is allured by her to Bretby, 50-1; his adventure there, 51-5; is informed he has been tricked, 56; returns to London, 57; recounts his adventure to Charles II., 58; Gramont's esteem for him, 202.
- Hamilton, John, enters the French army, i. xiv; is killed at the Boyne, xvi.
- Hamilton, Richard, enters the French army, i. xiv; his gallantry at the Boyne, his character, and retirement to France, xvi.
- Hamilton, Thomas, naval captain, i. xiv.
- Hart, Charles, intrigues with Lady Castlemaine, ii. 219 n.; with Nell Gwyn, 292-3.
- Harvey, Lady, her vices, ii. 89 n.; visits the Duchess Mazarin, 269; sups with the French ambassador, 269-270; opposes the Duchess of Portsmouth, 270.
- Henri IV., his amours with Corisanda, i. xxvi-viii, 36.
- Henrietta, Princess. *See* Orleans, Duchess of.
- Henrietta Maria, Queen-dowager, her marriage with and daughter by Lord St. Albans, i. 127; her life in exile, 130 n.; returns to England, is lampooned by Marvel, 136 n.; asks Gramont why he has no equipage, 195; is offended at the treatment of Gregorio Brice, 201.
- Hobart, Miss, maid to the Duchess of York, ii. 83; her person, tastes, affection for Miss Bagot and Sarah Cooke, 88; is lampooned but protected by the Duchess of York, 89; is charged to protect Miss Temple, 96-7; entertains her, 97-8; derides Miss Jennings, 98; rails against the Court, 99-100; warns Miss Temple against matrimony, 100-1; tells her the story of Roxalana, 101-3; criticizes her lovers, 103-6; accuses Rochester of lampooning her, 106-7; is alarmed by her interview with Rochester, 111-2; promenades in the Mall, 113; is accused of plotting Miss Temple's ruin, 114-7; surprises her undressed, 118; is accused of threatening her chastity, 119; is screened by the Duchess of York, 119; advises the duchess concerning Henry Sidney, 162-4; her family, 162 n.; is suspected of intriguing with Sidney, 170.
- Hôpital, Mlle. de l', her amours interrupted by Gramont, ii. 188.

- How, Jack, slanders the Duchess of Richmond, ii. 236.
- Howard, Anne, marries Silvius, ii. iv.
- Howard, Henry, courts Miss Hamilton, i. 179; his stupidity, his fortune, 180; becomes Duke of Norfolk, 180 n.
- Howard, Thomas, his disposition, is in love with Lady Shrewsbury, i. 151; quarrels and fights with Jermyn, 153.
- Hughes, Mrs., captivates Prince Rupert, ii. 155; notice of, 155 n.
- Humières, Marquis d', receives Gramont before Arras, i. 97; notice of, 97 n.; reports Gramont's arrival, 100.
- Hyde, Miss. *See* York, Duchess of.
- Hyde, Mrs., admires Jermyn, i. 149; her charms, 149; is abandoned by Jermyn, 150; opposes the Duchess of Portsmouth, ii. 270.
- Hyde Park, the fashionable rendezvous, i. 192; its aspect and regulations, 193 n.; Chesterfield and Hamilton drive in, ii. 24.
- Issy, Gramont's visit to, ii. 188.
- Italians, the, their treatment of their wives, ii. 40.
- Jennings, Frances, her person, wit, and sprightliness, ii. 90-1; her parentage, 91 n.; is attacked by the Duke of York, 92-4; the King's designs on her, 94-5; her birthplace, 95 n.; eclipses Miss Temple, 96; is derided by Miss Hobart, 98; Talbot's passion for her, 123-5; her partiality for Miss Price, 125; resents Talbot's advice, 126; admires Jermyn, 130-1; decides to consult a quack, 135; sets out disguised as an orange-girl, 136; resents Killebrew's familiarity, 138; is frightened by Brounker, 139-43; journeys to York, 165; is concerned at Jermyn's illness, 166; receives attentions from Talbot, 166-7; rallies him about Miss Boynton, 167-8; weeps for Jermyn, 168; derides and dismisses him, 229-30; parodies one of Ovid's Epistles, 231-2; marries G. Hamilton, 233; visits Dover, 239; turns papist, marries Talbot, 240; marries off her daughters, 240-1; receives James II. after the battle of the Boyne, 241; is reduced to poverty, 241; becomes a milliner, 242; dies miserably, 242.
- Jennings, Sarah, alluded to, ii. 92 n., 242; ogled by the Duke of York, 94 n., 258-9.
- Jermyn, Henry, his successes in love, i. 130; his person and wit, 131; captivates the Princess Royal and Lady Castlemaine, 132; Mrs. Hyde in love with, 149; sacrifices her for Lady Castlemaine, is discarded by the latter, 150; ogles Lady Shrewsbury, offends Thomas Howard, is wounded by him, 151-3; falls in his suit to Miss Hamilton, 179; recovers from his wounds, 189; relates his intrigue with Miss Hyde, ii. 5; arouses the King's jealousy, 126-7; is dismissed by Lady Castlemaine, 128; retires into the country, 129; returns to Court to conquer Miss Jennings, 130; his rapid triumph, 131; rides twenty miles in one hour, 165-6; catches a fever, 166; is compared to David by Rochester and bewailed by Miss Jennings, 168; volunteers for the Guinea expedition, 229; is derided and dismissed by Miss Jennings, 229, 233; his marriage, subsequent career, and death, 233, 237.
- Jones, Mr., serves Gramont with Mrs. Middleton, i. 145, 154; his appointments and character, 145 n.
- Keroualle, Count de, visits London, ii. 261; curses his daughter Louise, 261 n.
- Keroualle, Henriette de, her marriage, ii. 263.
- Keroualle, Louise de. *See* Portsmouth.
- Killebrew, Henry, intrigues with Lady Shrewsbury, ii. 192-3; is met at Vauxhall, 192-3 n.; derides Lady Shrewsbury, 194; is attacked and wounded, 194-5.
- Killebrew, Thomas, a witness against Miss Hyde, ii. 4; claims to have

- had her favours, 5-7; his career, 5 n.; is Court fool, speaks his mind to Charles II., induces him to attend the Council, 6 n.; his cousin's passion for Miss War-
mester, 77-80; agrees to assist Rochester against Miss Hobart, 113; is struck by Rochester, 113 n.; his insinuations to Miss Temple, 114-7; mistakes Miss Jennings for an adventuress, 138; compares G. Hamilton to a lantern, 208.
- Kirk, Mary. *See* Warmester.
- La Fare, Marquis de, lines on, notice of, i. 7.
- Lampoons. *See* Satires.
- La Venerie. *See* Venerie.
- Lely, Sir Peter, imitates Vandyke, paints the portraits of the Court beauties, ii. 45-6; his reception in England, his style, his portraits of the Duchess of York and Lady Castlemaine, 45-6 n.
- Lenclos, Ninon de. *See* Enclos.
- Leopold, Archduke, at Arras, i. 93.
- Lerida, siege of, i. 197-9.
- Levingston, Miss, maid of honour to the Queen, ii. 83.
- Link-boy, the story of Gramont's, i. 195-6.
- Lons, Marchioness de, i., xxxiv.
- Lorne, Marion de. *See* Orme.
- Louis XIII., France under, i. 28-9; his relations with Richelieu, 29 n.; sleeps with M. de Luynes, 148 n.
- Louis XIV. presents Le Molineau to the Countess de Gramont, i., xviii; intrigues with the Princess de Monaco, xxxv; sends Dangeau to Gramont, i. 16 n., ii. 254; his marriage, i. 113 n.; his conduct on assuming power, 114-5; courts La Motte-Houdancourt, 116-8; banishes Gramont, 118; resents Bussy's verses, ii. 17 n.; lines ascribed to him, 64 n.; favours G. Hamilton, 147 n.; sends the Duchess of Orleans to England, 185 n., 259; orders Gramont to return to England, 184-6; exiles Guiche and Vardes, 187 n.; sends an expedition to Gigeri, 228; his liking for the Countess de Gramont, 243; favours Gramont, 244; sends him to London, 251; his familiarity with him, 255; favours Louise de Keroualle, 261; has the Duchess Mazarin liberated, 264; refuses to intervene with her husband, 266-7; his bribes to Charles II., 271; receives the Duchess of Portsmouth, 272; his severity towards duellists, 282-3.
- Louvigny, Anthony Charles de Gramont, Marquis de, perpetuates the family name, his marriage and death, i., xxxvi.
- Louvigny, Roger, Count de, his eccentricities, duel with Hocquincourt, evidence against Chalais, i., xxxii.
- Lude, Countess du, her treatment of a seducer, ii. 64 n.
- Luynes, Constable de, sleeps with Louis XIII., i. 148 n.
- Luynes, Duchess de, mistress of Tambonneau, ii. 64; attempts to supplant La Vallière, 65 n.
- Lyttelton, Sir Charles, marries Miss Temple, ii. 92 n., 233; courts her, 104; his parentage and early life, 104 n.; Miss Hobart threatened on his behalf, 116; his subsequent career and death, 239.
- Lyttelton, Sir Thomas, marries a Miss Temple, ii. 239.
- Maids of honour, the Queen's, i. 167 n., ii. 73, 79, 81-83; the Duchess of York's, i. 160, ii. 83, 90.
- Maine, Duchess de, her court, and patronage of Anthony Hamilton, i. xxi.
- Maintenon, Madame de, sleeps with Ninon de l'Enclos, i. 148 n.; her Lesbian tendencies, ii. 89; her opinion of Miss Hamilton, 243.
- Maisons, President de, his amours interrupted, ii. 188.
- Mall, the, promenade of Miss Temple and Miss Hobart in, ii. 113-7.
- Mallet, Miss, marries Rochester, ii. 233; her fortune and suitors, 237; her abduction, 238.
- Mancini, Hortensia. *See* Mazarin.
- Mancini, Maria, intrigues with Louis XIV., her large mouth, ii. 17 n.;

- her adventures with the Duchess Mazarin, 264-5.
- Martial, his gloves, i. 165.
- Mary, Princess Royal, her death, i. 122; notice of, 122 n.; intrigues with Jermyn and Buckingham, 132.
- Masquerade at Court, i. 159-173.
- Masquerading in London, ii. 136 n.
- Matta, Count de, his intimacy with Gramont, i. 31-2; notice of, 31 n.; his dream, 33; asks Gramont for an account of his life, 35-6; opposes the fleeing of Count de Cameran, 49-51; lays siege to the Turin beauties, 56-7; becomes the lover of Mme. de Senantes, 59; his forwardness with her, 62; scoffs at the Piedmont customs, 67; is introduced to M. de Senantes, 73; sups and quarrels with him, 76-8; is reconciled to him, 79; again quarrels with him, 83; is placed under arrest, 84-6; is hoodwinked by Gramont, 87-8.
- Mazarin, Cardinal, his policy, i. 91; his career, character, marriage, 91 n.; his avidity, roguery at play, 92; his scornful reception of Gramont, 110; invites Gramont to dinner, 111; lays the foundations of peace, 112; his death, wealth and will, 113 n.
- Mazarin, Hortensia, Duchess, flattered by St.-Evremond, and asked in marriage by Charles II., i. 9 n.; her Lesbian tendencies, ii. 89 n.; arrives in London, 244, 263, 265-6; is immured by her husband, 263-4; her lawsuit with him, 264; her flight and adventures, 264-5; her intrigue with St.-Réal, 265; her vices, 265; her freshness and beauty, 265-6; her pecuniary troubles, 266-7, 276-7; her amours with Charles II., 266-9; her intimacy with Lady Sussex, 268; is visited by Nell Gwyn, 269; is reconciled to the Duchess of Portsmouth, 270; denounced by Titus Oates, 271; lampooned by Rochester, 272 n.; her numerous suitors, 272-3; her bibulous and gambling propensities, 273; her evenings with Charles II., her bitter grief at his death, 276; her retirement to Chelsea, 276-7; her death, 277; transmits her charms to her granddaughters, 277.
- Mazarin, La Meilleraye, Duke, his extravagance, i. 113 n.; his disposition and eccentricities, ii. 263; his treatment of his wife, 263-4, 266-7.
- Mazarin, Peter, leaves nothing to his son, i. 111; notice of, 111 n.
- Melo, Francisco de, escorts Queen Catherine to England, i. 134.
- Menaud d'Aurc, his marriage, lineage, possessions, i. xxiv.; alluded to, i. 36.
- Méneville, Catherine de, loses her lovers, i. 116; intrigues with Fouquet and Damville, 116-17 n.
- Mercure Galant, Le*, lines on, i. 5-6; its establishment, 5 n.
- Middlesex, Earl of. *See* Buckhurst.
- Middleton, Mrs., shines at Court, i. 133; her beauty and love of display, 144-5; is courted by Gramont, *ibid.*; her conduct towards him, 146, 178; her affectation, 146; refuses money from Gramont, 146 n.; favours W. Russell, 177; freely bestows her favours, ii. 43-4; opposes the Duchess of Portsmouth, 270; proffers her daughter to Charles II., 270.
- Minuet, the, introduced into England, ii. 65.
- Monaco, Prince de, worships the Duchess Mazarin, ii. 272-3.
- Monaco, Princess de, her person, immorality, amours with Laurun and Louis XIV., i. xxxv; her Lesbian tendencies, ii. 89 n.
- Monmouth, Duke of, appears at Court, ii. 189; his parentage, education, arrival in England, 189 n.; his person and success with women, 190; is caressed by the Duchess of Cleveland, 191; intrigues with Nell Gwyn, 191 n.; his marriage, titles, and honours, 191-2 n.
- Montagu, Edward, his disposition, favour with the Queen, disgrace, and death, ii. 169 n.
- Montagu, Ralph, pays court to Mrs. Middleton, i. 154; notice of, 154 n.; becomes master of the horse to the Queen, ii. 169-70; alluded to,

- 250; his intrigue with the Duchess Mazarin, 273.
- Montespan, Marchioness de, lines ascribed to, ii. 64 n.
- Montglat, Marchioness de, her intrigue with Bussy, ii. 17 n.
- Montmorency, Henry, Duke de, executed by Richelieu, i. 102 n.; intrigues with Anne of Austria, 109 n.
- Motte, La, parleys with Gramont, i. 99.
- Motte-Houdancourt, Lucy de la, rivalry of Louis XIV. and Gramont for, i. 116-7; her conduct towards Louis XIV., her marriage, 118 n.
- Moulineau, Le, presented to the Countess de Gramont, i., xviii.
- Muscovites. *See* Ambassadors.
- Muskerry, Viscount, alluded to, i. 160 n.; his parentage and courage, 161 n.; opposes his wife's taste for dancing, 162; is apprehensive of her folly, 167; finds her in Babylonian costume, 173, 175; his estate of Summerhill, ii. 152, n.; entertains Miss Hamilton there, 153; leaves London, 156; his death, 156 n.
- Muskerry, Viscountess, her person, i. 159; her parentage and marriages, 159 n.; her foibles, 161; receives an invitation to the masquerade, 162; consults Miss Hamilton, 166; repairs to Whitehall in Babylonian costume, 171-3; her ludicrous accident at the Queen's dance at Tunbridge, ii. 156-9; her extravagance, 156 n.
- Newcastle, Duchess of, supposed to be the Babylonian princess, i. 172; her eccentricities, 172 n.
- Oates, Titus, denounces the Duchess Mazarin, ii. 271.
- Olonne, Countess d', spied upon by Gramont, i. 141; her beauty, lovers, depravity, intrigues, 141-2 n.
- Orleans, Duchess of, courted by Guiche, i., xxxiv; in poverty at the Louvre, 131 n.; returns to France, 136 n.; her Lesbian tendencies, ii. 89 n.; learns that Gramont has refused a pension, 185; her person, marriage, visit to England, death, 185-6 n.; the Countess de Gramont recommended to her, 243; brings Louise de Keroualle to Dover, 259.
- Ormond, Marquess, afterwards Duke of, his sojourn in France, i. xiii-xiv; his services to Charles II., his reward, 126; judged by Clarendon and Burnet, 126 n.; his life threatened by Talbot, ii. 69, 70 n.
- Orme, Marion de l', her beauty, ii. 58; her birthplace, parentage, connections, 58 n.; Gramont's assignation with, 59-62; her lovers, 279-80; her intercourse with her relatives, 280; her last illness and death, 281.
- Ossory, Earl of, his character, person, attainments, i. 129; Miss Hyde presented to him as Duchess of York, ii. 7-8; swears to her marriage, 9 n.; gives her away, 10 n.
- Ovid's Epistles, translation of, ii. 230-1.
- Oxford, Earl of, his intrigue with Roxalana, ii. 101-3.
- Panetra, Countess de, in attendance on the queen, i. 134.
- Pau, Gramont educated at, i. 36; its situation, *ibid.* n.
- Peckham, Mrs. Wetenhall's life at, ii. 147, 150.
- Perpignan, dancers at, i. 200.
- Pérone, the French Court at, i. 93; consternation at, 97; Gramont's reception at, 109-111.
- Peterborough, Lady, her accident in a coach, i. 193 n.
- Plessis-Praslin, Marshal du, at Trino, i. 30; notice of, 30 n.; tricked by Gramont, 108.
- Pontalie. *See* Moulineau.
- Popish Plot, dismay at Court, ii. 271.
- Portsmouth, Duchess of, her mock marriage with Charles II., i. 186 n., ii. 260-1; honours granted to her and to her son, ii. 236-7, 261; intrigues in favour of Mlle. d'Elboeuf, 258; arrives in England, 259; fascinates Charles II., 260; is opposed by Nell Gwyn, 262; suffers in her health, 262-3; her

- sister's marriage and parents' visit, 263; Charles II. grows indifferent to her, 267-8; is derided by Nell Gwyn, 269; is reconciled to the Duchess Mazarin, 270; the cabal against her, 270; her influence with and pensions from Charles II., 270-1; her alarm at the Popish plot agitation, 271; visits France, 271-2; intrigues with the grand prior, 273; her apartments at Whitehall, 274-5; is lampooned by Rochester, 274 n.; spends her evenings with Charles II., 275; her conduct at his death, 275; her return to France, wealth, pecuniary troubles and death, 276.
- Portuguese attendants, the Queen's, i. 134, 211, 213.
- Poussatin, Abbé, his skill in dancing, becomes Gramont's chaplain, obtains a benefice, i. 200-1.
- Price, Miss, attracts Dongan from Miss Blague, i. 167-8; notice of, 167 n.; Miss Hamilton's presents to, 168; flirts with Brisacier, 174; her wit and disposition, ii. 84-5; is lampooned by Rochester, 85-6, 106; loses her lover Dongan, 86-7; discovery of her letters to him, 87-8; is dismissed the Court, 88; protected by Lady Castlemaine, 125; intimate with Miss Jennings, 125-6; relates Lady Castlemaine's adventures to her, 130; her maid consults a quack (Rochester), 135; disguises herself to visit the quack with Miss Jennings, 136-7; offers oranges to Killegrew, 138; is frightened by Brounker, 139-142; returns home in alarm, 143.
- Prior, the grand. *See* Vendôme.
- Progers, Edward, a confidant of Charles II., ii. 82; his attachment to Charles, is banished his presence, his marriage and death, is lampooned, 82 n.; is concerned in a murder at Madrid, *Addenda*, ii. iv.
- Promenade, of Court Beauties, i. 189 n.; in Hyde Park, i. 192-3; of Miss Hobart and Miss Temple in the Mall, ii. 113-7.
- Pyrenees, the, treaty of, i. 113; St.-Evremond's letter on, 138.
- Queen, The. *See* Catherine.
- Queen-Dowager, The. *See* Henrietta-Maria.
- Ram, The*, Hamilton's story, i., xx.
- Rambouillet, Hôtel de, alluded to, i., xxx, xxxiii, 15 n.
- Ranelagh, Earl of. *See* Jones.
- Restoration, the, rejoicings at, i. 120-1.
- Richelieu, Cardinal de, governs France, i. 28; his severity, policy, and death, 28-29 n.; receives Gramont, 37.
- Richelieu, Marshal Duke de, his career compared to Gramont's, i., xxix.
- Richmond, Duchess of. *See* Stewart.
- Richmond, Charles Lennox, Duke of, his creation, ii. 236, 261; his character, 237; his birth, 261.
- Richmond, Charles Stewart, Duke of, courts Miss Hamilton, i. 179; is partial to wine, ii. 75; his passion for Miss Stewart, 75, 192; is surprised in her bedroom by Charles II., 222-3; is exiled from Court, 224; marries Miss Stewart, 224 n.; his mission to Denmark, his death, 236.
- Robarts, Lord, his jealous nature, ii. 14; the Duke of York tries to excite his avarice and ambition, 15; suspects the duke's designs upon his wife and carries her to Wales, 15-6; Clarendon's account of, 16 n.
- Robarts, Lady, her person, ii. 14; her parentage, 14 n.; appreciates the Duke of York's attentions, 15; is removed to Wales by her husband, 15-6.
- Roberts, the Mrs., shine at Court, i. 133.
- Rochester, Earl of, lampoons Charles II., i. 124 n.; ridicules Dryden and Lady Castlemaine, 134 n.; satirizes Chesterfield, ii. 41-2; lampoons Miss Price, 85-6; his precocity, courage, and eccentricities, his treatment of Dryden, 85 n.; pays his addresses to Miss Temple, 96; his wit and immorality, 105; his low amours, 105 n.; is accused of

- lampooning Miss Temple, 106; his amour with Sarah Cooke, 107-9; learns that Miss Hobart has denounced him, 109-10; twits Miss Temple at Court, 111; has Miss Hobart and Miss Temple spied upon, 112; his spy system, 112 n.; concerta measures against Miss Hobart, 113; strikes Killegrew, 113 n.; accosts Miss Hobart in the Mall, 114; learns the success of his scheme against her, 119; is banished the Court, 120; a satire he gave the King by mistake, 120-1; instructs Sarah Cooke and obtains a theatrical engagement for her, 121; repairs to London and associates with the citizens, 132-3; seduces a miser's wife, 132 n.; assumes the character of a German quack doctor, 133-4, 283-9; is consulted by Miss Temple's and Miss Price's maids, 135; compares Talbot and Jermyn to Goliath and David, 168; lampoons Buckingham, 197 n.; satirizes the Court, 198 n.; said to be a lover of Lady Castlemaine, 216 n.; his marriage, 233, 237-8; his subsequent career and death, 238-9; lampoons the Duchess Mazarin, 272 n.; lampoons the Duchess of Portsmouth, 274 n.; his satire on Tunbridge Wells, 289-292; his Panegyric on Nelly, 292-4; a satire the King took out of his pocket, 295.
- Rooks, the, despoiled by Gramont, ii. 203-5.
- Roxalana, her intrigue with the Earl of Oxford, ii. 101-3; identity of, 101-2 n.
- Royale, Madame, Duchess of Savoy, her marriage and gallantries, i. 57-8 n.; her virtues, her prime minister, and court, 58; gives an entertainment, 61; is amused by Gramont, 62; sends for Matta, 79; places Senantes and Matta under arrest, 83-4.
- Rupert, Prince, espouses the interests of Alexander, i. 164; Clarendon's opinion of, 164 n.; his disposition and person, ii. 153-4; his invention of mezzotint, 154 n.; is fascinated by Mrs. Hughes, 155; his daughter, Ruperta, 155 n.; is to command the Guinea expedition, 207, 228, 232 n.
- Russell, John, his passion for Miss Hamilton, his attire and character, i. 176; an inveterate dancer, 176 n.; his collection of country dances, 202; proposes to Miss Hamilton, 203-4; starts for the country, 205.
- Russell, William, distinguished by Mrs. Middleton, in love with Miss Hamilton, i. 177; squanders his money on Mrs. Middleton, 204; is not feared by Gramont, 205.
- Ruvigny, Count de, reports on Charles II.'s intrigue with the Duchess Mazarin, ii. 266-7.
- Saint Albans, Earl of, his success in life, i. 127; notice of, 127 n.; his ill-treatment of Queen Henrietta-Maria, 130-1 n.; is satirized by Andrew Marvel, 137 n.; compels his nephew Jermyn to leave the Court, ii. 126; receives the King's permission for his nephew's return, 129.
- Saint-Chaumont, Marchioness de, her character and talents, i., xxxiii; assists Guiche in his amours, xxxiv; informs Gramont he may return to France, ii. 172; her blunder in this respect, 185-6.
- Saint-Evremond, his apparition and advice to A. Hamilton, i. 8-17; his career, banishment, and appearance, 8 n.; his epitaph on Gramont, 13 n.; his letter on Gramont's conversion, 16 n.; his verses in honour of Gramont, 26 n.; his portrait of him, 27 n.; attends his supper-parties, 138; advises him to avoid love, 139-144; his character, 177 n.; lectures Gramont respecting Miss Hamilton, 178-180; his share in Gramont's verses, ii. 38; visits Jermyn, 237; celebrates Gramont's altered circumstances, 244-7; congratulates him on his wealth, 247-250; asks him for wine, 250-1; his verses on Gramont's last visit to England, 252-3; his death, 254; his descrip-

tion of the Duchess Mazarin, 266, 272; his advice and consolations to her, 273; his surprise at her grief for Charles II., 276.

Saint-Germain, A. Hamilton's life at, i., xviii; Louis XIV.'s amours at, 118.

Saint-Germain, Mlle. de, Gramont becomes her professed lover, i. 59; her person, 59-60; her reception of Gramont's addresses, 69-71; tries to foil Gramont's intrigue with Mme. de Senantes, 75.

Sappho, disciples of, ii. 88-9 n.

Saraband, Francesco's, ii. 21-2; Gramont's verses to, 44-5.

Sarah, Miss. See Cooke.

Sarrasin, J. F., allusion to and notice of, i. 18.

Satires quoted: Anonymous: *A Satire on Old Rowley*, ii. 199 n.; Lines on Clarendon, ii. 200 n.; *Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey's Ghost*, ii. 220 n.—Buckingham, Duke of: *Advice to a Painter*, i. 184 n.; *The Cabin Boy*, i. 124 n.; Couplet on Charles II. and Miss Wells, ii. 83; *Satire on an Installation at Windsor*, ii. 82 n.—Dryden: *Absalom and Achitophel*, i. 183 n.; *Essay on Satire*, ii. 90 n.—Louis XIV.: Lines on Madame Tambois, ii. 64 n.—Marvel, Andrew: *Advice to a Painter*, i. 128 n.; *An Historical Poem*, i. 123-4 n.; *Last Instructions to a Painter*, i. 136 n., ii. 14 n., 48 n., 165 n., 185 n., 217 n.

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Saucourt, Marquis de, his amours

disturbed by Gramont, ii. 187; his prowess in love, 187 n.

Saville, Harry, the Duchess of York intrigues with, ii. 165 n.

Savoy, Duchess of. See Royale.

Savoy, Philip of. See Soissons, Chevalier de.

Savoy, Prince Thomas of, besieges Trino, i. 30; his titles, marriage, death, 30 n.

Sceaux, A. Hamilton visits, i., xxi.

Scott, Lady Anne, marries Monmouth, ii. 191 n.

Sedley, Catherine (Lady Dorchester), intrigues with the Duke of York, ii. 42 n., 258.

Sedley, Sir Charles, satirizes Lord Chesterfield, ii. 41-2; resents James II.'s intrigue with his daughter, his indecent frolic at the Cock Tavern, his wit, 42-3 n.; goes with Lord Buckhurst and Nell Gwyn to Epsom, 215 n.

Sémécac, château of, owned by Toulangeon, i., xxxi; inherited by Gramont, xxxii; its situation, *ibid.* n.; alluded to, 20, 181.

Senantes, Marchioness de, her person, i. 60; resents Matta's forwardness and complains to Gramont, 62-3; her reproaches to Matta, 64; her advice to him in verse, 68-9; listens to Gramont's addresses, 71-2; schemes with him to get her husband and Matta out of the way, 74; failure of this scheme, 75; is praised by her husband, 77; regrets her advances to Matta, 80; her ancestors, 82; grants Gramont her favours, 88.

Senantes, Marquis de, his family, i. 60 n.; his person and character, 60-1; sends back Matta's partridges, 63; his politeness to Gramont, 72; invites Gramont and Matta to supper, 74; engages in a dispute with Matta, 77-8; again quarrels with him, 82; is arrested and complains to Gramont, 84.

Shrewsbury, Countess of, shines at Court, i. 133; her lovers, 151; her intrigue with Jermyn, 152-3; her immorality, ii. 44; her intrigue with H. Killgrew, 193-5; her constancy to Buckingham, 196; her

- presence at his duel with her husband, 196 n.; her son by him, 256; her after-life, second marriage, and death, 257.
- Shrewsbury, Earl of, his duel with Buckingham, ii. 196.
- Sidney, Algernon, his opinion of Gramont, ii. 165-6 n.
- Sidney, Henry, his lack of vivacity, his disposition, i. 130; ogles Miss Temple, ii. 103; is accosted by Miss Price, 238; fascinates the Duchess of York, 161; his career, 162 n.; his addresses accepted by the Duchess of York, 164; his intrigue detected, 165 n.; becomes master of the horse to the duchess, 169-170; is banished the Court, 170 n.; intrigues against James II., 252.
- Silva, Pedro de, his vanity, becomes Buckingham's butt, leaves England, i. 134.
- Silvius, Mr. afterwards Sir Gabriel, his marriages, ii. iv, 75 n., 81; his office at Court, 75 n.
- Soissons, Bishop of, presents Gramont with wine, ii. 250.
- Soissons, Chevalier de, his passion for the Duchess Mazarin, ii. 273.
- Southesk, Countess of, intrigues with the Duke of York, ii. 10-14; notice of, 10 n.; provides for Flamarens' pleasures, 67.
- Southesk, Earl of, discovers his wife's intrigue with the Duke of York, ii. 11-13; his scheme of revenge and its result, 13-14.
- Soyecourt. *See* Saucourt.
- Spaniards, the, their treatment of their wives, ii. 39-40.
- Spring Gardens, T. Howard entertains Lady Shrewsbury at, i. 152; a description of, 152 n.; rude gallants at, *ibid.*
- Stafford, Countess of, her marriage and her appearance in old age, ii. 253-4.
- Stewart, Miss, an ornament of the Court, i. 133; the King remarks her, 147; a committee to get her for the King, 147 n.; is seen by the King in bed, 148; her charms and accomplishments, 149; the King's passion for her, 181; her diversions, 182-3; repulses Buckingham, 183; laughs at Arlington, 185; fans the King's passion, 187-9; converses with him, 189 n.; contends for the loan of his new coach, 194-5; exhibits her legs, ii. 27, 209; seldom waits on the Queen, 74; is informed of Richmond's passion, 75; opposes the King's designs on Miss Jennings, 95; Lady Castlemaine jealous of her, 128-9; goes into hysterics at Lady Muskerry's accident, 158; eclipses her rivals, 192; accompanies the Court to Bath, 200; encourages G. Hamilton's attentions, 205-9; accidentally displays her charms to him, 210; listens to his stories, 210-212; refuses titles and settlements, 217; drives the King to distraction, 217-9; is surprised by him with Richmond, 221-3; implores the Queen's forgiveness and protection, 224-5; retires from Court, 225 n.; her jewelry, *ibid.*; is reconciled to the King, 226-7; her conduct after marriage, 227 n.; is attacked by the small-pox, *ibid.*; loses an eye, 235; her frolic with the Queen at Audley End, 235-6; is slandered by Jack How, discarded, and pensioned, 236; her death and will, 237.
- Summer-hill, description of, ii. 152 n.
- Sunderland, Countess of, plans Charles II.'s mock marriage, ii. 261; opposes the Duchess of Portsmouth, 270.
- Sussex, Countess of, her friendship for the Duchess Mazarin, ii. 268; her amour with a negro, 272 n.
- Suze, Countess de la, her sad elegies, ii. 63; her person, talents, marriages, and amours, 63-4 n.
- Taafe, Viscount, his parentage and death, ii. 74 n.; his intrigue with Miss Warminster, 75-6; refuses to acknowledge her child, 79.
- Talbot, Richard (Duke of Tyrconnel), is consulted by the Duke of York, ii. 4; his adventure with Miss Hyde, 5; accompanies the Duke of York to Lady Southesk's, 11; informs

- Southesk that his wife is with the duke, 12-13; falls in love with Miss Hamilton, 67; his offer to murder Cromwell, 67 n.; his favour with the Duke of York, his fortune and prospects, 67-8; his zeal for the Irish, threatens Ormond, is sent to the Tower, 69; is released and returns to Ireland, 70; Gramont refreshes his memory, 70; resigns his mistress and promises Gramont his money, 71; his concern on leaving England, 72; returns from Ireland, is admired by Miss Boynton, 122; treats her kindly but falls in love with Miss Jennings, 123-4; is lampooned by Marvel, 124 n.; chides Miss Jennings, is dismissed by her, 125-6; is jealous of Jermyn, 131; renews his attentions to Miss Jennings, 166-8; marries Miss Boynton, 233; marries Lady G. Hamilton, 240; becomes viceroy of Ireland and Duke of Tyrconnel, fights at the Boyne, dies poisoned, 240-1.
- Talbot, Peter, almoner to the queen, his character, ii. 68.
- Talbot, Thomas, his vices and free speech, ii. 68.
- Tambonneau, President, intrigues with Madame de Luynes, ii. 64; his conjugal mishaps, lines upon his wife, 64 n.; his person, wit, and rhetoric, 65; attacks Miss Hamilton, is repulsed, returns to France, 66.
- Tanes, Count de, governs Savoy, i. 58.
- Tauravédez. *See* Silva.
- Temple, Miss, her person and mind, ii. 92; her parentage and marriage, 92 n., 233; is attacked by Lord Rochester, 96; is partial to sweetmeats, 97; changes her linen in Miss Hobart's rooms, 97-8; is given an account of the Court, 99, 100; hears the story of Roxalana, 101-3; is warned against Sidney, Rochester, and Lyttelton, 103-6; displays her person to Miss Hobart, 106; her anger and astonishment at Rochester's perfidy, 107-9; her mode of treating him, 110-1; promenades in the Mall, 113; is warned against Miss Hobart, 114-6; resolves to sever her connection with her, is surprised in her shift by her and fancies her chastity threatened, 118-9; is chidden by the Duchess of York, 119; desires to make Rochester reparation, 120; her maid consults Rochester, 135; her children and death, 239.
- Termes, Gramont's valet, i. 158; asserts he has lost his master's coat in a quicksand, 163-171; arrives at Abbeville, ii. 178; his embarrassment at the discovery of the missing coat, 180-1; his impudent explanation, 182-3.
- Thames, the, water party on, i. 190-1.
- Thanet, Earl of, declares himself for Cæsar, i. 164; notice of, 164 n.
- Thomas of Savoy. *See* Savoy.
- Toulangeon, Count de, his death, his property inherited by Gramont, i., xxxii; alluded to, i. 179, 181, ii. 247-8.
- Trino, the siege of, Gramont goes to, i. 29; situation of Trino, 29 n.; its surrender, 54-5.
- Tunbridge Wells, society at, ii. 151; visits of the Court to, 151 n.; the market and bowling-green at, 152; easy life at, 153; departure of the Court from, 172; satirized by Rochester, 289-292.
- Turenne, Viscount de, at the siege of Trino, i. 30; is fond of merriment, 53-4; commands the royal army, 94; marches against Condé, 95; his career and death, 95 n.; his opinion of Gramont, 100; his plan of battle, 101; defeats Condé, 104; despatches Gramont to Péronne, 105.
- Turin, the seat of love, i. 57; forms of gallantry at, 58-9.
- Tyrconnel. *See* Talbot, Richard.
- Vallière, Duchess de la, yields to Louis XIV., i. 118 n.; attempts made to bring about her fall, i., xxxv, ii. 65 n., 187 n.; offered in marriage to Vardes, 187 n.
- Vardes, Marquis de, explains the absence of the Swiss guards to Louis XIV., ii. 187; his character,

disposition, amours, intrigues, exile, and return to Court, 187 n.
 Vasconcellos, Luis de, courts the Duchess Mazarin, ii. 272.
 Vaugirard, Gramont at, ii. 186-8; its situation, 186 n.
 Vauxhall, gallants at, ii. 192-3 n.
 Vendôme, Philip de, grand prior, intrigues with the Duchess of Portsmouth, ii. 273-4.
 Vendôme, Caesar de, alluded to, i. 36.
 Venerie, La, palace of, entertainment at, i. 61; its aspect in the 18th century, 61 n.
 Vernon, Sir Thomas, marries Mary Kirk (Miss Warmester), i. 146 n.
 Versailles, cardsharps at, i. 92; Vardes' return to, ii. 187 n.; Gramont at, 254.
 Villon, F., allusion to and notice of, i. 19.
 Violins, Condé's, at Lerida, i. 197 n., 198.
 Voiture, V., allusion to and notice of, i. 18.

Walters, Lucy (Mrs. Barlow), intrigues with Charles II., ii. 189 n.; lampooned by Rochester, 294.

Warmester, Miss, her person and disposition, i. 146; her name, supposed to be Mary Kirk, 146 n.; receives presents from Gramont, 147; end of his attachment for her, 155; brought to bed at Court, 178; imagines Lord Taaffe to be in love with her, ii. 75; suppers in her apartments, 76; refuses Killegrew's cousin as a husband, 77; gives birth to a child, 78; is disowned by Lord Taaffe, 79; accepts Killegrew's cousin, and lives with him happily, 80.

Wells, Miss, her person and mind, ii. 81; her intrigue with Charles II., 81-2; couplet by Buckingham on this occasion, 82-3; her attire, drops a child at a Court ball, 83 n.; is derided by Lady Castlemaine, 128; Lady Castlemaine's promise not to rail against her, 129.

Wetenhall, Mr., his person and disposition, ii. 145-6; takes his wife to Paris, 147.

Wetenhall, Mrs., her parentage, ii. 144 n.; her visit to London, her charms, 145; is neglected by her husband, 146; her life at Peckham, 147; receives attentions from G. Hamilton, is presented at Court, 148; her treatment of Hamilton, 149; returns to Peckham, 150; stays at Summer-hill, 153; repairs to Court with Miss Hamilton, 156; assists in dressing Lady Muskerrey, 157; alluded to, 202, 205, 206, 207.

Whitehall, its appearance, i. 190 n.; the Muscovite embassy at, ii. 23 n.; Charles II. and Lady Castlemaine at, 127 n.; the Duke of York's amours at, 140 n.; Charles II.'s reserved rooms at, 219 n.; the Duchess of Portsmouth's rooms at, 260, 274; Charles II.'s evenings in the gallery at, 275; his death at, 275-6.

Yarborough, Sir Thomas, marries Miss Blague, i. 160, ii. 84; removes her from London, ii. 100.

York, Anne Hyde, Duchess of, her person, qualities, and marriage, i. 125 n.; her Court and bearing, 135-6; Burnet's account of her and Marvel's satires, 135 n.; her maids, 160 n.; her liking for Miss Hamilton, 176; her husband regrets having married her, ii. 2; becomes *enceinte* before marriage, 3 n., 9 n.; is placed under restraint by her father, 3 n.; charges brought against her by Arran, Jeremy, Talbot, and Killegrew, 4-6; is recognised as Duchess of York, 7-8; her treatment of her accusers, 9; date of her marriage, 10 n.; commissions Lely to paint the Court beauties, 46; her portrait by Lely, 46 n.; is pressed to appoint Lady Denham as lady-in-waiting, 47; is accused of poisoning Lady Denham, 48 n.; renews her Court, 83; discovers Miss Price's love-letters, 87; protects Miss Hobart, 89; selects her new maids, 90; witnesses Miss Jennings's treatment of her husband,

94; charges Miss Hobart to protect Miss Temple, 96-7; dismisses the governess of her maids, 119; shields Miss Hobart, 120; her prudence and circumspection, 159; is neglected by her husband, finds solace in good cheer, 160; becomes jealous of Miss Churchill and enamoured of H. Sidney, 161; is advised by Miss Hobart, 162-4; her treatment of Sidney, falls in love with Saville, 165 n.; derides Miss Churchill, 170; is found in bed with a man, 170 n.; goes to Bristol, 199 n.; her death, 258.

York, Mary Beatrice, Duchess of, gives birth to a son, ii. 251; her marriage, 259; opposes the Duchess of Portsmouth, 270.

York, Duke of (James II.), with Turenne's army, i. 97; his character, 125; Burnet's opinion of him, 125 n.; is married privately to Miss Anne Hyde, 125 n.; is governed by Falmouth, 128; ogles Miss Hamilton, 175; intrigues with Lady Chesterfield, 205-9; is embarrassed concerning his marriage, ii. 1-2; consults Falmouth, Jermyn, Killegrew, Talbot and Arran, 3-6; presents his wife as Duchess of York, 7-8; his marriage to Miss

Hyde, 9-10 n.; intrigues with Lady Carnegie, 9-13; escapes Lord Southesk's revenge, 14; lays siege to Lady Roberts, 14-5; pays his addresses to Miss Brooks, 16, 18, 20; intrigues with Lady Chesterfield, 20; plays the guitar, 21; visits Lady Chesterfield, 22; commends her legs, 27; behaves improperly with her, 32-3; forgets her, 45; admires Miss Hamilton's portrait, again ogles her, 46-7; presses his wife to appoint Lady Denham as lady in waiting, 47; intrigues with Lady Denham, 47 n.; favours R. Talbot, 67-8; assails Frances Jennings, 92-4; ogles Sarah Jennings, 94 n., 258-9; his amours at Whitehall, dismisses Brounker, 140 n.; date of his visit to York, 151 n.; journeys to York, 159; his inconstancy, 160; admires Miss Churchill, 161; appoints H. Sidney master of the horse, 169-170; finds a man in bed with his wife, 170 n.; beholds Miss Churchill's secret beauties, 170-3; creates Talbot a duke, 240; his reception by the Duchess of Tyrconnel, 241; his intrigue with Catherine Sedley, his second marriage, 258; leaves England, 271.

THE END.

